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A STRANDED SHIP.

PART FIRST.

ON DUNLETHE'S WHARF.

THE old historic town of Cambridge, which was yet old when the fight at Concord was only a story of yesterday—old in its gigantic elms, in its college-halls, in its legends of the Mayflower—and older yet as its streets and houses lay hushed and deserted under the June sun of its annual class-day.

On none had that day's sun risen warmer or brighter than on the student Luke Connor, to whom had fallen the honors of his class. On none would it go down more darkly, or the stormy night following descend more mercilessly.

Life had been bounteous to this boy in many ways. It had given him wealth and energy and superb physical health. He was long ago an orphan; yet his youth had lacked no love.

To-day he stood surrounded by grave professors, trustees, and friends, like Saul among his brethren, taller and fairer than they. He rose to speak the farewell of his class, seeing before him a crowd of eager, expectant faces. They greeted him with long applause and encouraging smiles.

Yet he was to go out from that old college-hall, from among those who had

loved and given him such honors, with the alien's curse upon him; and while men's praises were loudest, and his life seemed to them to open up before him in a long vista of triumphs, the shadow of the curse came close and covered him; and as men sometimes feel death suddenly touch them when they think death afar off, the gloom of a great wrong embraced and took from him for an instant power of speech and strength of limb. He had advanced to the rostrum, patiently awaiting subsidence of the tumult his name had aroused, when suddenly he threw his hand up to his face, as if to shut out the sight of something or to avoid a blow. When the hand was again withdrawn, he laid hold of a chair to keep himself from falling, and his face had lost its ruddy color.

"Take time, Mr. Connor," said one of the professors, leaning forward. "It will pass away in a moment; take time."

The boy looked over his shoulder, smiling back at the speaker.

"It is gone now, thank you."

Then the boy's will, which was great as a man's will, came to his rescue, and the words of his farewell followed. There were in them the fulness, grace,

and charm of that oratory which is of nature; and when he ceased speaking, there was a long, painful silence, and his audience breathed heavily; for the sombre spell of the hour was upon them all, and it was as if the shadow that had touched the student had touched them too. He had felt and spoken greatly; but no loud applause followed. It was noticed by a few in that fast-thinning multitude that, when the other professors came forward to give him such moderate commendation as befitted those grave gentlemen, there was one, the youngest of them all, who stood indifferently aloof, and purposely avoided him. It was curious, they thought, that this boy should have a single enemy.

Professors, trustees, seniors, and friends dropped off, one by one; but the student still lingered uncertainly on the platform, turning often to look furtively behind him, as if he felt some presence there which might be real, or only incorporeal air.

But whatever was real in that scene then, was to him all dim and intangible, even to the departing audience; his own words had sounded strangely in his ears, and the language of others was unmeaning to him. It was all over at length, and, as he saw the last of the crowd leave the hall, he mechanically moved away; if he had any thought at all, it was to be quite alone. Directly he knew that he was in the long college-walk; to his left rose up the granite shaft of Bunker Hill and before him the glittering dome of Boston Court-House. Some of his classmates standing in his way accosted him; but he did not notice them, and passed on. It was not an idle fancy which made him feel that all the morning's sunshine had gone out of the air; he looked up at the sky, and saw that it was clouded over and threatened a storm. That was all he remarked, until he found himself in the Cambridge-Road, entangled in a mass of horses and vehicles, and that people were crying out to him to move aside. Extricating himself, he walked on along the boarded path under the huge elms, dimly aware of his name

being called and of people speaking cheerily to him; but he did not stop to reply, pursuing his way, dogged, he fancied, by some devil of disaster.

At the door of one of the most ancient of Beacon-street houses he entered; but before closing it after him, he turned quickly, looking over his shoulder again, thinking the pursuing shadow must be there. It was an idle fancy; and, thinking still, as he ascended the great uncarpeted stairway, how idle it was, he entered a large, square room, wainscoted to the ceiling in black, carved walnut, having a spacious tiled fireplace, over which hung the high mantelpiece, sombre with the smoke and ashes of a century, its carved griffins' heads throwing curious shadows on the floor. About him, loosely strewn on tables, brackets, shelves, and pedestals, all the ages of art seemed to have left some token. There were rare pictures and marbles, curious bronzes and grotesque old carvings in ivory and wood, old weapons and quaint furniture of mahogany, velvet-cushioned and blackened with age. An unwholesome room, at the sunniest of times; unwholesomest of all when the clouds were black, as they were now, with an impending storm. A wood-fire blazed upon the hearth, for the northeast wind blew up chillingly from the bay. He had only seated himself before it, in the luxurious depths of his cushioned chair, for a moment, when he was startled by a knock at his door. He cried out impatiently, "Come in!" and a servant entered, handing him a letter. He took it from the man's hand, shut him out, closed and locked the door. Then he knew, by the subtle instinct that some men have, by which they feel disaster in the very air, that the pursuing shadow had entered there, and that he would suddenly grapple with the substance.

The student read the letter to the end, and did not cry out nor utter any word of hurt or pain; but the agony on his face was piteous to see. Then the shadow that had entered there, fell at last, and held the boy, never to leave him—never again to depart from him

in all the coming years, until the sea should roll over him, and hide him from the sight of living men. Till then his day of grace was dead.

The letter told him that his sister, for whom, he fancied, his love was beyond all brothers' love, was lying dead in the home her life had made beautiful to him; had died confessing an awful wrong and shame. It was written by his guardian, a man who had supplied a father's place, not only in duty, but in love to the brother and sister. He was an old man now, and his story was haltingly, incoherently told, yet it conveyed to the student a sense of loss and dishonor, by its very indistinctness, deeper than the most studied expressions could have done. But that which was worse for guardian and worse for brother, was, that the man who had wrought this wrong was the student's friend, his classmate here, his old school and playfellow at home.

The poor girl was dead in her sin and dishonor, dying with this man's name upon her lips, crying out to him, in her agony and shame, to save her from the threatened ruin. Dead in all her sweet and tender womanhood; dead in her charm and grace of youth; and the man that killed her lived, and was the friend that he had set above all other men to love and honor. That was the bitter part of it all—his friend.

Stunned and made mad, the student lay back in his chair, the letter crumpled savagely in his hand, his physical strength gone, his mind alert only in its unwholesome fancies. Then to this boy, whose life had been singularly pure and gentle, came the devil, and tempted him. There were wrongs, he thought, which no word nor act could ever make right; there were wrongs which cried out, with the clearness and fulness of the old Jewish law, for the requital of vengeance. There should be a life for a life.

Filled with temptation, the day wore slowly on. The blurred sun crept down behind the gathering clouds, and up out of the sea and bay came the storm and darkness; the logs upon the hearth fell

down and buried their flames under the graying ashes; uncanny and unwholesome shadows stole out from the recesses of the room; the frescoed arabesques grew dim in the waning light; the statues and the quaintly-carved old furniture reflected themselves upon the floor and walls in distorted images, which, by times, mixed themselves curiously with the murderous fancies that filled the student's mind, strangely distorting and warping all the good there was in it, turning the gentle, loving nature of the man into unclean channels of morbid bitterness and hatred. He felt the influences at work upon him, and made no effort to cast them off, but yielded to them. Man is not stronger than destiny, he thought; why should he struggle? He knew the worst that would surely come—knew that life for him had changed, that the promise of all the years past, all the fruits of their toil and patient endeavor, were gone forever. In that hour he sank down, helpless under the weight of his wrong and shame, and putting away from him all chance or hope of honor, or men's love or happiness, bartering them all for his shallow thought of vengeance, he accepted the future and the work that he felt he had been called upon to do. With no weak regrets, no pity for the beautiful life to be trampled under foot, he took up the crime and curse of Cain, and did not murmur nor look back. His wrong, the unwholesome day, the weird shadows, and his own sombre fancies, had conspired together, and told him that he must kill the man who wrought this evil. That was his work, and he must about it speedily; and he would.

Yet, until the evening had come, the boy had not moved toward the fulfillment of his purpose, though he knew that the man whom he had doomed to die he could find whenever he sought him. He still lay back in his chair, before the dying embers of the fire, the crumpled letter in his hand, quiet as a man dead or sleeping, an awful pallor on his face, his white throat bared, his black hair hanging in damp, close curls

about his forehead,—a boy in years, with a stature like Saul, with a grand physical mould and strength of breast and limb.

When the dusk deepened, he took from the wall a curious old Spanish knife, its long, thin blade tapering to an almost imperceptible point. There was a latent, devilish cruelty in the careful manner shown by him as he ran his finger along the edge of the murderous toy; but he was evidently satisfied with his scrutiny, for he placed the knife carefully in his breast, and went out.

The rain began to patter on the stones as he turned into Tremont-street, but he rather welcomed that; it would cool the fever of his blood. He went on down the street, down past the houses of his friends—of the men and women and little children who had given him true love. There was not a single regret or tinge of bitterness in the thought that to-morrow they would all be closed against him—homes and hearts alike. He had weighed all his losses; and that was among them. From the open window of one mansion, a young girl, whom yesterday he had fancied he was fond of, spoke to him some pleasant, congratulatory words; but he passed on without returning her salutation. Now, the girl was not quite certain she had done right to speak to any one in that manner, and when Luke Connor passed by without a word to her in reply, there came to her a sense of shame for what she had done, and a fear that he thought her unwomanly; so that she stood there at the window, looking after him a long while, with some unhappy tears wetting her cheeks. But he went on his way, blind and dumb to every thing that lay outside of his one ugly purpose.

Presently he rang the bell of a house facing the Common, in Boylston Place.

"Tell Mr. Lawrence I wish to see him," he said, when his summons was answered.

"Mr. Lawrence has gone out. Will you come in and wait?"

He hesitated for a moment, brushed past the servant as he had often done before, leaped the stairs two at a time,

and was in Lawrence's chambers. No signs of hurried flight there; the rooms were undisturbed and orderly. A pipe, still warm, lay on the table, an open book beside it; his easy-chair standing near. He took it all in at a glance—was at the door again, where the servant still lingered, looking out at the rain.

"It's a rough night, Mr. Connor," he said. "Won't you wait a bit for Mr. George?"

"No; I will find him," he said, and retraced his steps along Boylston-street, dropping in here and there at club-houses and George Lawrence's other well-known haunts; but he was at none of them.

At each place, almost, the same question was asked, "Will you come in and wait?" and the same invariable answer given, "No; I will find him."

Foiled in his search, he remembered that Lawrence frequented the editorial sanctums on Court and Washington-streets, and that he should probably find him in one of them. He had begun his pursuit cool and unhurried, but his failures excited and maddened him at last; the ugly fever in his blood had stolen upward to his head, and he was aware that his manner was strange and attracting attention. He tried to sober himself as he entered one newspaper-office after the other; but he noticed that his husky voice, or something in his face, startled for a moment the men he questioned. He had at length exhausted all the likely places of finding the man; then he thought of the unlikely ones. He began, too, to think that Lawrence had heard, in some way, of the girl's death, and was avoiding him; but that did not matter, he said, under his breath, he would find him all the same.

Aware now that he had lost all clue to his intended victim, he walked on, quite aimlessly, from one street to another, until, after an hour of such searching as had been, after all, only an eager scrutiny of the faces of the few pedestrians he met, he found himself standing under the black shadow of the Old South Church, thinking of its grim legend;

from there he was in Hanover-street again, under Faneuil Hall, looking up with a new interest at its ugly historic front; then on again, his brain whirling curiously, his step unsteady, and scarcely knowing how he had got there, he stood on Dunlethe's Wharf, gazing out at the black, silent bay gliding along to the sea, strangely fascinated by its rippling tide and the lights dangling from the yard-arms of ships. A California steamer, going to sail that night, waiting for the turn of tide, lay half a mile off-shore, with steam up and a hundred lights blazing aboard of her. Below him there was a shipping-office, the windows of which a boy was hurriedly closing for the night. As the last shutter was fastened, the door was thrown open, and, in the flood of light streaming out, George Lawrence stood revealed for a moment, but as if undecided whether he should return to the shelter of the office or fulfil his first intention of going out. The boy came out after him and closed the door, deciding the matter for him. Drawing the collar of his coat about his ears, he walked on down the wharf, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking out over the bay to the steamer. The student saw him there—had seen him before, when the office-lights were full upon him; but he failed to recognize his enemy in the oddly-disguised figure now coming rapidly toward him. A single lamp glimmered dimly at the end of the wharf, and the rain, coming down in torrents, had driven the officers of the watch to shelter, so that the two men were quickly closing in upon each other, in a spot seemingly set apart on this foul night for a foul deed.

A boat, lowered away from the steamer, was being rowed slowly against the tide, toward the end of the long wharf, a lamp swinging from the bow showing dimly a single rower. Luke Connor had forgotten the man he hunted altogether, but stood watching the crawling light on the bay, with a strange interest in a thing so trifling, when he was rudely jostled: the next instant he held George Lawrence by the throat,

and, by an effort of his powerful strength, bore him to his knees.

The boat was coming nearer; the rower hailed his expected passenger, rested on his oars for a second, then hailed again; but there was no answer. The two men were on the verge of the pier, against which the black tide rippled hungrily.

Luke Connor had said to others and to himself a hundred times that night, that he would find the man. He had found him—found him, too, in a lonely, secluded spot, where no help could come, if he but did his work quickly. He was not surprised, not moved in any way, that the man had been delivered, as he thought, into his hands. It was Fate or Providence, as his death would be—all Fate.

As quietly and undisturbed as he would have spoken to his friend in that earlier, happier time, he spoke to his enemy now.

"This coward's disguise," he said, "means flight; and that tells me you know your crime, and expected me. If you have a prayer to say, say it now, and quickly; for I mean to kill you."

George Lawrence heard the splash of the oars in the coming boat; a moment's time gained or a loud cry for help might save him yet, he thought. He struggled upward, and tried to cry out; but the hand clutching at his throat was as firm as a band of steel, pressing the life out of him.

Luke Connor's hand went quickly to his breast, and when it came out again all the devil that possessed the man clutched at the Spanish knife, and nerved him against any compunction or faltering in his purpose. The dip of the oars in the approaching boat sounded fatally near, when the cowering wretch at his feet sprang up and struggled with him for his life. There was only a short, dull cry, as Connor plunged the knife home; then he swayed his victim to and fro for a moment, and, exerting his great power of limb, flung him headlong into the rising tide, that splashed and licked the spectral pier. An hour later, when it ebbed, it would have

grown tired of beating *something* against the muddy piles, and would hurry another burden, beside the California steamer, out to sea.

Then the boy, whose work was done, but whose boyhood had slipped forever away from him within an hour or two, quietly looked at the bloody knife in his hand—flung it into the tide—stood irresolute for a moment, debating within himself whether he should go then and surrender himself to justice, or wait until morning. From where he stood he could hear the slow, labored "heave-ho" of the sailors on the steamer, as they weighed anchor; the approaching boat, he thought, could put him aboard, and escape would be certain and easy. Captains of outgoing vessels were not disposed to be too suspicious of the character of their passengers or to inquire too closely into their motives for leaving the States, no matter how or when they came on board; for California had not yet ceased to be a sort of free commonwealth where adventurers, thieves, and worse, went abroad in the open day, unquestioned and unmolested.

But he had no intention of flight. He had, from the first moment of his resolve, calmly weighed all the consequences of its fulfilment; and he was now quite ready to meet them. It mattered nothing to him that one of them was the chance of an ignominious death, or lingering imprisonment; neither had any terrors for him now. The sister was at rest, and she was the last of his kin; so there could be no one else to be hurt or tainted by his crime or its punishment. But he would wait until morning to give himself up to the law, he said; then, it might do with him what it would. He had a fancy that he would like to go back to his old rooms, and say good-bye to them, before going to prison or death. It was a pleasant old street, he thought. Nowhere else in Boston was the air so sweet and strong, blowing in to him from the bay, over the city-gardens. From his window he could look across the Common, and fancy that nowhere else was the grass so green, nor the view

down the serpentine-walk so fine; and the trees, waving in the morning winds, were as old friends, whose every leaf and bough he seemed to know. Even the plash of the fountains had something loving and friendly in it. It was all pleasant and friendly there; and the fancy of the moment before now became an eager desire to go back there and see it all in the sweet hush and light of another morning. He started back, making his way slowly among the rubbish of the long wharf, stepping deep in muddy pools, or slipping in the soft clay, hearing no longer the plash of oars nor roar of wind nor beat of rain nor swash of tide, nor remembering for a moment the *something* it was beating against the piles or bearing out to sea; but, as he went on through the deserted streets, he grew conscious that he walked unsteadily, and that, despite the chilling winds and rain, he was burning with fever, and that his head pained him. He put his hand up to his face, and, coming then under a lamp, found his fingers dripping blood.

"I am glad the devil struck back," he said, quietly, and went on.

But he lost his way presently in the tortuous streets of the locality, and, seeing a light ahead, followed it, and saw that it came from the travellers' room of the old Stackpole Inn, which was an inn of the better sort, as it now is, two hundred years ago. As he entered the cleanly room, the clerk, with his chair tipped back against the wall, was sleeping soundly; and he passed on to the travellers' room beyond, the door of which, standing open, revealed an inviting fire, and lights. As he crossed the threshold, a dog started up and disputed his passage; when a man, seated at the table reading, looked up, and, recognizing the student and seeing blood upon his face and hands, started to his feet.

"My God! Connor, you are hurt," he said, coming forward.

The speaker was the professor, who had been noticed by a few people, that morning, to stand aloof from the boy at the close of his address. They had

never liked each other, and Connor thought that it would have pleased him better to have met any other man than Professor Dauntton that night. Yet it did not greatly matter; it might be better that an enemy and not a friend should give him up to justice.

The boy staggered forward, laying his hand on the other's arm impatiently, and motioning back to the man asleep in the outer room.

"It is nothing," he said. "Are we alone here?"

"Yes, quite alone. I was caught in the storm, and have sent for a carriage. It will be here presently," the professor replied.

"Will you give me a chair? I am dizzy, and this sudden light has blinded me."

The professor drew a chair to the fire, and, seating him in it, stood waiting for a moment. Luke Connor's head fell forward on the table, and there was a miserable silence in the room, only disturbed by the dog coming forward and snarling savagely at the odor of something on the student's hand.

When Connor looked up again, his eyes wandered about the walls and furniture, dazed and stupid.

"Will you tell me what it was I asked you a moment ago? I have lost myself altogether, and have forgotten something that I wished to say to you."

The student had risen, and the professor kindly put out his hand to save him from falling; when he had seated him again, he said,

"You asked me if we were alone here, and I answered, 'Yes, quite alone.' Can you recall what it was you wished to say to me?"

"Yes! I killed the man to-night who did this"—pointing to a cut reaching across the temple to the ear. "You must give me up; but will you let me rest until morning, and send an officer to my rooms then?"

"Yes, I will do what you wish,"—an expression of incredulity in his eyes, and secretly doubting Connor's sanity. "Is there any thing that I can do for you?" he asked.

"Will you get me some brandy, and—close that door after you? I would rather that man did not see me."

When the liquor was brought, Luke Connor drank it eagerly. As the professor turned his back to put down the glass, he asked,

"Do you care to tell me about this matter?"

"No; I will not tell *you*. I never liked you, nor you me; and that is why I am not sorry you will give me up. Not that I think it will be a pleasant thing for you to do, professor; but I would rather you did it than a man I cared for."

"You are right; it will not be pleasant for me to send the first honor of the class to a jail or beyond. But a man's duty may lie even there."

"You are right; it is your *duty*. To-night I rely on your generosity to leave me undisturbed. Will your carriage be here soon?"

"It is here now," the professor said, hearing the sound of wheels outside. If you are ready, I will throw this cloak about you as you pass through the next room."

"You are considerate, professor;" and the man put out his hand frankly, but the other did not take it.

When they entered the outer room, the drowsy clerk had again tilted his chair back against the wall, and growled good-night without looking up.

When they arrived at the Beacon-street House, the professor carefully led the student to the door of his rooms, then courteously said good-night. But Connor stopped him with a question.

"You bear me no ill-will, professor?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Will you shake hands, then? I have a fancy we will not meet again."

"No; I prefer not. Good-night."

"Good-night, Professor Dauntton," the student answered back; and he grimly smiled as he thought of the professor's prejudice, closing the door after him.

Then he went into the inner room, and stood with his hands resting on the dressing-table, looking into the mirror, coolly surveying the face he had seen

under all phases but that of crime. He had fancied that it would be altered; that when he saw it next the demon of murder would have set his seal upon it, charging and defiling it.

When he had satisfied himself, he said,

"It is not different from my face of yesterday, only that it is gashed and bloody. I am glad he struck me."

He washed the blood carefully from his face and hands, throwing the water into the street when he had done, not wishing to see the stain in it again in the morning. A wound, running across the temple to the ear, showed itself when the matted hair was brushed aside, which began to bleed again as he washed away the clots about it. He bound it up with his handkerchief, changed his clothing, selecting piece after piece with curious care, packed a small trunk with such things as he thought he would need in prison, and then threw himself into his chair by the replenished fire, to wait for the morning. After awhile he slept, quietly and calmly as he had ever done, disturbed by no dreams of the dead man drifting out on the tide.

The sweet June morning came in with the songs of the birds in the Public Gardens, and the sunshine, falling warmly across the bright colors of the carpet and hangings, touching into wondrous radiance, here and there, a pictured face or landscape. A bust of Psyche, at the base of which some white flowers grew, attracted him with the sunlight lingering on it. A face full of beauty, purity, and pain, he fancied; then stooped to kiss the forehead. When he raised his head, there was a blood-stain on the marble.

Then he somehow knew, as nothing else had told him, the full and perfect meaning of the thing he had done. He had smiled last night at the professor's refusal to take his hand, as unmeaning prejudice; but the spot upon the forehead of the pure Soul, Psyche, told him that he was never again to touch the hand of man or lip of woman, without leaving a stain behind. Believing that, the prison

or death would be altogether best, he thought.

The officer came awhile later, and found the man impatiently awaiting him.

"Now," said the officer, "it's uncommon plucky in you to give yourself up in this way; and while I don't want you to say any thing that can be used against you, I would like to know who the man was, and how you came to do it."

"I think your duty lies another way, my man. Suppose you follow it. I am quite ready," Connor said, shortly.

"Oh, as for that, I know my duty; but, naturally, I am not without curiosity."

When the day was gone, Luke Connor had been committed to prison, there to await, as best he might, his day of trial. It seemed a long way off at first; but, like all far-off events, it came, if slowly, none the less surely.

He felt, when he was called upon to enter his plea, that he was among friendly people, and that in no man's face among them all was there a single craving look for his life.

Then he placed his hands firmly on the wooden railing before him, and, in clear, unflinching accents, said,

"A man deserved death at my hands, and I killed him; but in the manner and form in which I stand indicted, I am not guilty."

The prosecution, in their opening address to the court and jury, in support of the indictment, alleged,

That a murder had been committed by the prisoner at the bar.

That in proof thereof they would offer two separate and distinct admissions of the prisoner, made on the night of the 22d day of June, 1855; and that while neither of these admissions included the name or a description of the murdered man, yet they believed and expected to prove that he was a former friend of the prisoner, viz., one George Lawrence.

That, in addition to said admissions of the prisoner, they would offer, in sup-

port of the indictment, the evidence of a learned and eminent citizen, who had accidentally encountered the prisoner while his hands were yet wet with his victim's blood, and also the prisoner's bloody garments worn at the time of the perpetration of the murder.

That, moreover, they relied upon the following facts, which they would establish, to support the theory of the prosecution that the said George Lawrence was the man slain in cold blood by the prisoner at the bar.

1. The said George Lawrence had suddenly disappeared from his domicile and all his other usual places of resort, without any previous preparation, notice, or warning.

2. That he disappeared on the night of that fatal 23d of June, and had never since been seen nor heard of.

3. That an examination of his domicile had established that he had not intended flight nor concealment.

4. That the widest and most untiring inquiry of friends, relatives, and officers of the law, failed to supply any clue to his whereabouts, or to assign him a place among living men.

5. That he had left his rooms but a few minutes previous to the prisoner's having inquired for him there, leaving a message with the servant that he would return soon.

6. That, on that 23d of June night, the prisoner had sought the said George Lawrence in all likely and in some unlikely places, until a late hour, under the peculiar circumstances of a violent storm raging, and repeated failures.

7. That the prisoner's manner during the time of this search was eager, violent, and excited.

8. That the said George Lawrence had, in some manner unknown to the prosecution, wronged the prisoner, and that the prisoner believed the said Lawrence had deserved death at his hands, and that the prisoner, being instigated by the devil, did murder the said Lawrence.

The counsel for the defence alleged, in support of the prisoner's plea,

That no murder had been committed by the prisoner at the bar.

That the one essential element in the case of the prosecution which could enable them to maintain the indictment was absent, inasmuch as the body of the alleged murdered man had not been found nor recognized.

That, as regarded the disappearance of the said George Lawrence, the defence would show to the court and jury that the said Lawrence had ample and sufficient cause for flight and subsequent concealment.

That there was no reason whatever to suppose that the said Lawrence had been murdered or made away with at all.

That the prisoner's admissions amounted to nothing, as the prisoner was *non compos mentis* at the time of making such admissions and for some hours previous thereto; all which they believed and expected to prove, and much of it by the commonwealth's own witness, the learned and eminent citizen referred to by the prosecution.

The prosecution called their witnesses, who testified to George Lawrence's disappearance on the night of the 23d of June; the subsequent search for and failure to find any trace of him; to the excited, angry manner of the prisoner on that night; the finding of his bloody clothing; his admissions before the magistrate. Beyond that they could not go; and when the name of Albert Dauntton was called, there was a sensation in the court—men and women rising up and pressing forward, looking over each other's heads, to see the learned professor, whose evidence, it had been said, would destroy the prisoner's chance of life.

The professor was requested to narrate the circumstances of the interview in the travellers' room of the old Stackpole Inn; which he did, very slowly and carefully, evidently considering that a man's life might hang on the proper placing of each word he uttered. Occasionally he glanced uneasily toward the prisoner, as if to convince him of his

sympathy or to let him understand that, though it was his duty to say that which might consign him to death, it was, nevertheless, an unpleasant thing to do. He told the story simply and truly, and not without some feeling, too.

"We have closed. Cross-examine," said the prosecuting attorney. And then this dialogue occurred between the counsel for the prisoner and the witness:

Counsel. Did the prisoner mention the name of the man he said he had killed?

Witness. He did not. He said, "I killed the man to-night who did this," pointing to a wound on his temple.

Counsel. Did you ask him the man's name, or why he had killed him?

Witness. I did not. I asked him if he cared to tell me about the matter, and he declined.

Counsel. Will you describe the prisoner's manner, nearly as you can, at that time, and say whether you thought him to be in full and perfect control of his faculties?

Witness. His manner was excited and feverish; he was physically very weak, and would have fallen once or twice if I had not seated him. I think his mind wandered a little at times. He asked me a simple question one moment, and forgot it the next. I thought, at the time, that he was not in full possession of his mental faculties during all portions of the interview, at others that his mind was never clearer.

Counsel. Did you notice, in the morning of that day, at any time during the Commencement exercises, any thing peculiar in the prisoner's manner?

Witness. I did. At the moment he stepped forward to deliver his address to the class, he seemed to grow dizzy, threw his hand up to his face, and would have fallen, I fancied, but that he laid hold of something. I afterwards walked after him, along the Cambridge-Road, into the city, and I remarked that he frequently looked furtively over his shoulder, as if under the impression he was being pursued; his face was very pale, and his dazed, wrapt manner was especially peculiar, as his

success as a student and speaker had been very assured on that day.

Counsel. That will do, professor. We will now call witnesses to prove that George Lawrence had sufficient reasons for flight and concealment.

At this moment the prisoner beckoned to his counsel, whispered something briefly in his ear, and insisted on it against the other's continued protest.

"May it please the Court," said the counsel, "we are reluctantly compelled, by the express wishes of the prisoner, to rest our case here. He will not permit us to call the witnesses, who, we are assured, would satisfy this Court and jury that George Lawrence had meditated flight, and that he had good reasons for keeping a long and enforced concealment. Our hands are tied, and we can do no more. We must therefore submit the case to the jury on its present merits."

The Court delivered its charge, the jury retired, deliberated, and came into court with their verdict.

"NOT GUILTY," the foreman said.

When the verdict was rendered, the people there pressed forward, straining to see how it would affect the prisoner; but they saw no change nor emotion in the man's face. He had then, as before, the same subdued, quiet manner; and later he received the congratulations of his counsel, calmly and almost listlessly. Instead of being, as was natural, the most interested person there, in the result of the trial, he appeared to be the least so. The impassive face and manner revealed nothing; but if the man just escaped from peril of death had told them what he felt, he would only have said, "I am tired, and glad it is all over."

As he stepped out of the crowded room into the radiance and warmth of the fair Summer-day, a free man again—free to go and to come as he willed—there was only his counsel by his side. Some of his old college-chums stood at the door, waiting for him to come out; but they did not speak to him as he passed. It hurt him more than he cared to say; but he was silent.

He parted from his counsel at the next street, and went back to his old rooms, there to think it all out and to resolve what to do next. He found a dozen notes lying on his table, of old dates. Some enclosed tradesmen's bills, and several others notified him of his expulsion from his college societies and his club. The harvest he had sowed, he began early to reap. He knew that when institutions closed their doors against him, no pure homes would open theirs, at his summons.

He sat reading the last of these notes, when a boy ran past outside, crying, "Evening paper." He raised the window, and called to him. When the paper was brought in, the first paragraph that caught his eye had reference to his trial. The sharp fellow who prepared the court reports said, in regard to the verdict, "If the laws of Scotland prevailed here, the verdict would have been *not proven*, instead of *not guilty*."

"So! *that* would have been the verdict, would it?" he said, then flung the paper from him.

All this made his way clearer, easier. He determined to go away somewhere; it did not greatly matter where, but as far from civilization as possible. Then a curious fancy seized hold of Luke Connor, and held him: he resolved to

go out into the world and to make his hands earn the bread he ate; to use the mighty strength of frame he bore, and turn it to account. He meant to go where his crime was unknown, and where, under a new name, may-be, he could remain unquestioned, and trusted by honest men; for men's good word and regard were something essential to his being. But in taking up his resolve, he never once thought of the old scriptural curse, "A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth."

He yet lacked a year of his majority; until then, or longer, he would live among strangers. When he came into his own, he fancied he could buy friends and love and forgetfulness; and until then he would labor like a menial: that would help him to forget.

Then he closed up the beautiful old rooms; and from among the men who had known him, and who knew the ugly history of his crime, he suddenly disappeared; and as time went by, he was lost so completely from their sight, that at last his name became only a fire-side legend which sent children shivering to their beds, and in which they were told the history of a man cruelly murdered and drifted far out to sea on the stormy tide of a June night.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST EDITOR.

A RAINY-DAY RETROSPECT.

ON my right, as I sit in our Library, is the old family-clock—venerable monitor!—which was new when George the Third had only yesterday stepped forth from His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. On the left is the old folio Bible, printed, with all its wonderful cuts, at the "Bible and Sun," on Ludgate Hill, when George the Second was ruler of the "Kingdom of England, Dominion of Wales, and Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed,"—at least so the old Bible says. Before me lies a pile of letters, running back in their dates almost

to the time when the Elector of Hanover became the first of the Georges; and just beyond, the familiar faces of my books, old and new, look down from their shelves upon me. Among these mute remembrancers of the past, history becomes real, time gone by is present, and the dead heroes act before me as they did in the days of the flesh.

I have just been looking over this volume. It is entitled a "Brief History of the War with the Indians in New England." It was written by the Rev. Increase Mather, of Boston, printed in

London at the "Rose and Crown, in St. Paul's Churchyard," and "Licensed, Decemb. 2, 1676, by Roger L'Estrange." Nearly two centuries have passed over St. Paul's Churchyard since then, and both author and censor have long ago rendered to their Maker an account of what they wrote and what they licensed. The names bring to mind many memories of the times—times to be remembered for what occurred on each side the Atlantic. On the one side they take us into the corrupt court of a polished but shameless king; and into a remarkable colony of that king, on the other side, then half a century old, composed of those who protested against his vices, and had fled their native land to be rid of what they felt was unjust oppression. Increase Mather aptly represented the one side, and Roger L'Estrange properly the other side. Each presents us an incarnation of the spirit of his class. The author was learned and distinguished, and withal a strong buttler for the principles he held—in other words, for the principles of the Puritans. The censor, with no less learning nor distinction, was a strong champion of the principles of the men who hired him. The author was a hero, the censor was the servile sycophant of an arrogant king.

Roger L'Estrange was just sixty years old when he licensed Dr. Mather's book. He links us with the days of Shakespeare, but he licensed none of Gentle Will's plays; for he was born the year the immortal part left the muddy vesture of decay, and the precious dust of the poet of nature was forever lost to sight.

Roger L'Estrange has the credit of having been the first to publish a newspaper, having been editor and proprietor of the *Public Intelligencer* and the *London Gazette*, in both which he arranged news in such a form as would please his royal master, and keep the people in the dark—an art, by the way, which editors are able to exercise upon occasion even in the present year of grace. The First Editor defined news to be something not heard before; and it proved to be frequently something that

never was heard of until printed, as is still sometimes the case.

When Roger L'Estrange played with his boyish mates on the paternal acres at Hunstanton Hall, in fenny Norfolk, the "Most High and Mighty Prince James" ruled. When he was old enough to begin his education, the unfortunate Charles the First was on the throne, and a few years later little Roger had grown to be a courtier; and when he was twenty-three he had passed through the university, and was prepared to accompany the king when he went down to Scotland, to force the Liturgy upon those who had signed and sworn to the Covenant. They were "grown a most obstinate rebellious people;" so the king thought, and so Sir Roger, as in duty bound, thought too. Then followed the days of Laud and the Civil War, of Ship-money and the Star-Chamber. Through it all the censor was true to the Cavaliers, and was finally captured, imprisoned in London, and condemned to a traitor's death. Meantime his master's head fell off under the axe of the executioner, at Whitehall, and Roger ran away to the Continent, until the Long Parliament was dissolved; after which he returned, and begged hard-fisted Oliver Cromwell—"Red-nosed Noll," they called him—for pardon. The favor was granted, and the impertinent ones reported that Roger, with his heavy wig, had been fiddler to the great Roundhead once. So the nickname, "Oliver's Fiddler," was fastened upon Roger L'Estrange, translator from the Latin and Greek authors, and editor of two newspapers.

But the Commonwealth did not last long. The "Merry Monarch" came over from France, and took the place that had cost the "Royal Martyr" his head; and then it was that the editor became also the censor. Who should better know what ought and what ought not to be printed, than he, who, under a royal censorship, had himself manufactured news to order? For years he held the office, and for years he filled his empty pockets in it.

In 1678 occurred the great excitement

of the Popish Plot; the Papists were treated with great indignity, and the conduct of the Crown needed apology. The First Editor hastened to the rescue with his new paper, the *Observer*, in which he attempted to vindicate the action of the king; for a trouble was growing greater and greater between the people and their ruler. How far his *ad captandum* arguments and vulgar energy were successful, we do not know.

The Last Man's Son, as Charles the Second was called, died at last, and the First Editor was destined to live under other kings still. In 1685 James the Second began his four years' reign, and Roger was knighted, and took a seat in Parliament as Sir Roger. On the eleventh of December, 1688, this king, concluding that discretion was the better part of valor, stole out of Whitehall by a secret passage, crossed the Thames in a wherry, threw the great seal into the muddy river, and, before London was awake, was far on the road to the sea, fleeing from an exasperated people. He had failed in his attempt to fasten his unwelcome religious notions upon his nation; a revolution had arisen, and, at the people's call, William, Prince of Orange, with Mary his wife, came over from Holland to occupy the throne of England.

And old Roger was not dead yet. He had been a subject of James the First, and of Charles the First his son; and when they were both dead, he had seen Oliver and Richard Cromwell stand at the head of the Government. He was one to welcome the Merry Monarch home from France, and had seen him dissipate the nation, and die—*mirabile dictu*—a natural death. He had bowed his supple knees to William and Mary; and now good Queen Anne was to receive his homage. Two years later, with a body weakened and a mind impaired, he became himself a prey to the great reaper, who, though he wait long, is sure to come at last. In 1704 the eventful, changeful, active life of Roger L'Estrange ended. He had written his last political pamphlet; his coarse, vulgar, violent editorials had ceased to

appear, and another than he must license books for the queen. His great learning was to exert no more influence—he was gone. Let us drop a tear for his vices, as we let him rest in the grave.

Probably most readers will dispute my claim for Sir Roger as the First Editor, and point to the English *Mercurie*, dated 1588, giving an account of the Spanish Armada, to prove that he trode in other men's steps, and that I steal other and worthier men's laurels to deck his brow. I think, however, that close investigation will prove that when, in the third year of the Restoration of the Stuarts, Roger L'Estrange began to print his *Public Intelligencer*, he was really the first who established a newspaper as a vehicle of general information. Besides the *Mercurie*—which has been proved an invention of a later date—there had been, before the Commonwealth, *Diurnals*, and *Intelligencers*, and *Complaints*, and *Gazettes* so called; but they were all so unworthy the name of newspaper, that we are forced to give the honorable place of First Editor to the vulgar wiseman of the court of the Stuarts. By his learning he was fitted for the post. His intimacy with his sovereigns added to his advantages. His captivity and runaway travels augmented his qualifications, and his vulgarity enabled him to stoop to the dirty work his lord demanded of the paper he should delight to honor.

As I have sat here this rainy day, I have imagined the First Editor before me, attending to the duties of his office. I can see his thin face, overshadowed by the luxuriant curls of his great powdered wig, and from each side of his sharp Roman nose his brilliant eyes look down upon a piece of proof, such as the attendant devil would be supposed to have brought from the press-room, when the compositor lacked the experience two centuries have given him since. His sword dangles with the laced edges of his gaudy coat over the arms of the editorial chair. The ends of his generous white cravat reach down upon the proof, and his shoes, with their

huge buckles of silver, and his black-silk stockings, cover the editorial understandings, which are stretched under the editorial table. The apartment is in one of those ancient buildings which generations of smoke have rendered almost black externally, and which the sooty London mist makes dank and dingy within. I imagine it is a slip from the *Observer* he is correcting, and that the type is trying to tell how good and lovely is Old Rowley, and how the wicked Papists ought to delight to have him ruin their families and kill them off, or, upon mere suspicion, confine them weary years in far-off prisons. Or was it an exhortation to the obstinate, rebellious Covenanters, to give up their opposition to the Liturgy, and worship God after the dictates of their licentious sovereign? It may not have been either, but a chapter from the Sermon on the Mount; for editors in those days often printed extracts from the Bible when news was scarce. Whatever it was, we may be sure it was not calculated to make the "multitude too familiar with the acts and counsels of their superiors;" for Sir Roger thought it his duty as journalist to give them no "color of license to be meddling with the Government;" and he thought that a newspaper, "prudently" managed, might contribute to this end in a very high degree. When the Dutch worsted the king's navy in a four days' fight in the Downs, it was his duty to be very

"prudent," and not let the people know it—to make them believe the court was very joyful. Pepys wrote the truth in his diary; but even there he felt safest to put it in cipher, when he said, "The court is very melancholy under the thoughts of the last overthrow; for so it is," he adds, "instead of a victory, so much and so unreasonably expected."

But as I look out of the library-window now, the face of the landscape is changed. Ail nature smiles; for the black clouds and thick-falling rain-drops are gone. The sun again shines forth with genial warmth, and our rainy-day retrospect must end.

The First Editor was, singularly enough, the first writer who sold his services in defence of any measure, good or bad; and Goldsmith says he fought through right and wrong for upwards of forty literary campaigns. Let us hope the good he fought for was more than the bad.

From the birthday of the First Editor's first paper until now, the labor of the editor has grown in importance, delicacy, and, we may safely say, in honor. Who can say when it will cease to grow? There are venal editors now, who take Sir Roger as their type; but far greater is the number of those who imitate his better traits, and who, unseen of the world, are putting forth an influence upon men which the community can never fully appreciate.

Our retrospect is over.

THE SAD BRIDAL.

WHAT would you do,—my dear one said,—
 What would you do, if I were dead?
 If Death should mumble, as he list,
 These red lips which now you kissed?
 What would my love do, were I wed
 To that ghastly groom instead;
 If o'er me, in the chancel, Death
 Should cast his amaranthine wreath,—
 Before my eyes, with fingers pale,
 Draw down the mouldy bridal veil?
 —Ah, no! no! it cannot be!
 Death would spare their light, and flee,
 And leave my love to Life and me!

A VIOLIN STOP.

[Concluded.]

EDWARD arrived, and on the day of his arrival, as if it were a formal necessity, paid us a short visit, meeting Bess, myself, and Mr. Dewey, who sauntered in before him; only, he was most particular in his inquiries about my father and mother, who were out for the day: but to us he was thoroughly impersonal. Not a word from him of his past six months abroad; not a word of our six months at home. He looked older, was paler and thinner, and there was a singular intonation in his voice which puzzled me. To cover his speedy retreat, he went to the bookcase, gave a melancholy smile of recognition at the books he and I had read; a shade of self-pity at some remembrance crossed his face, and then he quietly bowed himself out. Bess and I exchanged glances; there was a cloud in her face; what there was in mine, I could not have guessed.

"There is something touching about that young fellow," said my lord Dewey.

"Enough to make you patronize him?" I asked.

"Take care, Charles," said Bess, "in speaking of Edward Hall, even in observing him; you trench upon Miss James's domain."

"I am aware of it; but I am full of temerity. I like to speculate on that kind of ownership of a man. All Carthage *supposes* that Edward Hall is under absolute dominion. I should like to be so owned."

"Impossible, Mr. Dewey," I said. "You must *own*."

"Where is my slave?" he cried. "Let her come; I wait for her. I am ready to torture her—with happiness."

The expression I saw on his face the evening of the thunder-storm was there; his eyes flashed fire—hard gray eyes as they were. I had a sudden creeping,

electrical sensation, and looked out of the window to see if another cloud was rising.

Bess was evidently thinking of other matters; she did not hear him, I believe, for she asked, with his last word, what he meant by being touched with Edward Hall.

"He has been subjected to some test, which has tried him severely. I'll bet that he has been too much alone; there is the echo of solitude in his voice. What can he have been a prisoner to—ideas, circumstances, hopes, disappointments?"

Bess picked up something from the floor, and left the room.

"You will soon have his history," continued Mr. Dewey. "You are not industrious, like Bess, nor energetic; but, if you choose, a man must submit to have his bones picked, and the marrow perforated."

"Have you left the law for physics, Mr. Dewey?"

"How I hate the obscure! What do people play in the dark for with life and fortune?"

"Now you are metaphysical."

"I think I'll never enter this house again; it grows hateful."

"Bess expects you to-night; no—to-morrow night."

"Does she? Then I will be here."

Edward dropped in at dusk, also, the next day, and met Mr. Dewey. I asked Edward to stay and meet my father, and he at once put down his hat; but I found no opportunity to converse aside with him, and at length was impressed with the idea that Mr. Dewey was taking a high hand with us. He prevented both Bess and myself from any approach to Edward, and was occupied with some sort of intense scrutiny regarding us. What had come over Bess, that she did

not perceive Mr. Dewey was interfering with me?

When my father came home, this upperhandedness gave way, and we felt more at ease. Bess was unusually busy about domestic matters; she was either called out of the room, or went out from restlessness; but I was, like myself, idle in my favorite seat, the corner of the sofa where the cushion was, and where the little table stood covered with a litter of books and magazines. Whenever Bess came back, Edward moved his seat, not towards her, but somewhere else merely; he took the entire round of the room and furniture. While she was gone he was motionless. There was some little talk between him and my father, and then the latter took his newspaper. When Edward had reached the spot remotest from me, Mr. Dewey followed him, and plunged him into a conversation. As I was not within hearing, I took a book. When we were called to supper, Edward took his hat to go, but was persuaded to stay, my mother adding the inducement that Mr. Dewey would stay.

"For this once—yes," he assented.

As this was the third time in the week he had supped with us, I thought his consent gracious, and was about to say so, but he put his finger on his lips, and I did not say it. Apparently Edward grew more and more resigned to his situation; for when we returned to the parlor, he took a chair in the window where Bess was. I saw her pretty head incline towards him, and saw him bend over her.

"She is going to be good to him," I thought. "His hair hasn't improved a bit, that is a fact; and how short he is beside—" I involuntarily looked up at Mr. Dewey. That gentleman was observing me, behind a newspaper, which he was not reading.

"Have you read the newspaper to-day?" he coolly asked.

"No; have you?"

He glided over to the sofa, sank down by me, opened the paper, and held it before our faces.

"There is an excellent article here by

Professor Bliss, on a Universal Language. Shall I read it?"

"How do you know it to be excellent, if you have not read it?"

"Professor Bliss is a friend of mine. He thinks humanity would be less stupid if taught to use the same words for the same things."

He threw his head back, and was so still, and I felt so imprisoned by the paper, that my head would go round; and so we were face to face! I never was so near a man's eyes and lips before, and being so near them came to a momentary understanding of a wordless "Universal Language." His eyes beseeched me; but there was doubt in them, too, dread, and a shade of misery. His lips—I crashed through the paper with such a noise that Bess and Edward started. Happily, the door-bell rang, and we had an invasion of a party of friends. "Come out for a walk," they said; and, passing the James's, concluded to come in and beg for some music. How warm it was! How pleasant! How cool! How disagreeable! Were we glad to see them, and what was the news?

My cheeks burned as I looked at Edward; for their noise seemed to be made to hide their avoidance of him, till he should make an advance; but he stood aloof, proud enough not to speak till addressed.

A sudden subsidence, and then an arm's-length recognition was extended.

"Oh, Mr. Hall! Good evening."

"Did not at first recognize you, Mr. Hall."

"Did not know, Mr. Hall, that you had returned."

Bowing slightly, he answered with a few words; and I perceived, what I had not before noticed, that he had a self-possession peculiarly his own.

Bess, who for a moment had behaved awkwardly, at these salutations recovered herself. As Mr. Dewey began a tender flirtation with Mary Hurst, my intimate friend, whom Bess detested, she hummed, so that Edward and myself alone could hear,

"Till it seemed his employment
And only enjoyment
To play to the people of Tring."

For an experiment, I conclude, Mr. Dewey opened the piano, and pathetically entreated Mary Hurst to sing, naming several songs nobody had ever heard of.

"They may be in Mr. Hall's repertoire, but are not in mine, certainly; suppose you ask him to sing," she replied.

"Cathy, sing," said Bess, impetuously, "those contralto things; nobody has heard them yet."

"I have a bad cold, my dear, and must be excused."

Mr. Dewey was already at the piano and playing, with one finger, an operatic air.

"Have you studied since I left?" asked Edward, standing before me.

"I, from necessity, have been trying the piano, and *never* have struck the keys without thinking of you, of your friendship, your faith in me. Miss James,—Cathy, my friend,—how much I owe you."

"You really play on the piano, then," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"Play something, then," said Mr. Dewey, springing from the stool.

Edward waived him away, and continued:

"I have been composing songs for a music publisher—cash affairs mostly—now and then one with something of the master-feeling in it. I try my voice too; *that* is a poor organ. I doubted whether I should ever strike a note in Carthage; if you wish it, I will sing."

"If these fools were not here," I muttered.

"Where is your courage? What, indeed, has given it to me just now?"

As he went to the piano, Mr. Dewey gave a significant frown at the talkers, and there was a polite silence.

The musical expression that followed was a passionate one; a recitative nearly, in spite of the measure. Though Edward's voice was neither thrilling nor powerful, it was managed with perfect taste, and the chords deepened the words. Two facts were defined in my

mind at once. One was that, born musician as he was, I had not known it, for all my fuss; and the other, that he had taught me my humble part as his friend and adviser. I fell into a dream; the words of the song, the flashing movement of his handsome hands, removed me from his personality, and placed me in a world where *images* alone could survive in the sweet, tumultuous, ethereal atmosphere. Reality dies in the tone-world. The past we longed for has escaped us; it never could have been! The future, we have no hope of, rises suddenly beyond a far horizon, which we have long watched in its coldness and gray hues, like an illuminated cloud, the medium of the sun—the future between which and ourselves lies the whole plain of existence! So near this world, too, its air fluttered through and through me. Who besides felt as I did while he sang—

"And yet it is so; she is bound to me,
For human love makes aliens near of kin;
By it I rise, there is equality—
I rise to thee, my twin."

"Take courage.—Courage! Ay, my purple peer,
I will take courage, for thy Tyrian rays
Refresh me to the heart, and strangely dear
And healing is thy praise."

"That is entirely new," cried the girls. "How very singular, though."

They made an instantaneous stir and diversion, taking up the Vale picnic. Mr. Dewey went to the window, and was lost in the dark landscape outside. Being next Edward, and recalled to my promise by the mention of the picnic, I asked him to remain.

"If you wish me to, certainly; you are as much a looker-on as I am in such affairs. I cannot do any thing with the piano; the keys are dumb to my call. Go home with me, Miss Cathy; let me play to you on the violin. I do not know why, but my perceptions are roused to-night—'society,' may-be;" and a faint smile crossed his face. "We might go by the garden."

He looked at the window with an air of good faith, as if he expected me to follow him; but Mr. Dewey was in the way. I had often heard him play at

home, but somehow I felt now as if I could not go with him.

"You will not go?" he said.

Bess, who heard every thing this evening, had heard him. She laughed wildly, and rushed into the group of girls, to talk nonsense that more than matched theirs.

"Come over here with the violin," I said.

"No; I could not think of troubling your sister. She has been more than kind to me—for once; why should I disturb her? How lovely she has grown!"

"What, in six months?"

"Six years,—eternal, never-dying years."

Was this plain, diffident Edward Hall?

"May I go now, Miss Cathy? In fact, I am going. Your friend there must move. Come to the window, at least; I can slip out without being seen."

I went to the window, and Mr. Dewey said, instantly, "I know you wish to escape. I do not wonder. Allow me to go down the walk with you."

Their disappearance was the signal of departure for the rest; in a few minutes we were alone.

"Well?" said Bess.

"Well?" I answered.

"On my way home," said Mr. Dewey, coming in at the window, "I have another thing to say about that young fellow. He is good, thoroughly good,—first case in a man that I've seen since I came of age. Do you agree with me, Bess?"

He came up to her, laid his hand lightly upon her shoulder, and made her look at him.

"Does it occur to you ever that you are an impudent person? I am not a jury, recollect," she answered.

"Bess, let us laugh. Oh, there is so much to laugh at. So much ignorance, so much blindness; no spiritual insight, is there? What insight, except that which comes from the devilment of the senses? We are sharp enough there,—most of us,—instinctive owls and bats.

Thank God, when I find an exception! I do know one—two—three—"

"Are you going home to-night? Shall I open the hall-door for you?" Bess asked, pretending to be heavy with sleep.

"Thank you, I can open my own doors. Good-night,—my buds of civilization."

Bess took a seat upon the stairs.

"After all, there's something Quixotic in him even. I approve of none of the male sex, except Mr. James, my papa; he is bald, and, if I mistake not, some teeth are missing."

Having my own ideas to arrange, I left her on the stairs, with less patience than usual; sisters even must fall apart in the moods which make them incomprehensible. I was lonely that night,—disturbed by a little insight which betrayed a novel sense of incapacity and insecurity. I had often gone to Edward's mother's, to listen to his playing; why should I have been so irresolute when he asked me to-night? What impelled me to break through that newspaper wall interposed by Mr. Dewey between me and Bess and Edward? I went to sleep in indignation,—resolved to turn over several new leaves.

Within a week Carthage was open-mouthed at the incongruous intimacy of Mr. Dewey and Edward Hall, who walked, rode, boated every day, and came to our house like twins. After the remarkable period which ensued had passed, I could have found the adjectives to describe it; at the moment it would have been impossible; for we were the medium of certain moral, chemical preparations; a mysterious business was going on, that might have been better transacted if we had only known it. But there was no violin-playing—no music. We four played whist every evening—a game I hated, and was stupid at usually; but at present it enthralled me. Mr. Dewey and Edward, with curious ceremony, continually exchanged partners, Bess and myself, and we as curiously accepted the change.

In this fashion two weeks passed, with little variation. The evenings were cer

tainly the same. Our former pursuits were so neglected that both our parents remonstrated against the fascination of card-playing. During the day we were normal; Bess was as busy as a bee, and I as lazy as a drone. I read, she worked; neither of us ventured on speculation, and neither of us chose to dream beyond the last game of whist for the day. We also made preparation for the Vale pic-nic, now only a week off. As for Mr. Dewey's day-visits, or his invitations to Bess and me—for walks, rides, sails—they were at an end. We knew, with Carthage, that Edward Hall was his sole companion. It was at my tongue's end several times to comment on this sudden Damon and Pythias affair; but Bess, as if she divined my intention, was smitten with a desire to be elsewhere, and the comments were never spoken.

One afternoon, while employed in making some rosettes of violet-ribbon to trim a white muslin with, and rather happy in the pretty occupation, which I combined with that of looking out of the window at the bees in the clover, and the pale butterflies, so sensuous in the July sun, so oblivious of night and death,—Bess broke into my chamber, her black hair pushed, like a cloud torn by the wind, from her forehead, her eyes glittering, her aspect wild, crying:

"What are you poking at? I have been staring at the enormous clouds in the north, till I feel as if I had been riding on their towering edges like a witch. What are you going to do with those violet rosettes?"

I pointed to the dress, spread over two chairs.

"I never saw you wear that color. Hurry 'em up; let us go somewhere. I am tired of the house; monotony, monotony, like a train of thumping cars, is rampant here. I'll 'scotch' the game of whist to-night, if I cannot 'kill' it. I am ready to go and see any body—the minister, Mary Hurst,—any body.

"What time is it?"

"Oh, tea-time; and then it will be bed-time, and to-morrow creeps in,—and so on."

"If you will go into the Linden Road, after tea, I will go; after that, to Mary Hurst's."

"Anywhere, as I said; a mild decoration will do, I suppose, in the way of dress. If you are to be the light, I'll try the dark."

Tea over, we left the house, and reached the Linden Road as the rays of sunset pierced between the tree-trunks, and laid its level spears upon the green-sward. To the west, a field or two intervening, the bay stretched—a corrugated golden shield, whose rounded side rested on the shore. Back of the lindens, on the other side, the town rose.

"It is so beautiful here, Bess."

"Don't stop; if you do, you'll never go."

"Just a few minutes, till the sun sets."

"It has set, you foolish thing."

Nevertheless, she sat down on the rustic seat built round a tree; and there we stayed till the crimson stain faded from the sea; till the tree-tops began to darken; till a full-moon floated up the sky; and till two persons sauntered into the road in search of us,—Mr. Dewey and Edward Hall.

"No Mary Hurst this evening," muttered Bess; "but whatever the coming ceremony, there will be 'no cards.' Cathy, there is not room for the party; I think I'll take another tree."

"Mrs. James was sure we should overtake you," said Mr. Dewey, throwing himself on the grass before Bess.

"There may be romance here, but there is also rheumatism. Did you pursue us with the Ace of Spades? What's trumps to-night?" she replied.

Edward looked her way an instant; then turned his back to them, and stood beside me, silent.

"Do you see the bay?" I asked.

"No; that is too far; I can just see that you are wearing a perfect color,—violet."

"Violet and Violin—you remember?"

"There," cried Bess—"symptom of musical madness, number one. The air

turns Cathy's head! We have been shut up so long, gentlemen, owing to the duties of hospitality, you must excuse any little aberration."

"Bess, you are mad," said Mr. Dewey; "hush; stop sparring for a little."

"Violet and Violin," repeated Edward, in a whisper. "Miss Cathy, you are truer than I in the faith. I do see the bay now—its heavenly calm."

"Not quite so; those endless, soundless rollers under the surface, seem to be coming to us, to find how they may vibrate."

Mr. Dewey gave his six feet a twist, which brought him nearer me.

"Bess," he asked, "did we ever finish 'Counterparts'?"

"Never."

"Did you try to be silly over it, Dewey," asked Edward, half turning his head, "as I did, when I thought of representing the 'Induction'? Crude as it is, though, I was cruder."

"Crudeness is the pity in those novels," Mr. Dewey answered, "and rhapsody is their folly. They tarnish their sweetness and truth, and hide their profundity—never the purity, though; their aims are fair and delicious. How absurdly drawn is Dr. Sarona! Backed by great medical skill, and endowed with magnetic powers, his real insight of the motives and feelings of those he is most interested in, is no greater than a child's. He loves a woman, who loves him; he is ignorant of her love. I hold that when Love meets between two souls, it must pass from one to the other;—such knowledge should be as mutual as inevitable. That understood, what principle may not be sustained, what duty not fulfilled? To one informed—and we who live are informed—of the distinctions between the rights and necessities of the soul, and the duties outside, the barriers raised against themselves by the characters in 'Counterparts' are strained, morbid, and ridiculous."

"Reverend and dear sir," said Bess, "come here. I think there is a mushroom under my tree; pick it for me."

Edward wiped his face with his handkerchief, and dropped it on the grass.

"Four days more, Miss Cathy, and I must go."

"Well, we have the Violet to-night, why not the Violin? You are strange about that," I replied.

"I desire to play to you, and I wish we were alone," he answered, impatiently.

"If we were out on the bay, for instance?"

The bolts of Fate are impulses only; therefore it is unimportant to that deity whether our acts are wise and subtle,—accident and mischance are as powerful to rule us. Impulsively Edward and I started across the road, passed through the lindens, and only stopped at a stone wall which bounded a field; he sprang over the wall, turned, took my hand, and said,

"Will you go out with me in Dewey's boat—a little way—out of *their* way?"

"If you will go home for your violin,—yes."

"I mean that."

I waited for him on the pier, where the boat was moored, half expecting to see Mr. Dewey and Bess looming along the shore to join me; but they did not come. As the prow of the boat pointed seaward, its sail hoisted, no thought of accident or mistake occurred to me; all I felt was—a coming relief for the feelings which had lately beset me, and which I should find in the realm of the moonlit sea, and under the dominion of music.

"Are you afraid?" he asked.

"No."

"Here is a shawl of mother's. Can you steer?"

"Yes."

"How far out shall we sail?"

"The breeze is so light we cannot get out any distance. Steer for the wake of the moon; in those undulating lines we shall be invisible."

Softly airs came round us, as we made our way towards the glittering bed of the "silvery gods;" the keel pushed through the silent water, now and then lifting against a ripple which broke on the bows, and we were silent in the lovely scene. The world faded, and we

saw only sky and sea. Our progress was so smooth, we had no idea how fast we were going towards the mouth of the bay; when we got within the belt of moonlight, we were lost.

"Give me the rudder, Edward; let out the sail more,—and play."

This was done. I put the shawl under my head, and my hand on the rudder, casting my eyes up to the stars. Edward sat below me. He drew the bow across the strings—one shiver, and he stopped, to say, with a heartfelt accent,

"Yes, you must understand me. If I do not express what I feel, my stammering tongue must speak. I am grateful now."

Such a new surprise struck through me, that I inadvertently tilted the rudder; the boat yawed.

"The wind is rising," I cried.

"It is not. I can tie the rudder, and your attention will not be distracted."

I gave way. Presently he began a beautiful theme,—I thought so the next time I heard it,—I was in such a tumult now I could only hear confused sounds, that mingled with the motion of the boat and made me dizzy.

He dropped the violin back into its case.

"It is not now in music. What moves you, Cathy? Am I, or you, hurting its soul?"

"I—feel—the—loveliness—of—the—scene so," I gasped; "I fear it is time for us to put about; indeed, I know it is."

"Not yet; do not compel me to throw away this hour, as I have been compelled to throw away so many in the past month."

I grew indescribably cross, and would not answer him. He waited a little, then I saw him rise; the distance between us was but a step, but before he reached me I made a discovery. I wished that Mr. Dewey was in his place! I also had time to be sensible of the fact that I was a fool.

Edward appeared to take up the thread of that fact; he began:

"What a fool I am to remain a day in

Carthage—to be near the sweet fountain, with a gaping mouth no *drop of* it will reach. One indulgence I will have; a man may declare his sentiments, I suppose, vain as they may be. Be kind, Cathy; till very lately I have supposed you too cold, too angelic, to sympathize with me, even if you knew—and you do know."

"I am stupid, and know nothing."

"For years, my dear—"

The keel grated on a gravelly bottom. We had gone ashore, full sail on, and rudder tied, on the lower point of Sedge Island, nine miles from the pier we had left at Carthage!

Though I would have paid a high price for an ordinary interruption, this one made me cry with horror and vexation. Edward stamped his feet, and swore, and picked up the oars.

"I'll jump overboard, and shove her off; for heaven's sake, don't cry!"

"You must not, you will be drowned."

And I held him fast.

"The tide will float us off again."

"Can you see the time in this light?"

It was ten o'clock, he discovered, after much peering, and it would be flood-tide somewhere about midnight!

"The wind is rising."

"I said so."

"You are angry. What shall I say? If it were as I wish, neither of us would have any thing to regret; a brother is a protector."

"Brother!"

I was selfish enough to feel a pang of relief, but saw that I must sink lower in my own estimation; I must be wholly devoid of penetration. "Go on, Edward; we have plenty of time for the most elaborate discourse."

"Have you never guessed my love for Bess, which began when she was twelve years old? And I have been growing more and more afraid of her ever since. I am perfectly miserable."

"How could I guess it? I never guessed at love in my life—except that I took it for granted that Bess and Mr. — well, go on."

"You and I were such good friends, on such frank terms, that I imagined

over and over again that you would consent to my being her lover, and her husband, too, if I turned out to be as successful in my art as you predicted. You were so grave, so staid, so much older than Bess, that I depended upon you; but it is all over."

"I *am* much older than Bess—the whole of eighteen months."

My anger melted all away; I was sorry for him, and sorrier for myself; his happiness, and my happiness, were to be taken by those dearest to us. I did not know what to say; there was nothing positive to explain, nothing to announce.

Edward took up the violin, and played till I cried again tears of pity for both of us. I covered my face with the shawl, and pretended sleep. The moonlit, trembling waste, filled with music, was the picture of that paradise where unfulfilled love exists, forever melancholy, forever beautiful.

There was a slight heave beneath us.

"Edward! the boat rises; an oar—we can shove her out, and so get back, and Carthage will never know this adventure."

"Carthage! I never thought of the gossips; do you really care? How sorry I am. Say that the violin—"

"A new fact in instrumentation,—its stop."

Then we laughed nervously; but we felt a relief in knowing that neither was in love with the other. I never liked him so well!

We got into deep water, but the wind was ahead, and we were a long time beating back. Edward spoke but once on the way.

"Inconceivable as it may seem, I had a slight hope; that drove me wild, I suppose. I must have had a clue, a caprice only—a playful cruelty on her part; but her eyes, and her manner,—oh, Cathy, please forget it."

"Let us get home, and ever afterwards behave like rational beings, with logical minds, and no heart, Edward."

It was daylight when we fastened the boat at the pier, though Carthage was not astir; but on the cap-log, like mon-

ument of knight and lady, stood Mr. Dewey and Bess! He was irate and dignified, she sorrowful and pale; both were under the spell of silence. They would not speak to us, but accompanied us, under the conviction that they were moral policemen, ready to punish us with the law, and prepared to prevent others from doing so. Edward, hurt, meekly turned into a side-street, and Mr. Dewey, arriving at our door, swung surlily round, with a side-look, which I returned with an animated smile.

Completely fatigued, I went to bed immediately. Before noon that day there was a report through Carthage that Catherine James had passed the night with Edward Hall in an open boat, on the open bay. Bess brought me the report, which was left at our back-door; there were two hectic spots on her cheeks, and she clenched her hands as she told me.

"The degraded, mean souls," she said, "to dare to hiss and spit their venom so; the idea of a dream of insult to the honor of Edward Hall!"

I grew very curious all at once, and sat up in the bed.

"Just think, Bess, what you have cost me. Thanks though for the same; I am wiser than I was at sunset. How soon the heart may be educated!"

"I suppose so," she replied, biting her lips. "Well, are you and Edward engaged? I hope so; the preliminaries have lasted long enough."

A clear light came in upon me—the light of truth; she had not only come up out of the sea, but out of the deep well in the heart of my dear Bess. I lay back on my pillow with an assumption of satisfaction, and I saw a pain go through her eyes like a dagger; but they gazed at me without a wink.

"Just think, Bess, he carried me off in a boat—stole it at that; ran ashore with me on Sedge Island; has given me a dreadful cold, and blighted my character, all for the sake of telling me that he has been in love with you, Bess James, since you were twelve years old! I never experienced such selfishness in all my life."

She turned so pale, her eyes so stony, that I was scared, and shook her.

"But my cold is well, and my character recovering, Bess. Now Mr. Dewey must leave town."

She could not speak yet, but sunk upon the bed, and her eyes filled with the tears women love to shed.

"Poor Mr. Dewey!" I repeated.

"Fiddlestick!" she screamed.

"Yes, Edward's fiddlestick."

She fell on my neck, and kissed me a dozen times.

"I was so mad with you, Cathy, I wouldn't bring you any breakfast. I knew you would like some coffee, so I told the cook to make tea for you. As for Mr. Dewey, he cares nothing for me; I always thought Edward looked into his future with you there."

"Yes, you thought, and I thought, and we all thought, and it comes to naught. Coffee, coffee!"

I sent her away; if peace was restored to her mind, it had not come to mine. I determined to be perfectly rested, to remain in bed till the next day; certain presences, if not spectres, could thus be kept at bay.

"Now you will get up," said Bess, after I had taken the breakfast she served me.

"I am so miserable yet."

"Recollect this evening, my dear—*whist*. We'll keep up the game. Tomorrow comes the Vale pic-nic; after that,—oh, dear."

I persisted in my regimen, and my mother was compelled to come to my bedside to administer the scolding she had in store concerning my imprudent and careless behavior. My father came also with his cigar and mild remonstrance, making a very pleasant visit indeed.

The evening arrived. Bess was perpetually going between my room and the parlor; eight, nine o'clock passed, and no whist-players made their appearance. Bess ceased her visits to my room, and I fell asleep, to wake up, at some late hour, in the dark. Aggrieved that nobody had brought me a lamp, I got up to look into the hall for a light.

It was dark there; the window that overlooked the garden was open, for I felt the air blowing in, and the air brought not only the odor of the lilies, but the sound of murmured words. I crept along, put out my head, and discerned, walking up and down between our veranda and Mrs. Hall's wicket-gate, Edward and Bess. Though the trees veiled the moon, I knew it was the old story; his arm was round her, hers round him; their heads were even. I travelled back to bed, without a lamp, and pondered on the wonderful development Bess had revealed. I supposed that she loved money, position,—that she was entirely devoid of sentiment,—and was crystallizing, as fast as the years would let her, into a woman of the world; and now, at this moment, she was promenading in our garden with her arm round the neck of a poor violin-player, and, I doubted not, supremely happy.

The world must be faced, gossips and all. The next morning I was at the breakfast-table; the talk was of the Vale pic-nic. How were we going? my mother asked. Bess made a demonstration of passing a dish nobody wanted, and said, there was a press for double carriages.

"What has that to do with it?" my father inquired. "I'll drive your mother and you two down in our carriage."

"For a wonder," began Bess, reddening very much, "Edward Hall, saying he could only find a single livery-chaise not let, asked if I would go with him; not exactly liking to refuse the creature, I said I would."

Sly, cunning Bess! how she peeped at me with half-shut eyes. Naturally I was suddenly smitten with jealousy, spite, and vague disappointment, and I promptly declared that I was not well enough to go. I should stay at home. I was sorry as soon as I said so, for I wanted particularly to see those ancient ladies, always to be met with in good society,—Mesdames Scandal and Rumor.

I was wofully punished by being left to my own way. At two o'clock my

father and mother and the servants drove off for the Vale. At three, Edward and Bess started. I was left; not a soul besides was in the premises. I shut the doors, opened the windows, and walked over the house. I also went into the garden, looked over Mrs. Hall's fence—her house was empty, too,—gathered a heap of flowers, and reentered the house to make myself busy in arranging them. The parlor I put in order, and then betook myself to my favorite sofa to contemplate the effect, or any thing which came into my mind. It was past four now; the pic-nic must be at its pleasantest,—every body was there, of course!

No door opened that I heard, but a faint sound like that of the stairs or floor creaking under a footstep startled me. It was a footstep approaching—Mr. Dewey's. He came to the sofa swiftly, and retreated.

"Is 't'other dear charmer away?" he asked.

I nodded, for I was feeling just then as if his footsteps had gone over my heart.

"Why don't you go?"

He took his hat off, and his gloves, went round the room squarely, and then took his place by me.

"I chose to stay at home, Mr. Dewey."

"Didn't think you could make a choice."

"I was just thinking how well solitude and I became each other."

"Ah, how sharp. You are pale."

"May I not be allowed paleness?"

"Never from the same cause."

He rushed at the table, pulled a flower from a vase, and came back.

"Can I have this?"

"Certainly."

"Put it in my button-hole, will you?"

Attempting to do so with weak fingers, I raised my eyes to his, and he kissed me. I lost my paleness.

"Cathy, do you know your own mind now?"

He was cruel, and I was hurt.

"Never mind the flower. Come here, Cathy. I'll wear you, my darling; please, never fade."

"Fade! Oh, no, not *here*."

He laughed joyously.

"I was right, Cathy, always, but knew it better for *you* to learn this—from yourself. *Now* I'll take up the task of teaching you."

"Did you expect I should ever come as bright as other people?"

"Just as bright as Edward Hall; he is like gold now, with his true polish on. Confound that pic-nic; we must go up there *together*, you know. Tableau, our contribution."

"Not so soon."

"It is heavenly here—are you happy?"

"Happy enough to die."

"What, when we just have learned what it is to be immortal?"

"Come, then; if the diamond must be breathed on, let us go to the Vale."

"Stop; what have you on? I do not like 'violet' for you any more—that is for Bess."

"Do you know—"

"All. Edward was in my room at sunrise this morning; he is a lovely simpleton,—just the man for Bess, violin and all."

We drove rapidly to the Vale. It was the moment to arrive, for the people were all at the half-moon table. A crisis was divined, I am sure, from the expressions I caught as I passed. There was that in Mr. Dewey's mien which absolutely told of his possession of me. Bess and Edward were near each other inside the table; she looked pensive. I knew she was thinking of me. Her face grew glorious when she saw us arm in arm, and a mild wonder expressed itself in Edward's countenance. Mr. Dewey tossed his hat off, and faced them, speaking quickly and proudly:

"It stands just this way, and we thought it all stood another way. So much for human acuteness."

"So much for immense conceit," said Bess.

"Is it all right everywhere?" asked Edward. "I think I feel a little better, if that is possible."

"Even with Carthage, all right," added Mr. Dewey. "Let us go and ask papa's and mamma's blessing."

W. E. GLADSTONE, PRIME-MINISTER OF ENGLAND.

PERHAPS there is no better example of the power which a statesman may derive from a deep susceptibility to the wants and feelings of a community than the career of that remarkable orator, scholar, and party-leader, the new Prime-Minister of England. Few careers have been more full of intellectual change, of seeming intellectual vacillation. Few men have departed, within so comparatively short a time, so very widely from the principles with which they entered the political arena. Few men have lived, whose sympathy with the mass of their countrymen has been so electric, and who have so readily obeyed that subtle summons to become other than that which they were before. Gladstone, at the age of fifty-nine, becomes the virtual Governor of the British Empire, so chosen by the suffrages of an electoral body which has recently become almost democratic in its composition. He assumes office as the champion of English radicalism, pledged to revolutionary measures, and bound to encourage the craving for rapid progress which has, in the English public mind, so wonderfully superseded the old dread of change, the old clinging to things dust-covered and venerable. He has, in the thirty-six years of his eventful public life, completely—to use a vulgarity—"swung around the circle." He has, in his own proper person, illustrated every phase of modern English politics. He has been the highest of high Tories,—then a high Tory with a single flaw,—then a dubious and wavering Tory,—then a hesitating, oscillating half-way-between,—then a moderate Liberal, cautiously feeling his way, and now and then starting back,—then, pushed on by the popular tide, a liberal Liberal with here and there a scruple, and quite as often an eccentric plunge forward,—and now behold him blooming forth, radical Liberal, still with

scruples, still a trifle back-hanging, yet seated side by side on the Treasury-bench with "his right honorable friend," John Bright, the great Thor of English democracy! This man, who now rides full tilt at the Irish Establishment, to the unutterable indignation of the country parson,—who intends to set up free schools to put aghast the country squires,—who is tiding straight toward the ballot (so terrible and villainous to the squirarchical mind—as being American),—who will not even pledge himself to sustain the great English hierarchy itself, and at whose ascendancy their lordships of the Upper House may, with possible reason, grow fidgety and mutter among themselves,—out of what thick mists of leaden Tory atmosphere, what thick-bedded sloughs, holding fast the feet and excessively conservative, has he emerged!

Let us recede somewhat more than a third of a century, and see. Enters, in the memorable year of our Lord 1832—memorable as the year of the first great Reform—into the Parliament-House at Westminster, a fine-looking, confident young man—his first appearance on that stage which was henceforth to be the stage of his eventful life. Although he is but twenty-three, we discover no hesitation in his manner, no timidity, no awe of the august, gray-haired brother members who are thickly ranged on the benches about him. He takes his place with as calm a complacency as if the House of Commons had been his familiar study; and receives the marked attention of some of the first men in the House, almost as if it were a matter of course. It was less self-conceit than self-confidence. He has but recently graduated from the grand old University of Oxford—beloved mother of so many brilliant minds; while there, at aristocratic Christ Church, he has achieved a succession of dazzling scholastic tri-

umphs—has carried off prizes with marvellous ease, all that came in his way—*facile princeps* among his classmates. Mother Oxford might well be proud of her younger-born, if only because his mind so splendidly developed under her fostering care, and that he gave so fine a promise of doing her reverent and grateful honor in the world beyond her cloisters. But she had other reasons which swelled yet more her maternal pride. He was not only her most brilliant and successful son; he was her most devoted and affectionate disciple. He imbibed not only her learning and culture, her scholastic taste and fine mental discipline, but also her political and religious prejudices. From the great heart of the Church and State, Oxford, Gladstone caught its magnetic influence, and was inspired to be the champion of the "Altar and the Throne." This meant fighting for the old feudal condition of things with all the ardor of youth and all the energy of blind sincerity. It meant conscientious proscription of Catholics and Jews and Dissenters, conscientious oppression by the squirarchy, and a perfectly pious denial of electoral rights to the masses of the people. Add to this, youthfully ardent and energetically sincere devotion to a religious idea, a warm and impulsive heart, a prepossessing person with dark, fiery features and flashing black eyes, an address full of dignity, a speech fluent, and an eloquence already mature, graceful, torrent-like,—earnest as life, as roundly finished off as if he had spent his youth at the feet of Cicero,—and you will see why, when our self-confident young man took his seat in the House of Commons, no statesman was too great to court his aid. Gladstone thus started as the foremost of the younger champions of world-defying Toryism and of the Established Church. There was no long delay, with him, no painfully tugging, as Charles James Fox had, over a rough and jagged road, on his way to forensic fame. He passed from the easy triumph of an Oxford debating-union, to one hardly more difficult at St. Stephen's. His first

speech was applauded, made of Wellington himself a friend, was talked about in the lordly saloons of Westminster, and made Mother Oxford nearly lose her gravity with delight. A very striking contrast this to the Parliamentary *début* of his life-long rival, a year or two afterward; when young Disraeli, fresh from fashionable novel-writing, was thundered down by a scornful House, who nearly killed the little trembling son of a Jew by laughing at him and refusing to hear his stuttering platitudes. Gladstone's first oration had the smoothest of University polish, the subtlest of University sophistry. Henceforward, the statesman of twenty-three was a marked man; ministers jotted his name down in their note-books of self-reminder, bishops consulted him on the state of the Church, and nobles began to think that there was something not to be sneered at in "commercial blood" after all.

Gladstone was the son of a commercial baronet, a great Liverpool manufacturer, and only the fourth of the family; it was his own genius and enthusiasm, and these alone, which exacted deference and courtship from the proudest men of the proudest faction which the reigns of the Brunswicks have produced. To one man, however, in this group, Gladstone's commercial relations had an attraction; and this man not only did more than any other to give the young Oxonian a rank commensurate with his genius, but, years after, led him out of the Tory bog, and set him an example of independent thought and action which he has since bettered with a will. Sir Robert Peel, himself the descendant of merchants, was, when Gladstone entered Parliament, the virtual chief of the Church-and-State party. Wellington had been, but he had been so woefully checkmated on Irish Emancipation, and was of such stubborn stuff, that he very nearly precipitated an insurrection, and made an end of Toryism forever. Peel was more yielding and enlightened; shrewder in party warfare; saw more clearly; and acted more circumspectly—and so the

Tories were fain to give him the place of the Waterloo hero, though, at the same time, their hearts were not wholly with him. Peel was in the midst of the difficult work of rebuilding the Tory party,—a task difficult, indeed; for the Whigs had just come into power with several hundred majority, and had just carried the Reform-Bill, and forced it alike on King and Commons,—when Gladstone made his first parliamentary essay. "Fresh blood" was what he craved above all things else; it was quite time that superannuated, tearful Eldons, irascible Westmorelands, stout old bullish Wellingtons, should cease to be the Tory bone and muscle. The young devotee of Church-and-State was therefore most welcome to him; Sir Robert called him to his aid, encouraged him to look for speedy high fortune, and enrolled him among the props of a possible future Cabinet.

In the game of politics, as it was then being played in England, it is notable to observe what position the great men of the later political generation occupied. Gladstone, as we have seen, saw high-and-dry Tory of the dustiest episcopal sort; where, meanwhile, were the other statesmen who afterward contested with him in the great parliamentary debates? One young man there was, of most beautifully fine-cut aristocratic features, about to be crowned by a famous poet "the Rupert of debate," and who, a little over thirty, was playing already a high and active part upon the scene. He is an ardent reformer; has had no inferior hand in the framing and passing of the new Bill abolishing some rotten boroughs, and "transferring the power to the middle classes;" is in particular excessively bitter against those stupid Tories, those "old men of the sea," who would strangle England's progress; and his name is Stanley. Mr. Stanley, the fierce Liberal, becomes Lord Stanley, the Liberal-Conservative, and finally crystallizes into the Earl of Derby, head and front of the later Tories, Prime-Minister thrice of the extremest Conservatives; and is now, in 1869, the Nestor and

Patriarch, the guide, philosopher, and friend of the very party he used formerly so eloquently to hate; while Mr. Gladstone is where we see him, hobnobbing with the archprophet of Anglican democracy! Disraeli, too; what startling, revolutionary, destructive, ultra-democratic paragraphs may we not find in his "Vivian Grey," "Coningsby," and "Tancred;" how wild his early speeches; how he thirsted for an English republic, and possibly no more thrones and lords! Yet the grave, elegant, sarcastic gentleman who, last Fall, so grandly gave up office, and passed from power with so lofty a bow,—the successor of Derby himself as the active Tory generalissimo, is this same Radical youth grown a little older, a little broader about the waist! So it is, that while Gladstone has swung around the circle to the point whence Derby and Disraeli set out, these latter have been swinging the other way, and are where their rival was more than a quarter of a century ago.

Gladstone had entered Parliament as the member for one of the five remaining "rotten boroughs" which the Whig Reform had in its mercy spared; and as the nominee of a certain Duke of Newcastle, who held this said borough (of Newark) in his breeches' pocket. Peel was leading gallantly the puniest of minorities, with plenty of backbone in it; and for two years thereafter kept struggling, finding in Gladstone a most serviceable subaltern, but with little prospect of bettering his and their condition. At the very end of 1834, however, light once more fell upon the Tories; rather through the too great strength of the Whigs than for any other reason,—for they bickered among themselves, fell out, and threatened mutual ruin to each other. Peel, basking at that particular moment in the soft, tranquillizing sunlight of Southern Europe, received a summons to return to foggy England, and toil for a little in that fierce light which is said to beat upon a throne, and thence warms the ministers. His tenure of power was pleasant, but brief; he went in in December, and

out again the next Summer, but he at least had an opportunity to manifest his appreciation of Gladstone, for during this brief, pleasant season he appointed him successively Junior Lord of the Treasury and Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Gladstone was but twenty-five when he fulfilled, with an ability which drew more than one compliment from his adversaries, the duties of these important posts. Restored, with his chief, to the chilly and discouraging shade of the Opposition benches, Gladstone continued to make effective attacks against the Whigs, and to battle with such intellects as O'Connell, Russell, Stanley, and Sir James Graham. There were six years of this bitter struggling, of hope deferred and often disappointed. Finally, the country, fond, collectively as well as individually, of change, and apparently tired of the easy-going, good-natured, indolent Lord Melbourne, rewarded the indefatigable Tories by electing a House of Commons which restored them to power. Sir Robert Peel was once more Prime-Minister; Gladstone came in as Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint—offices which gave him the position, in the House, of lieutenant to the Minister of Finance.

Here we are struck by a notable fact. The ministry of Sir Robert Peel was the point where Gladstone and Stanley, one swinging round the circle in one direction, and the other in the opposite direction, met, and then passed each other. Both entered Peel's Cabinet—Gladstone as a now somewhat liberalized Tory, and Stanley as a somewhat conservatized Liberal. Henceforth each was destined to drift further and further in the direction he had now taken,—Gladstone toward Radicalism, Stanley toward ultra Toryism. And it was during Peel's administration that each came upon the same great obstacle which induced both to break with their old friends, and finally to league with their former adversaries. Meanwhile Gladstone evinced, by the management of his department, that his genius was not confined to enthusiasm of creed or elo-

quence of speech. He at once rose to the rank of a first-class financier. He explained the commercial policy of the Cabinet with so much clearness and tact, and lent to the dry subject of finance so unwonted a charm by his oratory, that to him was confided the responsible work of revising the tariff. A rash undertaking—if he were not sure of himself! But he succeeded so surprisingly, that his revision passed both Houses with scarcely the erasure of a word. He soon rose to the head of the department in which he had begun as a subordinate. In 1843 he became President of the Board of Trade, at that moment one of the most important of the ministerial seats. Two years in this place still further tried and proved his extraordinary and versatile ability; when, Sir Robert Peel having now grown altogether too liberal (though a Tory) for the whilom liberal Lord Stanley, that "Rupert of debate" resigned the Secretaryship of the Colonies, passed over into the ultra Tory camp, and the whilom champion of Church-and-State replaced him in the Colonial office. Just at this time the tug of war was beginning over the great question of the tariff: a premonition of it had terrified Stanley and his friends, and had driven them from the Premier's side. The famous Anti-Corn-Law League, working unremittingly and with that pertinacious zeal which seems always to characterize an English reformer who is in earnest, had now been for many years agitating, haranguing, pamphlet-printing, with little encouragement from the slow-thinking English masses. At last, with the help of two enthusiastic young men named Cobden and Bright, they had begun to insert the wedge; and now, in 1845, it seemed highly probable that their strength would soon suffice to drive it home.

The pith of the Corn-Law discussion may be hinted in a word. There was a heavy duty on breadstuffs; it had been put on by the Tories, and its object was to protect the agricultural class, and to enable it to hold the power in England; the squires and farmers

were Tories almost to a man—hence the Corn Laws were Tory work. But the Corn Laws made bread high; nay, almost placed it beyond the reach—did actually often place it beyond the reach—of the now rapidly-growing manufacturing and commercial classes. Famine was not unknown, and always hung by a hair over the heads of the factory people. To demolish these Corn Laws, and make bread cheap and within the reach of the raggedest and poorest, was the simple and sublime object of the Anti-Corn-Law League. When we think how slow is the English mind to receive new truths—how long has always been the task of the reformer there, struggling against prejudices consecrated by prescription and tradition—especially when we reflect how essentially England was, until within thirty years, an agricultural land, held under the power of great landlords and swarms of squires great and little—we may be able to appreciate how very difficult was the yet very simple work of this society. Its great triumph came, however, as victory always has finally come to English fighters for truth and justice: and it came the quicker because Sir Robert Peel was both enlightened and a real lover of the right, and because he had the wonderful courage to desert his party for his country. In January, 1846, this Tory Minister not only capitulated, but took command for the moment of the opposite faction. He announced—bringing down upon him a perfect storm of Tory wrath—that he was ready to abolish the infamous Corn Laws. Gladstone, now older and wiser, and his enthusiasm for Church-and-State having somewhat cooled by reason of a greater maturity of reason, adhered to his chief, aided in the abolition of the obnoxious statutes, and forever cut loose from Wellingtonian Toryism. But he was member of Parliament by the indulgence of the great Tory lord, the Duke of Newcastle, who had Newark in his coat-pocket; so he at once, with a fine sense of political honor, retired from the House, just at the time when he had *bien mérité de la patrie*.

A similar fate overtook Peel; he had stolen the Whig thunder; it was not for him to reap the fruits of his conversion. His old allies, the Tories, voted against him in solid squararchical phalanx; his old adversaries, the Whigs, wanting the power themselves, refused to support him,—and so he threw up the office of Prime-Minister.

A general election ensued; and now Gladstone, who had had a vacation from parliamentary duty of but a few months, was elected to represent Oxford University, which, it seems, had not entirely given him over yet, and still was proud of him, and hoped that he would come out right—that is, true-blue Tory—yet. But Oxford, deep in her curriculum and orthodox tracts, was very dull in observing the signs of the outer political world. Her favorite son had no sooner taken his place, than we find him growing more eloquent and earnest and *liberal* every year, actually advocating the removal of Jewish disabilities—that is, advocating the admission of Hebraic members into the Imperial Parliament of Protestant Britain! Not less obnoxious to venerable Alma Mater, we may well believe, was his zealous participation in certain rash Liberal schemes for reforming the universities—a piece of absolute presumption, bordering on sacrilege! Lord John Russell was then Prime-Minister, and so drifted along, rather feebly at times, during the six years which intervened between 1846 and 1852; and Gladstone now found himself supporting this archprophet of Liberalism far oftener than the cause of his ancient friends. In short, he was now fast crossing party-lines, and was in that state of vacillation which arises from troubled doubts about the truth of that which we were early taught.

Too much personal ambition brought on the fall of Lord Russell, in 1852; for Palmerston, then his lieutenant, would consent no longer to be second-best man. Whilom Liberal Lord Stanley had now become Earl of Derby, and the sturdy head of the out-and-out Tories; and he was called to the Premiership when Russell resigned. The

Church-and-State party still clung, it seemed, to the hope that Gladstone was not yet wholly lost; for the Earl of Derby, on coming to power, offered him a high seat in his Cabinet. Gladstone promptly refused, doubtless from a mixed motive of sincerity and shrewdness; for the Derby government tottered in its very birth. Another election came on; Gladstone again presented himself to the University as a candidate for reelection. Alma Mater's faith in him was not even yet quite exhausted; he had a very bitter struggle, was very nearly thrown out, but did, by dint of hard electioneering, succeed in barely holding on to his seat. And now he began to take up a position in the very front rank of English statesmen. His ability was recognized as inferior to that of no man in the House or the kingdom. The versatility of his talents was such, that when, after Derby had held office a few months, the Liberals returned to the sunshine of power under the lead of the Scotch Earl of Aberdeen, it was uncertain which of the great departments of State would be confided to him. The doubt was solved by his appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer, an office which he has since held with a brilliant success unknown in England since the days of the younger Pitt. The Premier being a peer, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was, as well as being virtually Minister of Finance, the ministerial leader of the Lower and more powerful House of Parliament. Here, therefore, was a new test; he was a splendid orator, a most capable financier—could he lead a party to victory, could he drill with effect the party forces? It was whispered that he had a hot temper, was inclined to be dictatorial, impatient of contradiction; how would he succeed in winning to him the party fealty? The result proved the wisdom of his appointment. He was, it is true, wanting in that sublime capacity for patience and coolness of temper which has marked Disraeli beyond all statesmen of the age; but he compensated this defect by the enthusiasm and earnestness of his soul,

the admiration which his great talents won, and the stern pertinacity with which he advanced to his end. As Financial Minister, his "budgets" were models of lucidity and breadth of view, of tact, and of a rare practical success in dealing with the national revenue and expenditure. Aberdeen's Ministry, which was composed of coalesced, incongruous elements, and especially of a head not equal to its control, abruptly broke to pieces in 1855, but was at once reconstructed by Lord Palmerston. Gladstone continued for a while to retain his post at the Exchequer; but retired when it became evident that the new Cabinet would not oppose a vote of censure on the management of the Crimean campaign.

While, however, disagreeing with his colleagues on this measure, and retiring from the Ministry, Gladstone continued to give Lord Palmerston an able and independent support in the House. Palmerston's administration broke up late in 1858; and for the second time the Earl of Derby returned to power—in default of the Liberals—and once more essayed to govern England according to strict Tory principles. He at least performed, while in office, one graceful and noteworthy act. It was necessary to send a special envoy to the Ionian Islands, then in English possession, to settle some local administrative difficulties which had arisen there; and Lord Derby displayed an unusual magnanimity in selecting Gladstone, a lifelong political opponent, and even now a dangerous enemy, for that purpose. The scholarship of the great Liberal orator—his especial familiarity alike with ancient Greek literature and history and with the modern diluted Greek language—and the weight which the political position to which he had attained gave to his name and would surely give to his efforts, were doubtless the reasons of the appointment. Gladstone went to the East, and, having successfully performed the designated duty, returned to find Lord Derby once more retiring, by reason of his inherent political weakness, and once more giving

place to a Liberal Cabinet. Resuming his old place as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he came upon a great opportunity, and did not neglect it. He had been advancing in Liberalism in all these years; had grown not only "shaky" on the sanctity of Church-and-State, and on the admission of the masses to the suffrage, but as well in regard to the great financial and economical questions of the age. With Sir Robert Peel, he had hastened and accomplished the fate of the Corn Laws; and now he took a great stride in the direction of general Free Trade. He proposed and carried the repeal of the paper duty; and, more notable still, he supported with all his eloquence and authority the special mission of Cobden to France, the result of which was the great Commercial Treaty which now exists between the Emperor and the Queen. Another matter in which he at this period became especially active, was that of University Reform—a subject which has deeply interested and engaged him from that day to this. At first he was somewhat tender and timid in dealing with this question; gratitude and still lingering reverence for Alma Mater had their effect. But his scruples seem finally to have been overcome, and he added his suggestions and his eloquence to the propositions of the Liberals in this direction; besides that, by his influence as member for the University, he succeeded in much softening the indignation and terror with which she looked upon these suspicious premonitions of change.

Meanwhile the Electoral Reform movement seemed, during this second and last administration of the veteran Palmerston, to have sunk into a troubled lethargy; moaning and groaning now and then, restlessly trying to awake, but soothed and quieted from time to time by the sturdy old Premier, who was Tory enough at bottom to have satisfied Wellington himself. The party-fights were as ferocious and as brilliant as ever: Gladstone was now fairly pitted against his great rival, Disraeli; but the issue was joined on minor points

and the ordinary questions of the government machinery. The Reformers were so outgeneralled and disarmed by shrewd Palmerston, his government won so large a degree of public confidence through his personal popularity, and he so adroitly managed to postpone all agitation of the deeper sort—being, too, in this, backed by the Tories themselves—that, during the Premier's life, no proposition to extend the franchise stood the remotest chance of success. Gladstone, therefore, gained all this time to cogitate and turn over in his mind this great subject; to ripen in Liberalism, and indulge in the retrospect of his youthful errors; and to determine what course to take when the inevitable moment to grant a larger suffrage should come. Toward the close of Palmerston's administration and life—for they came to an end together—the Chancellor of the Exchequer made some ominous speeches—very significant straws, indicating the direction of his mental current. He began to talk of the lower classes as "his own flesh and blood"—and when a man, above all an Englishman, begins to talk in that manner, you may set it down as embryo Radicalism. He declared that "abstractly, all men had a right to vote;" that practically, every man should vote who was fit; and gave broad hints that an extension of the franchise could not much longer be postponed.

Lord Palmerston, when questioned, laughed off the enthusiasm of his Chancellor of the Exchequer with an easy joke; and died, in 1865, doubtless well satisfied with himself for having staved off this silly mania about "human rights" so long. Just before his death, however, a general election for a new Parliament took place; and Gladstone, having just freshly delivered himself as above stated, was called upon to stand once more face to face with his venerable Alma Mater, Oxford. But the faith of Oxford in her pet son was at last exhausted. He had deserted the squires, the natural allies of Toryism and the Church—she had forgiven it; he had even presumed to reform *her*, old Oxford

herself—she had still forborne; he had opened the doors of the Parliament Palace to Dissenters, Catholics, Jews, Mohammedans, and what-not—she had tried to blind herself to this great error; but now he had torn himself from every tradition of his youth, had blotted out the glorious record of his young championship—he actually proposed to endow the *communis vulgus* with votes, whereby they might upset the good old Constitution! Oxford was at last aroused; and with a grand rustling of lawn-sleeves and gowns, she turned her back on her recreant son. Gladstone, rejected thus of Alma Mater, turned to his native Lancashire, and there found favor, and was sent to represent his ancestral county in the House. "Oxford," said he, bitterly, an inkling of his fiery temper here breaking out, "will rue the day that she discarded me!" The word was prophetic; for Oxford, bursting the tie which bound him to her, set him fairly afloat on the radical sea. Palmerston died soon after the Palmerston Parliament was chosen; the veteran Earl Russell succeeded him, although Gladstone had now so far risen in the good graces of the Liberals that for a moment it was doubtful whether he would not himself be Premier.

The second Russell Ministry was an earnest one. They saw that the cause of Electoral Reform had slept long enough. They could not, otherwise, hope to sustain themselves, as Palmerston did, by a distinct personal popularity. So we find them, in the Winter of 1865-6, bringing into Parliament a Reform Bill, of which Gladstone was reputed to be the author, extending the franchise to all persons who occupied houses valued at six pounds sterling rental. It was a cautious, moderate measure, grateful to the more conservative wing of the party, and not altogether distasteful, as an instalment, to the radical wing under Bright. There was many a brilliant field-night in that Winter and Spring session; when the giants of the House put forth all their powers on one side and the other. Gladstone, leading the van of the Re-

formers, Disraeli that of the "obstructionists;" Lowe, and Lytton, and Stanley, and Palmer, and Bright, mingling sturdily in the fray. Still, out of all this Iliadic commotion, there came apparently nothing. A little Adullam's cave of aristocratic Liberals, who were startled to find the tide setting in toward what looked wondrously like democracy, determined to betray their leader. In July, 1866, Gladstone was defeated on "one of the details" of the Bill; but it was clear enough then, however, that its foes were both willing and strong enough to defeat it altogether. Therefore, exit once more from power Earl Russell, with his trusty colleagues; enter, for the third time, my Lord Derby as an only alternative, and the Jewish features of Disraeli once more shine prosperous from the ministerial bench.

Of the momentous events which occurred thereon in England, we need speak but briefly; for they are fresh in the reader's recollection. Reform Leagues started up everywhere, and had a rapid growth; the country was agitated to its centre; down went the Hyde Park railings; ominous was the muttering of London and provincial multitudes. Bright, indignant, hinted intimidation of Parliament and Ministers; the Tory Minister Walpole wept; Gladstone, in these days, was dark and stern, boiling over with indignation, seething in invective. Tories said he had lost his temper; probably the feeling was deeper down than that. The result, as every one knows, was, that this true-blue squirarchical Church-and-State Tory Cabinet of Lord Derby's, forced to the wall, actually brought in the most democratic Reform-Bill ever hinted at in England; granting household suffrage; and afterward put a huge feather in their caps, boasting that it was *they* who were its authors! The Bill was passed; and after it became law, some one discovered that the only word of the original measure which had survived the Liberal amendments to it was its imposing prologue, "Whereas"! Gladstone, from the Opposition benches,

dictated to the minority Ministry the provisions of the measure; struck out here, added there; moulded it according to Liberal ideas. Following close upon the passage of the Reform-Bill, came the general election of 1868, resulting in a solid Liberal victory of some 115 majority of the House. The issue was taken upon Gladstone's famous resolutions, introduced in the Spring before, aimed at the demolition of the Irish Church abuse. This champion of Church-and-State, particular favorite of Oxford, had drifted so far; was now pulling down that very edifice which he had once been at so much pious pains to bolster up.

And now, once more, the people of England had to choose between two men, as well as two policies: as, in 1865, the question was whether Palmerston or Derby should rule, so now the question was, should Gladstone or Disraeli rule. The country spoke for Gladstone, and emphatically condemned the Irish Establishment. Disraeli, with an unexpected grace and delicacy, resigned before the adverse Legislature assembled, and added to the good savor of this act by advising the Queen to call his rival to the head of affairs. At the opening of the new Householder Parliament, Gladstone found himself in power, sustained by a strong Liberal Cabinet, which included, besides older Liberal officials, the name of the Right Honorable John Bright; and by the time this article meets the public eye, it is probable that the assault on the abominable Irish Establishment will have begun in hot and practical earnest. Still, with all his progress in opinion during the last twenty years, it would seem that Gladstone yet retains some of his ancient qualms and timidity, some of his former dread of democracy and affection for the State-Church. He is not yet quite thoroughly and heartily the leader of the advanced Liberals. In the formation of his Cabinet he has given the lion's share of places to the old aristocratic Whigs—moderate, cautious, fearful men. He has brought in an undue leavening of lords; the high-

est places in this Liberal Ministry are held by persons of very medium ability, who, but for their titles and wealth, would never have emerged from private obscurity. Argyll, Kimberley, De Grey, Hartington,—names redolent of old English feudalism—are in the high stalls; Bright, really the most representative leader of the new-enfranchised Britain, is near the bottom of the list. Such men as Forster and Stansfeld—first-rate brains, and, like Bright, the truest representatives of the latter-day Liberals—must be content with subordinate places in the great departments. This indicates that Gladstone is not yet prepared to desert entirely his old aristocratic connections, and go hand-in-hand with the advanced opinion of the country. He has not yet convinced himself of the justice of the ballot. He still shrinks painfully from the overthrow of the English State-Church. He is even now a better Tory than Disraeli himself, for he was afraid of what Disraeli granted—household suffrage. But his successive rejection by Oxford and (at the last election) by his native Lancashire, must teach him something; he must at least be impressed by the bigotry of the one and the undue landlord influence in the other. We can seem, considering these things, to penetrate no further into the future of his administration than the point where the affairs of the Irish Church are to be wound up forever. Both Tories and Liberals are asking, "What after?" Will the Premier be then ready to attack the English Establishment? And if he does, will his aristocratic Whig colleagues follow him? Judging by the past, it is probable that Gladstone will yet crystallize into a full-blown Radical; and that the mist which has so long hung over his eyes regarding the State-Church—now not yet wholly cleared away, still evidently clearing—will vanish, and leave him free to demolish that too. The "wild country-parsons" are doing their best to hound him on to that goal; clerical abuse dogged him unmercifully from the moment he threatened the Irish Church;

and this spirit of priestly intolerance may yet drive him to the sticking-point.

It is an interesting and noteworthy fact to observe, how fashionable it has become for English statesmen to cultivate letters. Not content with the fruits of political ambition, they also aspire to the "fadeless laurel," and yearn to leave substantial evidences of their genius behind them. The last four Prime-Ministers of England have all enrolled themselves in the illustrious company of the *literati*, and have given productions to the world, quite outside of the political department, which would have made them standard authors had they been nothing else. Earl Russell will be known to future bookworms and antiquaries as the author of a philosophical survey of the British Constitution, and of the best extant biography of Charles James Fox. The Earl of Derby, who succeeded him, has produced a very elegant and polished translation of Homer's *Iliad*, which has attained the popularity implied by the issue of its eighth edition, and is pronounced by the critics to be in some respects superior to the translations of the same work by Pope and Cowper. Benjamin Disraeli, the next occupant of the Premiership, won his first meed of fame by his very brilliant, original, and philosophical series of fashionable novels, among which the best-known are "Coningsby," "Tancred," "Vivian Grey," "Venetia," and "Ixion"—books which, by the way, received a new lease of popularity when their author rose to the highest of political honors. But Gladstone's fame as an author is probably more substantially founded than that of any of his predecessors. His great essay on "The Church considered in its Relations to the State," published in 1840, is the most brilliant plea in behalf of Establishments ever issued, and marked him as a deep and original thinker. Macaulay thought it worthy of one of his most labored, slashing criticisms in the *Edinburgh*. The next year Gladstone followed this up by an essay equally remarkable on "Church Princi-

ples considered in their Results:" both were affectionately dedicated to venerable Alma Mater Oxford. Later, in 1845, he changed his topic widely, and wrote a convincing book on "Commercial Legislation;" and still later, in 1859, he issued a brilliant and elaborate work on Homer, of whom he had been from youth an enthusiastic and familiar student. His letter denouncing the tyranny of King "Bomba," of Naples, who had imprisoned twenty thousand Neapolitan Liberals for opinion's sake, is not yet forgotten in Italy, where there still lingers a thought of grateful homage toward the English statesman who spoke so eloquently in behalf of Italian freedom.

It remains briefly to speak of Gladstone as the orator and the man. It has often been our privilege to see him on his favorite arena in the House of Commons, to recognize his power there, and to note the triumphs of his zeal and eloquence. A more marked, suggestive face never was seen. A brow broad, yet not possessing Websterian massiveness, a swarthy complexion well harmonizing with earnest, deep-black eyes, his face almost grim in its sternness, and deep-cut with the furrows of care, thought—possibly with the indescribable anxieties of ambition; a face proclaiming earnestness and profound feeling above all other traits; of middle height, the upper part of the body broad-built; thin gray hair and whiskers, the large brain discovered through the meagre locks; a fixedness of features which, as he sits there silent, seems undisturbable. Yet in the high midnight storm of forensic battle, when stung by the sparkling, cold-blooded thrust of Disraeli's irony, that stern face becomes the visible betrayer of grand and deep and fast-changing emotion. The features are illumined by a burning expression of spirit and mental greatness. The stone-like grimness has given place to a fire-like, infectious animation. Nature has endowed Gladstone with a voice, in sweetness, strength, and flexibility far surpassing that of any living Englishman; and he wields it like a

giant, overpowering with its moving and passionate tremor the more phlegmatic smoothness and keenness of his rival. His readiness and fluency make it not difficult to invest the driest subjects with a certain charm. He is perhaps the first of orators who has succeeded in commanding the breathless attention of a usually restless body, while for four mortal hours developing a financial scheme. Brougham declared one of his speeches, on the "Budget," to be a "masterpiece of persuasive eloquence." Gladstone possesses that peculiar quality of persuasion, which makes one ashamed of one's self for not agreeing with him—it makes the hearer cowardly of his own belief, if that does not coincide with his. The secret, above all, of Gladstone's forensic power is perhaps best expressed by an English writer; it is "the belief that his eloquence is animated by principle and conscience as well as high intellect," which, though it may seem to belong to the debatable ground of politics, is undoubtedly held by his party. His forensic powers extend, apparently, through the whole list of the various arts which go to make up the model orator. He is never at a loss for words; he debates on a suddenly-raised issue with as much fluency as he delivers a prepared speech: with even more, for in an extempore harangue he is far more diffuse and elaborate than in his labored addresses. His aptness and exuberance of simile and illustration—derived alike from the experience of every day, the homely topics of the street, and from the choicest descriptions and epigrams of classical lore—amaze you, as he passes from one branch of his subject to another, now staying to indulge in a choice flight of rhetoric, now hurrying impetuously to his climax. The inexhaustible wealth of his language is equally notable; the vast stores of his information scarcely less so. His elocution is un-

matched in England; his delivery is of so genuine, earnest, natural a ring, as to tenfold enhance the power which is won by his other qualities. The additional grace of a keen wit and a genial humor seems, however, to be wanting. He cannot cope with Disraeli in the dry brilliancy of his retorts, nor can he equal far inferior men—Bernard Osborne, for example—in a continuous stream of airy and ludicrous humor. He is too earnest a man, evidently, to stop and dally by the wayside. He has no time, no room in his thoughts, for meditating lively sallies, or provoking the cachinatory powers of the House. When he rises to speak, the House knows that the treat is to be of no laughable sort—it is to be grand and dramatic, perhaps, but never farcical. Earnestness is the keynote of the man. He lives in a sober, reflective, toiling world; misery is to be done away with, men are to have their rights, administration is to be reformed; the awful responsibility of the prosperity or misfortune of a great people weighs upon him, and there can be no light-headed holidays in the midst of it.

From such a character, although he may be ambitious, at times overbearing, and not yet out of the mists of a youthful, blind devotion to hierarchies and feudalism, England may surely anticipate large and lasting benefits. He is drifting—very rapidly too—in the right direction; the old ties are getting feeble and worn-out, and the last of them is cracking from decay. He has still, perhaps, many years of mental and physical strength before him; his career may be yet full of storms; yet he will probably have the consolation, as old age draws on, of seeing a new Britain, freed from many a feudal incubus by his hands, and of knowing that his name will live in the hearts of the people, as one of the great practical reformers of English history.

TO-DAY: A ROMANCE.

"But we—we are—to us the breathing hours."—Schiller.

PART I.—CHAPTER VI.

THE CHURCH OF THE APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

AT this time the Rev. Croton Ellsworth was the incumbent of the little Episcopal church at Scotenskopft. For half a century the inhabitants had been content to worship at the "Dutch-Reformed church," which was situated about a mile and a half from the river,—all except the family of Mr. Parkhurst Bellamy, a large land-owner, who drove five miles and back every Sunday to Pootskill, in order to be under the efficacious dispensation of the church of St. Thomas. By degrees new families began to settle at Scotenskopft, among whom were many of the true faith, which determined Mr. Bellamy to make an effort to improve this missionary ground, as he called it, and have a parish created and a consecrated church. On one of his visits to the Bishop, he encountered the Rev. Croton Ellsworth, a young man of sharp intellect, well educated, fine-looking, and ambitious. He was already married, and had a little boy four or five years old. This little boy is our friend Harry, whom we know already. The Rev. Croton Ellsworth had come up not only under the very eye of the Bishop, with whom he was remotely connected, but he was the favorite of two maiden ladies, ancient spinsters, whose lives were centred in the church and in the especial care of interesting young clergymen, who, on their part, were devoted to them in a touching degree.

It was charming to witness the court paid by Croton to these antiques when he was a theological student in New York, and in return how they purred and fussed over him. More than that—for these excellent creatures were rich

old maids, not of the poverty-stricken, forlorn stamp, oh, no—Croton received from them presents innumerable, and enjoyed, through their favor, facilities for going into society, and I know not what else. In return, they had from him the most assiduous attentions. In my opinion he purchased his privileges at a dear rate; but he did not seem to think so. He waited on them; he went on their errands; he put them in their carriage and he took them out; he helped do their shopping. Then he would read prayers before them in private, and begged for their sincere criticism on his manner, intonation, and general appearance. Croton Ellsworth was the best-dressed theological student in the city. It was a mystery to many how he managed this; for it was well known that he had not a penny of his own. As I have myself nothing to conceal, I shall inform you that the Miss Marlinspikes—this was the name of the interesting couple [they always wrote themselves the "Misses Marlinspike," which, I am told, is the correct and proper thing; but I have adhered to the old fashion],—I say the Miss Marlinspikes took entire charge of it. The time spent over the *habit* of young Croton would astonish you. The exact length of this long, unctuous-looking garment—there was not masculinity enough in it to be called a coat—occupied their serious and affectionate attention. While they wished their protégé to assume all the honors which could possibly attach to his sacred position, it was not proper, before taking holy orders, to wear this habit of quite the same extent as did the clergy. It was

decided, therefore, that Croton should abate just a quarter of an inch from the standard measure, which would enable him to escape the censure of his superiors, and yet wear a garment which would appear perfectly clerical to the untutored eye. It took Croton a long time to fix on an immaculate color for his gloves, though aided by his kind friends. A pale salmon-color was at length adopted. Elegant button half-boots with black gaiters, a hat rather high and wide of brim, completed his walking-costume. From this he never deviated. Sedate, but with a look of mild amiability, Croton pursued his way. He never relaxed; he never was off-guard; he never laughed loud, nor betrayed himself by exclamation. He had learned the value of form and ceremony, and resolved to entrench himself behind them. What Croton might have become under different circumstances, I do not undertake to say. I have only to deal with him as I find him. He was a long-headed, remorseless fellow, with much more natural ability than his fourth cousin the Bishop; and he resolved to turn all these appliances to the best account. He had married immediately on taking orders, because the Miss Marlinspikes desired it. In a sentimental fit they had adopted a little girl without any history, and she had now grown into a young lady. She was destined for Croton, and Croton made up his mind to swallow the pill if it was to be sugar-coated. He modestly remarked, that while it was his chief desire, next to the good of holy church, to possess so precious an earthly treasure as Esther, still his dear friends knew just how he was situated with reference to this world's goods. A satisfactory conference followed, and Croton was married to his beloved in three weeks thereafter.

The next four or five years were passed in an extensive tour of Europe, in company with the Marlinspikes. On his return, he undertook many little services for the Bishop, and preached, from time to time, in different places, as occasion required.

On a second interview with Mr. Bellamy, the Rev. Croton Ellsworth decided to accept the charge—the Miss Marlinspikes and the Bishop advising heartily to the course.

The excitement in the little village was very great when it was known that a new church was to be established. But when it was actually erected, when it had received the interior decorations, including stained glass windows, a circle of low steps surrounding and leading to something very like an altar, huge candlesticks with long candles, a cross surmounting the pulpit and a cherub-boy, imported from New York, in the appropriate cherub wardrobe, to open and shut the door, to advance and retreat backward, to wheel and turn according to the last approved evolutions—I say, when all the interior decorations were made, the excitement had no bounds. Great was the joy of the faithful. The old-fashioned people, who were satisfied to worship as their fathers had done, said it looked like popery, but the young folks were generally pleased with it. They were getting tired of the old style. It was too gloomy; besides, it was time the village had a church of its own.

The Rev. Croton Ellsworth took up his residence at Scotenskopf, and displayed so much energy, industry, zeal, and good-will, that it was soon discovered that his mission was a success. His church increased. Aided by the Bellamys on one side, and the Marlinspikes on the other, how could it be otherwise? The Rev. Croton, among other active duties, undertook to bring the "Select School" under his supervision. A single interview with Mr. and Miss Pettengill satisfied him of the hopelessness of his plan. He had more than met his match, and he was shrewd enough to withdraw from the attack before he should leave a disagreeable impression. More than this, when Harry was a little older, he was sent to this very school, where his progress was extremely satisfactory.

His most intimate companion was Charley Graves, whose father was the

coal-merchant of that section, and whose mother set up for a fine lady. She was a poor relation of the Tolover family, a very high little church-woman, and in exceeding intimate relations with the Ellsworths. Belonging to the same set were the Randalls. Peter Randall was a railroad-contractor, and made a good deal of money every year, which he spent freely. He was a whole-souled, generous fellow, liked by every one. His wife was an engaging, fascinating woman, very much in the good graces of the Rev. Croton, but not at all liked by little Mrs. Graves, who considered her "a large, awkward, and ungainly person." Alas, how jealousy blinds the eyes! Mrs. Randall was very finely formed, fine-looking, and graceful—in fact, by far the handsomest woman in the neighborhood. So we see that the little Virginia comes honestly by her beauty and her *bonhomie*.

I am aware I have not described a very aristocratic society; indeed, I dare say, some of my fine readers, whose fathers, perhaps, were not half as good as Graves the coal-merchant, and Randall the railroad-contractor, will be greatly disappointed, if not disgusted, that I have not arranged a better pedigree for my heroes and heroines. I beg them not to be impatient. I promise, as my work advances, that these matters shall be corrected, and they shall be introduced to a class adapted to their present tastes, if not to their origin. Meanwhile, I confess I have a desire to linger about this pleasant little place, and watch the progress of the school.

At this time, a sweet-tempered, lovely young woman—a widow—occupied a small, one-story house, not far from the river, with her only child, a little boy. She was known as Mrs. Holt. She herself was an orphan, and, before her marriage, had lived with her uncle and aunt, who were wealthy people, in fashionable life, and who had adopted this niece—so it was generally understood. At all events, she enjoyed in the house all the privileges of a daughter, being, at the same time, petted and almost spoiled by indulgence.

Suddenly this fascinating girl disappeared from society, and nothing more was heard of her in the gay coteries of New York life. It was a nine-days' wonder, and then it was over. Gertrude Lansing was now Mrs. William Holt, and had gone into obscurity.

Holt was a landscape-painter of merit, a finely-educated, genial, accomplished gentleman. He was a superior man, every way, to nine of ten that Gertrude met. Yes, he was superior to the wholesale drygoods merchant, and the large importer of silks, and the rich broker, and the junior-partner of a leading banking-house, all of whom paid their court to Gertrude, and all of whom were considered eligible aspirants to her hand by her uncle and aunt. But Holt was poor. That was the blot. Gertrude did not think so. She loved him; and, after a period, Holt asked her uncle to give his consent to their marriage. He met with a quiet refusal—so quiet that the young artist took hope, and felt that the uncle would yield. He little knew his man. To be sure, there was no exhibition of passion, as in the case of old Du Barry. Indeed, you would not suppose there had any thing happened out of the usual course. Mr. Lansing simply called Gertrude to him, and said, "This is a match I do not approve of. If you choose to marry the man, I shall provide for you as I think your position requires. You need not say a word: do as you think best: we shall have no scenes."

The end was, that Gertrude married the artist. The wedding was strictly private, in her uncle's back-parlor. No one was present except the uncle and aunt and their clergyman.

The ceremony over, Mr. Lansing presented Gertrude with a check for one thousand dollars. Nothing was said, but she knew this was virtually to sever all relations. Holt hired a cottage at Scotenskopf, and the thousand dollars furnished it. Gertrude was more than content with her lot: she was very happy. Her character daily developed new beauties. Her husband labored assiduously, and with fair success. His

health, however, was unsettled. He had a good many calls to tax him, which Gertrude, as she had been educated, could not be presumed to understand. This constant application, and the ordinary anxiety of providing for his home, at last affected him sensibly.

One lovely morning, about the first of June, he rose earlier than usual, to work at a beautiful landscape, which was nearly finished—it was a scene in the Highlands—which had taxed his best efforts.

When Gertrude, an hour after, tripped down-stairs and stole softly into the room behind him, intending to surprise her husband at his labors by a tender salutation, she discovered his arm relaxed and his head fallen on one side. His fingers still retained the pencil. He was dead.

The morning-sun streamed through the casement, and the birds were singing joyously. Gertrude stood without breath or motion. In that one minute she comprehended the great revelation; in that one minute it was complete. God had made this revelation, sudden as it was, so tenderly, that it did not appal her. She knelt and laid her head against her husband's shoulder, and pressed her cheek to his. She knew there could be no response, but she felt around her an ineffable halo, which was lingering after the departure of the spirit.

Mr. and Miss Pettengill were very kind and attentive on this occasion. They undertook to give notice of the melancholy event to Mr. Lansing, the uncle. The result was, an answer, by return mail, enclosing a check for one hundred dollars for funeral expenses. I do not think they ever said any thing to Gertrude about this, but they took on themselves the whole charge of the funeral, and distributed the money with economy. Some fine pictures which the artist left, were sold at good price by their influence, which gave the widow a pittance for her support.

If ever affliction was sanctified to human being, her loss was blessed and

thrice blessed to Gertrude Holt. For out of it blossomed in her heart hope and charity and the richest experience, all of which bore "fruit unto perfection."

When the Rev. Croton Ellsworth assumed the charge of the Church of the Apostolic Succession and the care of souls therein, his attention was speedily directed to the condition of the young widow. Perhaps you think I mean to what was called her sad situation, struggling as she was with poverty, with the care of a delicate child, and almost friendless. I do not mean that at all. The reverend gentleman found that, although he had now preached for two Sundays at Scotenskopft, Mrs. Holt continued to attend the old place of worship. He soon ascertained that Gertrude had been brought up in the proper faith by her uncle, who was a zealous churchman. Overflowing with a sense of the enormity of her conduct, he called on the widow. He was received with so much refinement and gentleness, that a less determined heart than his must have softened. Not so with the Rev. Croton Ellsworth. He looked severely around the apartment, as if hoping to find some cause for censure to stimulate and give point to his observations. His eyes fell on the little boy, who was on the floor playing.

"What is the matter with him?" he said, in a tone so chilling that the little fellow instantly slunk out of the room. This question disposed of, he entered on a severe reprimand of Mrs. Holt, and dwelled so much on her reprehensible conduct, that the poor woman promised in future to attend the church in the village.

"It is true," she said, "I was so educated, and I will return."

The next Sunday she kept her word. But the atmosphere of the place was withering to her soul. In vain she sought consolation in the beautiful and impressive service. It was delivered in a tone and manner which, to Gertrude, were intolerable. It destroyed almost the power to make the responses.

She could not endure it. Twice she

made the effort; and then, without word or explanation, or indeed observation, she went with her son quietly back to the old meeting-house, and resumed her old seat.

There was no attempt at remonstrance. Her case was that of the hardened apostate; and she was left to the sentence, *anathema maranatha*, which the Rev. Croton Ellsworth pronounced with great solemnity. On the succeeding Sunday he preached a sermon from Hebrews vi. 4-6:

"For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost,

"And have tasted the good word of God and the powers of the world to come,

"If they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame."

I do not know how it happened, but every one in the congregation understood this discourse was prepared in consequence of the "lamentable backsliding of the Widow Holt." From that day she was regarded by those in the "church set" as an object of aversion. Little Bill came in for a share of

this, not universally, but from many. Harry Ellsworth, for example, taking the cue from his father's conversation at the breakfast-table, thought it only fun to harry the little skeleton, as he called him. He would run against him, as if by mistake, and laugh to see him go down; or he would turn over his sled, or rub snow in his face on some pretended slight. Then he found a new name for him—"Cockeye." It was generally adopted, not so much through bad feeling, or with any desire to ridicule, but from the facility with which nicknames are seized on. It was afterward modified to "Cockee," by which term he was generally known. For a time this produced little effect on him. He tried to laugh at his own misfortunes, and make the best of them; but when, in consequence, he found himself treated as half-idiot as well as half-deformed, it roused a temper which soon became fierce and vindictive.

Meanwhile the Rev. Croton Ellsworth pursued his triumphant career—the assumed representative of the meek and lowly ONE, who, nearly two thousand years before, had said, "Come to me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

CHAPTER VII.

THE LITTLE CLARA AND HER ACQUAINTANCES.

It was midsummer when the little Clara arrived at Scotenskopft. The long vacation had commenced, and the house and school-room were deserted.

The great change in her situation and surroundings would seem to have had but little effect on her. She almost never made any allusion to her former home or to a recollection of former scenes. Once—it was the week after her arrival—there was the following brief colloquy, on the occasion of Miss Pettengill's helping Clara to dress.

Clara. Do you know why Dora did not come with me?

Miss P. Who is Dora—your cousin?

Clara (laughing). My cousin! I mean black Dora.

Miss P. And who is black Dora?

Clara. Black Dora used to be my nurse; but when I grew up—(the little thing was nearly eight)—she was my maid. Can you tell me why she did not come too?

Miss P. I cannot. Probably your uncle did not think it best.

Clara (reflecting). I think, perhaps, I know why.

A short silence ensues.

Clara (musing). I wonder what will become of her!

There being no response, the subject ended. It revealed the fact that Clara did think more than she expressed to Miss Pettengill, who, while she did not discourage conversation about the

child's former home, was careful not to provoke it. It is probable that Clara had received some instruction on this head from her mother; for she liked to talk, and never tired asking about the novelties which met her on every side. The long, regular line of perpendicular cliffs across the river, which we call the "Palisades," and which were in full view, was an object of great admiration and wonder. To Clara these magnificent battlements were enchanted castles, filled with enchanted beings; and she could not understand why every body did not enjoy looking at them as she did. Then the river was so deep and clear, unlike the turbid waters of her native streams, and the boats and ships and steamers looked so cheerful passing up and down.

Before the school should reassemble there was time for Clara to become accustomed to these new pictures, so that she need not excite the laughter or curiosity of her companions. So thought Miss Pettengill, who was doing all in her power to make her feel at home. At first she attempted to trace resemblances between Clara and her mother. The task was difficult, since none really existed. She had now to deal with a superior soul, a larger intellect, and a more resolute will—with a being totally different from the laughing, charming, pretty creature who had so captivated every body, and who was every body's favorite—who was so yielding, so dependent, so winning, and so much liked.

"It is best so," exclaimed Mehitabel Pettengill, with a sigh. "It is best so. It shall be a new interest, not an old heartache revived."

And so it was ever after. She no longer thought of the little Clara in connection with a former period. The old memory was laid back in its place, only to return at intervals as a tender but sad recollection of the past.

It was not long before a strong interest was awakened in the new comer. Mehitabel was very careful how she betrayed it, lest it might prove another disappointment. Sedate and thought-

ful as she always appeared, the heart of the schoolmistress was young. Her pupils instinctively understood this, and loved her because of it. She had labored a lifetime unremittently to develop and improve them. It was a life unpretending, unambitious, uneventful. All the while a fresh heart beat under the formal outside, which sometimes rebelled against its lot. Yes, her pupils loved her; but how many, when they quitted the school, took any thought of Mehitabel Pettengill, communing with herself, sorrowing over their departure after so many years of happy intercourse? How many, indeed! No one knew what had been her early history. Had any thing occurred to make that face so pale, the eye so thoughtful, and the form so wasted—I mean any thing beyond what the deep mourning might indicate? Had there been a want, once filled, or thought to be, which, on the trial, gave only a residuum of withered leaves—bitter ashes? Was it out of some yearning for an object to love that she attached herself so to her pupils?

Who can tell!

With her brother it was different. Like Miss Pettengill, he was the most faithful of teachers; but his delight was in the work itself, not in the individual—in the study, not in the pupil. What to others seemed a task, was to him a perpetual pleasure. When his pupils left the school, it was a source of congratulation that he had made so much of them, and that they were ready to go. While his sister regarded a new comer as likely to prove a trial of her feelings, he looked with delight to fresh arrivals, eager to bring them under the test of his theory and practice of education.

A rare, innocent, simple-hearted old pedant he was considered by many of his city "patrons," with a head crammed with a heap of useless lore—who had, nevertheless, an excellent faculty for teaching, and whose pupils made most satisfactory progress.

Pedant, indeed! No man living had ever less claim to the title than Amos Pettengill. He was an indefatigable student, but not in the least cramped

by forms or mannerisms, nor had he the consciousness of his own merit or acquirements. He labored without stint to instruct and improve, and he had the gift of making serious things appear fresh and attractive. This he accomplished by avoiding the beaten path, lest it should become tedious or disagreeable. Next to the Bible, he revered the works of Plato. While his pupils might have turned to the inspired volume with a distaste produced by some unpleasant association, it was quite another thing to repeat from a great Grecian philosopher.

Mr. Pettengill translated with care select passages, which all in school committed to memory and rehearsed dramatically in dialogue. The only freedom the teacher ever took with the text was translating, in certain instances, the word "*θεοι*" (gods) into the name of the Supreme Being.

It would seem very ridiculous, would it not, to witness, in a fashionable school of To-Day, boys and girls uniting in the following, which is taken from one of the extracts which Mr. Pettengill translated from the "First Alcibiades."

Soc. If a man acts badly, is he not miserable?

Alc. Very much so, indeed.

Soc. Then it is not possible for those who are neither wise nor good to be blessed with happiness?

Alc. There is no doubt of it.

Soc. All bad men are then miserable?

Alc. Particularly so.

Soc. Then it is not by riches that we can be exempted or extricated from misery, but by wise goodness?

Alc. Certainly. [And so on.]

These exercises were brief and varied. The extracts were from "The Apology of Socrates," "The Phædo," "The Timæus," "The Gorgias," "Crito;" and to most of the older pupils they were always interesting.

I dare say a majority of my readers will skip this page; but it will meet from some, I am confident, a genial appreciation.

When Tom Castleton and Alf Du

Barry returned to school, early in the Autumn, they found Clara fairly installed in her new home.

Tom, it will be remembered, goes back with a light heart, relieved of the old nightmare which had so much tormented him. He still continued to regard things as they seemed—which will get him into trouble enough by and by; but for the present it makes matters only appear the brighter, even if they are not understood. So, for a time, Tom is content to enjoy what is around him, without vexing himself about the mystery which envelops the whole.

It was the most natural thing in the world that these two New York lads should be attracted by the new scholar; first because she was a girl, again because she was from a long way off, and her manner was droll, and she looked odd to them. Besides, she was "smart;" they soon found that out, for, as a matter of course, the first thing they did was to commence teasing her. She was such an "innocent," Alf said, and believed every thing any body told her; and he would amuse himself trying to impose on her credulity. It did not take Clara long to discover this; and then Alf was punished by finding himself regarded as a boy on no account to be relied on. He was glad to retrieve his character by a pretty long career of undeviating good conduct. Tom's mode of teasing was different. He would not mislead by wrong statements; but he liked to put questions, and to perplex by supposed examples about right and wrong, wherein he would occasionally indulge in sophistry. He was much taken by Clara's intelligence, and the quickness with which she soon learned to unmask and retort on him.

As Tom and Alf had insensibly become not only intimate companions but loyal friends and allies, pledged to each other, "rescue or no rescue," espousing each other's difficulties, ready to fight each other's battles, and so forward, it came to be that Clara was admitted as a *tiers état*, and after a while she was entirely in their councils, and the triumvirate (if I may use the term where one

of the three is of the gentler sex) was complete. Clara, it is true, was not as far advanced as the boys. She was at least three years younger; but we all know that in childhood girls have altogether the advantage in quickness of perception and aptitude for learning. Clara was insensibly coming up to the standard of her two friends; and if she was not as forward as they, Tom used to remark that she said and did more to set them thinking than the teacher himself.

Before this, however, Miss Pettengill's plans for Clara had undergone an entire revolution. In the long summer vacation which I have already mentioned, she had devoted a great deal of time to becoming well acquainted with her charge and in making her feel at home. She discovered, almost from the beginning, that Clara would never tax her solicitude in the way her mother had done. She was too well poised—she had too much self-respect. This apprehension entirely allayed, the school-mistress began to indulge in other visions. She would keep Clara near her; she would subject her to the most perfect training; she would watch and cultivate every thought and emotion; she would direct and assist every development, and would guard against every possible mistake by the most careful attention.

Now, these were very foolish ideas. Could Miss Pettengill have been left free to her own clear, discriminating judgment, no one would pronounce against them sooner than she. But she was like a mother who had lost a beloved child through some imprudent exposure, and who becomes morbidly solicitous about the one remaining to her. The result was that Miss Pettengill, in keeping Clara so closely to herself, fostered her enthusiasm and romance to an unnatural degree. These are displayed, if ever, at an early age, when they require to be pruned and subdued, or possibly encouraged to expansion. Clara came under the first category: unfortunately, she was treated as if she belonged to the last. She gave signs of so much prom-

ise, she attracted her teacher by so many exhibitions, that her ordinary careful discrimination was completely lost sight of. It is true, there appeared nothing feverish or forced in Clara's manifestations of feeling. Her enthusiasm was unbounded; but it was mainly for what she saw in Nature, or about what she heard or could read of the heroic and good. But would it stop here? The exact peril could not be predicted, only that there was danger.

A fortunate occurrence opened Miss Pettengill's eyes before it was too late, and, as I have hinted, produced a complete change of regimen for the little lady. I will give an account of it. Her first season at Scotenskopft had been one of marvels to Clara. She had never before beheld snow; she had never witnessed the formation of ice. The situation of the school, on the high ridge above the village, was admirable for the display of the scenes of Winter. To look across to the Palisades, you could easily imagine the Storm-King dwelt there and held his revels.

It happened this year that the snow fell early, and the cold was severe. The Hudson was frozen over. That magnificent water-course, so lately covered with every kind of vessel, was chained by the inexorable despot. Clara enjoyed it beyond measure, and never was tired of expressing her admiration.

One morning, early in January, Miss Pettengill was roused from a very satisfactory slumber by repeated knocks at her door. It was Clara.

"Aunt Mehitabel"—so she was taught to call her—"Aunt Mehitabel, you must get up and come to my window directly."

The urgency of the summons was not to be resisted. In considerable alarm and but half awake, Miss Pettengill rose, and, opening her door in haste, followed the child to her own little chamber, which faced the east. There happened to be a full-moon. The plain beyond the house was covered with crusted snow, and the first glimmering streaks of daylight were visible.

"Look!" exclaimed Clara; "look!

There is the moonlight and the daylight and the morning-star!"

The schoolmistress did look. But, beyond a single glance, *not* through the window, at the scene which had been pointed out, but at the child who was standing before her, with bare feet, in her night-gown.

It was an intensely cold morning, the thermometer several degrees below zero. There she stood, her face glowing in a fine frenzy, and her eyes exhibiting a strange lustre. The first feeling of Miss Pettengill was one of sheer vexation at being summoned from a comfortable bed to witness an ordinary Winter landscape; but the expression of Clara's face, as she pointed with an air of triumph to the scene, disarmed her. Another look at the child's burning face opened a new train of thought. The transition from one extreme of feeling to another is rapid. And the transition was made.

"Are you not glad I called you?" she asked, as if certain what the reply would be.

"Very glad—very glad, indeed," was the honest response.

As soon as she could do so without appearing to be too precipitate, Miss Pettengill put Clara back in bed, and retraced her steps to her own room, her teeth chattering with the cold while

she repeated, "Very glad—very glad, indeed.—What have I been doing?" she continued. "I have come near ruining the child. Where were my eyes? Of what was I thinking? I have kept her altogether too much: she must have more play, more sliding down-hill, more tumbles in the snow, more games. I will take her into the kitchen, and she shall learn how pies and krullers are made. I am yet in time."

It is with satisfaction I record the change in affairs. It would not be at all to my taste to write the history of a little girl of eight, addicted to rousing honest people from their beds at day-break of a cold morning in January, to show them the sheen of the moonlight, or the glitter of the morning-star, though both are doubtless very fine in their way.

Clara soon learned to enjoy outdoor sports. She grew hardy and robust; none of her companions were more enduring or more fond of play. She remained always slight in person, and her complexion never changed from a clear pale. That, however, was natural. She enjoyed good health and firm nerves, and she had, very generally, to be called more than once in the morning, instead of lying awake an hour before daylight.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLE OF SCOTENSKOPFT.

As time advanced—and we are now on to the second Winter—it produced a very unhappy effect on Bill Hqht. He had become, from an easy, accommodating, happy-hearted child, bitter, morose, and furious of temper. It was owing principally to Harry Ellsworth. This lad, taking his cue from the sermon his father launched at the head of the young widow, commenced, entirely for his own amusement, a series of petty persecutions of little Bill. He could do this with greater freedom, because Bill was the elder by more than a year, and it did not *look* like persecution. But

Bill was a puny, delicate child, and Harry strong, robust, and large of his age. At last Bill began to resort to the ordinary defence of the weaker. He would throw sticks or stones, or any thing he could lay his hand on, at his enemy, which gave Harry an excuse for severe retaliation—all, of course, unknown to the principal of the Select School.

On one occasion Bill Holt had been stung to madness by being thrown into a snow-bank by Harry Ellsworth, in the presence of several girls—among whom was the little Virginia—who all joined

in the general laughter. Bill rose with revenge in his soul, and prepared what boys call an ice-ball, which is made by dropping a snow-ball in water and squeezing it till it becomes hard as ice. This he discharged full at his antagonist. The shot took effect on his arm, and no doubt was a pretty severe hit. In return, Harry, after a considerable chase, caught "Cockeye," and proceeded to hold his head under the snow.

At first Bill was too proud to utter an exclamation; but finding his breath failing, he commenced to cry out as loud as he could. It only caused Harry to crowd his head deeper in the bank. At this moment Alf and Tom, with Clara and several others, came up.

"He is murdering him," exclaimed Clara in alarm.

Alf and Tom both sprang forward.

"One is sufficient; let me deal with him," said Alf, who was a little in advance.

"I say, you have punished him enough," said he, going up to Harry.

"Mind your own business, Mr. Du Barry," said the other, giving another push to the prostrate boy, who appeared to be losing the power of utterance.

It was the work of an instant for Alf to seize Harry Ellsworth by the collar and pull him off his victim. Harry rose, prepared to turn with fury on his new foe.

"Look here," said Alf, quietly, "I am willing to stop where we are. I don't want the name of fighting a boy younger than I am."

"I suppose you are afraid I shall serve you as I did Squinteye there," said Harry, tauntingly.

"Very much afraid, indeed," said Alf, in the same tone.

This was more than the other could bear, and he threw himself on Alf with great rage. They were not unequally matched, either for size or strength, though Alf was the oldest. He had, however, learned some "trick of fence" in the city gymnasium during his vacations, which he brought to bear on Harry, and which soon resulted in his giving him a bloody nose and a blackeye.

Seeing the fortune of the day likely to turn against his friend, Charley Graves promptly came to the rescue, which immediately brought out Tom Castleton; and this, in turn, enlisted another village-boy, until the fight became general.

I will not say that the girls on both sides did not, in a measure, engage also. Certainly, as army-nurses, giving aid and comfort to the wounded, they were very efficient. Indeed, it is my impression they permitted themselves also to serve in the light-artillery, discharging snow-balls in each other's faces. I know this, that Clara Digby exhibited not only no alarm, fear, or repugnance to what was going on, but she stood resolutely by, encouraging both Alf and Tom to do their work well, and show no quarter!

You see, "blood will tell." You are your father's own child, Clara.

How long the fight would have lasted, and what would have been the ultimate returns of killed and wounded, I do not know, for Mr. Pettengill, coming at this juncture from the post-office, found himself in the midst of it.

At first he could not believe the evidence of his senses. It must be, he thought, a set of rowdies from the city; but the size of the combatants deceived him. Still it was impossible to distinguish any individuals, the confusion was so great. Some of the girls he did recognize.

Coming up to Clara, who was in the act of discharging a snow-ball at a large village-girl, he asked her sternly what all this meant. She was too much excited to pay any attention to him, but continued to load and fire with great regularity.

"Are they possessed!" he exclaimed. "Where is Miss Pettengill?" Then rushing into the thickest of the combat, he cried out two or three times in a tone of real authority, "Boys, desist."

The effect was magical. Discipline was at once restored. The boys stopped as if by common consent. Bloody noses were wiped, caps were sought after and reclaimed; the scholars from the village

turned silently down the hill toward their homes, while the boarders were marshalled into the house.

No such scene ever occurred before in the annals of the Select School. What a commentary on human passions! After all the careful training, the kind teachings, the excellent instructions, the moral lessons, the select readings from our Grecian philosopher! A single spark had fired the magazine, and the passions were aflame.

A few years ago, when all Europe was in a quiescent state, we were told by the worthy members of our Peace Societies that, under the enlightened and Christianized spirit of the age, wars were thenceforth impossible. The era of peace and good-will had begun, and was always to continue; for should, by any chance, a difficulty arise, it would speedily be settled by friendly arbitration.

Just as this highly satisfactory judgment was proclaimed, a speck of trouble appeared in the East, which soon involved Russia and the Turk, with France, England, and Sardinia, in a bloody contest. Rapidly followed the fight of Austria with France and Italy, succeeded by the brutal raid of Prussia to rob Denmark. Then came the furious contest between Prussia and Austria, Italy and the German states. All Europe was ablaze, and the Peace Society confounded.

It was the fight of *Scotenskopft* over again, only on a more enlarged and sanguinary scale.

Who will tell me how strife and bloodshed shall in very practice be ended? I will call such a one Doctor of the Divine!

All this time, little Bill Holt was lying on the snow insensible. He came near being left there; for the origin of the fight was soon lost sight of in the fury of the contest.

Mr. Pettengill discovered him, as he turned to bring up the rear, after the field had been vacated. Nobody had thought of Bill. It is curious enough, but true.

The schoolmaster took the boy in his arms—he was very light—and carried him into the house, and placed him on his own bed; then he applied such restoratives as were at hand.

Bill presently opened his eyes. Before he did so, Mr. Pettengill had opportunity to remark how frail and attenuated he was. His face, always pale, was perfectly bloodless. His eyelids were closed, and the long black lashes and dark eyebrows contrasted strikingly with the extreme whiteness of the forehead and cheeks. No one could tell that he was squint-eyed now. His features were regular, and struck Mr. Pettengill, as he bent over him, as having great beauty.

"I am all right, ma; don't you cry," were his first words, uttered with difficulty.

Shortly he seemed to discover where he was, and tried to get up; but Mr. Pettengill prevented him.

"You must lie quite still, till you are better," he said.

"I am well enough," replied Bill; "and mother will be anxious if I stay away any longer."

"What was the matter?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, nothing much."

"Has any one been hurting you?"

"Me? No, indeed!"

Bill would have died rather than make any complaint.

"Very extraordinary," muttered Mr. Pettengill.

A little while after, Tom Castleton came in to see Bill; and, finding the boy still anxious to go, offered to draw him home on his sled. This was declined, though Bill did not object to Tom's going along just for company; but after they had got a little way, he grew faint, and was willing to accept Tom's offer, which was renewed.

Bill stayed home from school a week, and Tom used to go and see him every day. He was surprised to find him so intelligent; but he was terribly shocked to discover what a bitter fellow he was, and how desperately he would talk. Tom could not help being attracted

towards the strange boy. Bill's illness thus brought the two together, and they became well acquainted. This had an important bearing on Bill, as we shall by and by see.

Up to that time he had not been intimate with any one. He lived a sort of Parthian life from the moment he left the house, each morning, till he returned to it. At home he experienced his mother's tenderness to the fullest possible degree; but he kept from her all his troubles and concealed the gall and wormwood that filled his soul. In short, he never confided to her—he was too proud and self-willed—so that he lost the benefit of a mother's influence. I dare not say altogether; for, while his nature was not softened—indeed, grew harder—his heart was touched by her unremitting solicitude. He loved her, and was devoted to her; and it is much

to love, even your mother to whom your affection is due.

Mr. and Miss Pettengill took a wise course in relation to the fray. No allusion whatever was made to it in school. It is true, certain boys, including Alf and Tom, Harry and Charley, were treated to some private conversations by the teacher. I can find no evidence that a single word was spoken to any of the girls. Mr. and Miss Pettengill were certainly wise in their generation in the management of a school.

With the exception of some bruised faces and discolored eyes, which required time for restoration, there was no token whatever in the appearance of the scholars or in their bearing toward each other of the contest of which I have given a veracious history.

The peace of Europe was restored.

CHAPTER IX.

BILL HOLT COMMITS SACRILEGE!

YEARS came and went, and the Select School kept on in its undeviating course. Scarcely a pupil is in attendance who was there when I first introduced it to the reader. New faces with new characters present themselves, to go over the old routine. Tom and Alf have gone to the Round Hill Academy, preparatory to entering college. These lads are sixteen years old. Bill Holt is sixteen also. He has grown quite tall, and looks paler and thinner than ever. He has continued at the Select School—against the rule, it is true; but Mr. and Miss Pettengill relaxed in this instance, for a remarkable change came over Bill after the affair with Harry: I mean with respect to attention to his studies. He manifested a strong desire to learn (he was careless before), which the principals were glad to encourage. Notwithstanding this change, he became more and more solitary in his habits, and, except for his acquaintance with Tom, would have been completely isolated.

Tom had been a year at Round Hill,

and was on a visit to Scotenskopft, where both Alf and he came with great regularity every vacation, doubtless to keep up their acquaintance with their excellent teachers, with whom they were favorites. It is to be remarked that these youths (boys no longer), who were intimate and confidential and truly loyal with each other, and who were always together,—I say it is remarkable that they never visited Scotenskopft in company. What could it mean? It was probably mere accident that when Tom was ready, Alf had a sick headache; and when Alf was ready, Tom had an engagement with his father, the Doctor.

Clara Digby was now thirteen. She was nearly full-grown, and—I need add nothing more at present.

I was saying that Tom was on a visit to Scotenskopft. It was on this occasion that Bill Holt partially opened his plans to his old schoolmate, in the following dialogue:

Bill. I want you to help me get a place in New York.

Tom. Certainly; I will do my best. What is more, I will speak to father.

Bill. What do you think I am after?

Tom. I am sure I can't tell.

Bill. I want a situation in Abbott's soap and candle establishment.

Tom. Why, Bill, what possesses you?

Bill (fiercely). I will tell you, Tom: to make money.

Tom. And how do you expect to make money that way?

Bill. That's my secret. I tell you my object, and ask you to help me. You are the only living soul I would ask, if I starved to death.

Tom. Nonsense, Bill! When will you get over talking such stuff?

Bill. Not till I get even with some people.

Tom. I think we can manage this easily enough. Mr. Abbott is one of my father's patients.

Bill. You will try?

Tom. Right away. What sort of a place do you wish?

Bill. I don't care a ——. I only want to get inside the establishment.

Tom was as good as his word. By dint of his importunity, the Doctor was forced to set seriously to work; and the result was, word was sent to Bill that he could come as soon as he liked, on a trifling weekly stipend, hardly sufficient to give him food and lodging.

It was the first time, in the boy's recollection, that he ever felt a sensation of joy. Here was freedom at last.

He had now to satisfy his mother. It was not very difficult. He was old enough to earn his living; and it was time to begin. This was undeniable. He would come often to see her. Before long she could go to New York, and keep house for him. How delightful!

Bill had acquired an excellent English education. Following his tastes, he had, the last year, devoted himself to chemistry. It delighted the heart of Mr. Pettengill to have a pupil so thoroughly intent on study.

The day of his deliverance had come.

It was a pleasant morning, about the middle of May, that Bill, with knapsack

thrown over his shoulders, started for New York.

His mother watched him from the window till he turned the corner. She had not spoken a word of caution or advice to him, about the city-life to which he was going. She knew perfectly well it was unnecessary. She did desire to allude to his religious feelings; but she was afraid. Something in Bill's manner repelled her. But as she threw her arms around him, she whispered, "May the Holy Spirit be your comforter!"

Bill started as if something had stung him. Kissing his mother hastily, he left the house.

It would have been easy enough for him to take the train (the railway was now finished), by which he could reach town in three quarters of an hour. His mood, however, was to walk. He wanted four or five hours' sharp exercise to settle his feelings and bring his thoughts into another channel.

He pursued his way slowly toward the main road. Before reaching it, he turned into a street which ran parallel with it, and walked on till he came opposite the church of the Apostolic Succession.

A church-spire means a great many things. I always say that to myself when I see one.

In the city it means embellishment, rivalry, social gatherings, flirtations, marriages, wedding-parties, deaths, and burials. It means ambition for distinction for superior holiness, for prominence in church-government, for admiration and applause.

It means, moreover, that we are selfish and corrupt in our daily practice; but there is something, once a-week, we can point to as an offset.

In the country the church-spire has fewer of these significations. On the frontiers none of them. *There* it means dependence on God and the necessity to acknowledge it.

But everywhere—in town, country, and wilderness—a church-spire is a confession that there is anxiety about what will come hereafter.

[Hereinabove I except the humble—lowly in spirit, I mean—to whom the church-spire is an assuring token of God and His presence.]

Bill Holt came opposite the church of the Apostolic Succession. Then he stopped.

First he took a deliberate survey up and down the road. There was no one in sight. He satisfied himself of that. Clenching his hand, he shook his slender fist at the edifice with a concentrated venom.

What did Bill Holt mean? I do not suppose he exactly knew himself. Whatever it was, he lacked, it would appear, the courage to be seen in the act. So much, at least, remained of the old veneration.

It might have been an outlet to all the accumulated bitterness of his past years; but why direct his spite to the church-building? Probably he associated it with his mother's enemy and persecutor, as he considered him—the Rev. Croton Ellsworth.

After this ebullition, and quite satisfied there was no witness, Bill proceeded with a lighter step, and, reaching the highway, soon put himself en route for the metropolis.

The Rev. Croton Ellsworth saw him all the while: saw him coming down the road: saw him stop and look carefully about him: saw him shake his puny fist at holy church: saw all this, with some such satisfaction as a police-detective feels when, to his joy, he discovers that the suspected wretch he has so long been watching turns out really to be the criminal he seeks.

The next Sabbath the story of Bill Holt was narrated to the Sunday-school children, with embellishments. The clergyman began by giving an account of "the boy's mother," and "her back-sliding." In natural consequence followed, said the reverend gentleman, the dreadful apostasy of her child, ending

in bold and impious sacrilege. The arm thus raised against the church could never prosper. It would wither and shrivel in token of God's wrath.

How the children trembled! How glad they were that they were not Bill Holt or Bill Holt's mother!

I think there were some tender hearts who felt sorry for Bill. The Rev. Croton Ellsworth felt only a stern, grim joy!

The next week poor Mrs. Holt heard of it. I do not know how. It came, like all evil tidings, on the wings of the wind. She was so distressed and shocked, she thought of going at once and inquire of the clergyman if the story could be true. She was dissuaded by Miss Pettengill, who called on her the same day, and who insisted on taking such a charitable view of the whole affair, even if it were true, that the widow felt quite relieved. Mehitabel Pettengill proved, indeed, an angel of mercy on this occasion. Mrs. Holt was becoming morbid on the subject, and the clear, humanizing view which the schoolmistress took of "a boy's freak" was very consoling to her.

It was no boy's freak, nevertheless.

Neither was it in any sense what the Rev. Croton Ellsworth represented it to be.

Bill Holt reached New York by the Eighth Avenue early in the afternoon, his nerves braced, his spirits, for the time, buoyant, his purpose fixed. He walked along till he came to Twenty-Third-street, into which he turned, when the beauty of the city, as he reached Madison Square, burst on him. He did not feel solitary or bewildered. Neither the magnificence of the scene nor the crowd of persons and equipages oppressed him. He raised himself erect, and gazed proudly around. "Here," he exclaimed aloud, "*here I am one of them!*"

NAPOLEON AT GOTHA.

I.

WE walk amid the currents of actions left undone,
The germs of deeds that wither, before they see the sun.
For every sentence uttered, a million more are dumb :
Men's lives are chains of chances, and History their sum.

II.

Not he, the Syracusan, but each enpurpled lord
Must eat his banquet under the hair-suspended sword ;
And one swift breath of silence may fix or change the fate
Of him whose force is building the fabric of a State.

III.

Where o'er the windy uplands the slated turrets shine,
Duke August ruled at Gotha, in Castle Friedenstein,—
A handsome prince and courtly, of light and shallow heart,
No better than he should be, but with a taste for Art.

IV.

The fight was fought at Jena, eclipsed was Prussia's sun,
And by the French invaders the land was overrun ;
But while the German people were silent in despair,
Duke August painted pictures, and curled his yellow hair.

V.

Now, when at Erfurt gathered the ruling royal clan,
Themselves the humble subjects, their lord the Corsican,
Each bade to ball and banquet the sparer of his line :
Duke August with the others, to Castle Friedenstein.

VI.

Then were the larders rummaged, the forest-stags were slain,
The tuns of oldest vintage showered out their golden rain ;
The towers were bright with banners—but all the people said :
“ We, slaves, must feed our master—would God that he were dead ! ”

VII.

They drilled the ducal guardsmen, men young and straight and tall,
To form a double column, from gate to castle-wall ;
And as there were but fifty, the first must wheel away,
Fall in beyond the others, and lengthen the array.

VIII.

"*Parbleu !*" Napoleon muttered : " Your Highness' guards I prize,
So young and strong and handsome, and all of equal size !"
" You, Sire," replied Duke August, " may have as fine, if you
Will twice or thrice repeat them, as I am forced to do !"

IX.

Now, in the Castle household, of all the folk, was one
Whose heart was hot within him, the Ducal Huntsman's son ;
A proud and bright-eyed stripling ; scarce fifteen years he had,
But free of hall and chamber : Duke August loved the lad.

X.

He saw the forceful homage ; he heard the shouts that came
From base throats, or unwilling, but equally of shame :
He thought : " *One* man has done it—*one* life would free the land,
But all are slaves and cowards, and none will lift a hand !

XI.

" My grandsire hugged a bear to death, when broke his hunting-spear ;
And has this little Frenchman a muzzle I should fear ?
If kings are cowed, and princes, and all the land is scared,
Perhaps a boy can show them the thing they might have dared !"

XII.

Napoleon on the morrow was coming once again,
(And all the castle knew it) without his courtly train ;
And, when the stairs were mounted, there was no other road
But one long, lonely passage, to where the Duke abode.

XIII.

None guessed the secret purpose the silent stripling kept.
Deep in the night he waited, and, when his father slept,
Took from the rack of weapons a musket old and tried,
And cleaned the lock and barrel, and laid it at his side.

XIV.

He held it fast in slumber, he lifted it in dreams
Of sunlit mountain-forests and stainless mountain-streams ;
And in the morn he loaded—the load was bullets three :
" For Deutschland—for Duke August—and now the third for me !"

XV.

" What ! ever wilt be hunting ?" the stately Marshal cried ;
" I'll fetch a stag of twenty !" the pale-faced boy replied,
As, clad in forest color, he sauntered through the court,
And said, when none could hear him : " Now, may the time be short !"

XVI.

The corridor was vacant, the windows full of sun;
He stole within the midmost, and primed afresh his gun;
Then stood, with all his senses alert in ear and eye
To catch the lightest signal that showed the Emperor nigh.

XVII.

A sound of wheels: a silence: the muffled sudden jar
Of guards their arms presenting: a footstep mounting far,
Then nearer, briskly nearer—a footstep, and alone!
And at the farther portal appeared Napoleon!

XVIII.

Alone, his hands behind him, his firm and massive head
With brooded plans uplifted, he came with measured tread:
And yet, those feet had shaken the nations from their poise,
And yet, that will to shake them depended on the boy's!

XIX.

With finger on the trigger, the gun held hunter-wise,
His rapid heart-beats sending the blood to brain and eyes,
The boy stood, firm and deadly—another moment's space,
And then the Emperor saw him, and halted, face to face.

XX.

A mouth as cut in marble, an eye that pierced and stung
As might a god's, all-seeing, the soul of one so young:
A look that read his secret, that lamed his callow will,
That inly smiled, and dared him his purpose to fulfil!

XXI.

As one a serpent trances, the boy, forgetting all,
Felt but that face, nor noted the harmless musket's fall;
Nor breathed, nor thought, nor trembled; but, pale and cold as stone,
Saw pass, nor look behind him, the calm Napoleon.

XXII.

And these two kept their secret; but from that day began
The sense of fate and duty that made the boy a man;
And still he lives to tell it,—and, better, lives to say:
“God's purposes were grander: He thrust me from His way!”

A PLEA FOR THE SENSE OF SMELL.

FIRST of all, a plea for the Nose—the Nose, that misunderstood and much-ridiculed organ.

There are five senses, are there not? And the sense of smell is one of them. And the Nose is the organ thereof. And the Nose saith unto the Mouth and Ear and Eye and Fingers, "Am I not a *sense* and a brother?" While Seeing, Hearing, Tasting, Feeling are honored and privileged and educated, poor Smelling must forsooth have an equivocal position, and stand out in the cold oftentimes, like the servant of the others, when he is fairly entitled to equal suffrage, and equal rights, privileges, education. And why these eternal jokes about the Nose? Is he not a member of the facial family, born and bred in respectable society, besides being a most useful, quite indispensable partner in the firm? But we need not argue his case. Common sense admits him among the senses. Common sense allows that he is respectable and useful; and yet you cannot speak of the Nose as you can of the Eye and Ear. The other four senses have clubbed together since Adam's fall, and formed a sort of oligarchy, and the fifth sense is like a third estate—nay, worse; he is in some respects treated as the descendants of Ham are treated by the Caucasian. And in spite of any declaration of independence, which declares him the equal of his brothers, he is laughed at or treated in silent contempt as an inferior. And yet the Nose is of the same color and blood as the rest of the family. True, he is sometimes red and deformed, or out of drawing. There be huge bottle noses, pug noses, hooked noses, crooked noses, *retroussé* noses, but there are also handsome noses. And, indeed, I am not sure that the Nose is not the index of the whole facial dial-plate. At any rate, he is a most important feature in the expression of character. Why should

Nature give him such prominence, except for highly ornamental as well as useful purposes? In fine, a wide field is open here for the physiognomical philosopher. But we must leave it; for our subject is the Nose's spirit, not its form—its functions and rights and aspirations, not its external appearance.

One of the usual ways of opening a subject of this sort, is to string together quotations from the poets *apropos* to the sense under consideration. But I will not inflict the poets upon the reader. It is sufficient to say that the poets have as much to say of sweet odors as of sweet sounds and beautiful objects. Surely, smelling is more poetical than tasting. The olfactory nerve should stand in relation to the gustatory, as the soul to the body. Odor is far more airy and subtle than taste. It is also prior in the natural order. The nostrils take the precedence, and are the first judges and critics and teachers of the tongue and stomach. The Nose is a dietetic president, an honorable chief-justice, always attending court and deciding grave questions for the happiness and health of those plebeian digestive organs. What would the Citizens' Association and the Board of Health and the Sanitary Commission be without him?—what the cooks and the butchers and the doctors? Or, if you go lower in the scale of organizations, see what a wonderful thing is the sense of smell in animals. We never cease to admire the mystery of the dog's scent. It is eyes, ears, and feeling to the canine race. When my terrier, Argus, makes a shrewd guess at your habits and associations and character by nository inspection, and is never mistaken when his fellow-dogs are in question, or when he tracks his master for miles by the clairvoyance which only dogs' noses are endowed with, I can wonder at nothing that table-tippings accomplish. Per-

haps the elephant, with that unaccountable proboscis of his which is both hand and nose, has about as acute and subtle perceptions of what is what in character as any other quadruped—unless it be my Argus; for I know him to be as wise as Solomon or Socrates.

I often ask myself, Why should not the pleasure we derive from pleasant and delicious odors be extended, enriched and elevated, till these winged ministers between sense and soul become as highly appreciated as music and painting, or at least as delicate wines and spices and fruits?

Perhaps the age is too gross and material to put this high estimate upon the aromal facts of nature and art. Perhaps the other four senses, which I typified as an oligarchy, are apt to be a despotism also, and lord it too exclusively in the realms of pleasure. Perhaps some future century, when grave political, financial, and social questions are settled forever, will find leisure to take up this long-neglected science and art of Aromatology. After the African has moved forward to his right position in the scale of humanity; after woman has all that she needs, to take her fitting place beside man in society; after temperance societies cease, because men have no cause to be intemperate; and wise marriage-laws have made libertinage next to impossible; after every citizen shall have become a member of the great humane society, and even boys shall spare the innocent snakes and turtles and frogs, and scientific cooks shall boil no live lobsters, and the pretty songsters that sing and fly and fill the air with their "sweet jargoning," shall not need legal protection from stones and gunpowder—then will the science of Odors be opened to the million. The long-neglected olfactory will be educated, and mankind will be lifted to new æsthetic heights by perfumes cultivated or created expressly for the age. There will, of course, be as great a variety of tastes as there are for pictures or music. There will be those who prefer the simple rustic smells of woods and fields—birch and sassafras, clover

and new-mown hay, sweet-brier and honeysuckle, or plain mint and pennyroyal. There will be enthusiasts for the garden-odors of pinks and June roses, lilacs, verbenas, lilies of the valley, heliotropes, or the more complicated and fuller fragrance of tuberose, cape jessamine, orange-flowers, and magnolias. In those days merchants will import and export works of art in hermetically-sealed bottles; and elaborate essences of India and Arabia, in quaint vials, will draw crowds of critics and connoisseurs, and gifted and cultivated noses will recognize the various climes and zones by a whiff. There will be the simple extracts of flowers for the parlor—the artful combinations of many odors for the boudoir—the spicy incense that burns and smoulders in vaulted churches—and the appetizing smells of delicate soups or ripe fruits for the dining-room. All countries and climates will be represented by their aromas. There will be tea-odors from China, and sandal-wood from India, and mocha from Arabia, and chocolate from Spain, mingling their delicate suggestions with Russian odors of shelved books in spacious libraries and the fumes of the more doubtful Cuban weed. (And, *apropos* to tobacco, perhaps some unobjectionable substitute for this will be discovered, and some new, strange odor will take the place of what now repels and disgusts so many in the pipes and cigars of this Nicotinian age.) Accomplished aromaticians will be able to identify the climate, latitude, and rank of an odor, and men and women will be known by the atmosphere they carry with them.

Flowers are poetry, and always have been, from Eve and Paradise to the present day. But how much more poetic and spiritual when perfume is added to their colors and forms! Shall an artist paint you a rose and call it a work of art, and shall not the aromatician who preserves this most delicious of all perfumes, be worthy of some honor as an artist? A fragrance that sets you dreaming of youth and sunshine and beauty, and calls up as vague and unspeakable longings as are stirred by the

strains of Beethoven or Mozart, or the colors of Claude and Titian, has surely a legitimate place in the world of art.

And why speak of the suggestiveness there is in odors? "How well I remember," says a fair friend at my side, "though so long ago, how my grandmother's scented drawers used to breathe of violets and lavender, and how they sweetened the clean linen that lay in them! Even now violets and lavender will always call up the image of that old polished wardrobe, with its drawers and keyholes thickly embossed with brass—the little chamber shaded by rustling elms and vines peeping into the window—the old family Bible that stood on a table in the corner, under the sloping roof—and the good old lady herself with her ruffled caps and gray silk dress, so neat and orderly, and diffusing tidiness and comfort all through the trim little cottage!"

Wonderful is this link between odors and memories. A sprig of wild mint or pennyroyal takes me back to early childhood and sunny fields bordered by old oaks and chestnuts, and down the fox-grape hollows, all now grown visionary in the distance. A breeze across a barn in mid-winter will set us in the summer-fields amid the new-mown hay and the songs of the bobolinks and the murmur of the woods.

None the less are odors linked with the airy brood of the imagination. An orange-bud will carry us to Sorrento—a rose to Persia and the Paradise of the Houris. Even the scent from a city warehouse will send us far out to sea, away to China and the "wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

Every one with the least musical ear knows how subtle and powerful is the link between certain tunes or passages of music and persons, places, scenes associated with them; how they set us musing on the past, and unlock the mysterious chambers of memory. Not less subtle and powerful are the enchantments of odors. There is as much poetry in them as in sights and sounds. A lady with a sandal-wood fan will diffuse around the room delicate dreams

of Araby the Eldest. The rose in her hair or on her bosom, the bouquet she holds in her hand, the faint perfume of her dress, will carry one's thoughts not only to the flower-garden and the conservatory, but to all the amenities of refined female society. She will move about among those of the coarser sex like the sweet south. She will bring with her everywhere a suggestion of refined culture and Christian civilization. As the dainty Leigh Hunt sings, or as he makes the flowers sing:

"Know you not our only
Rival flower, the human?
Loveliest weight on lightest foot,
Joy-abundant woman!"

How can there be wrath and harsh words and brutal deeds in a room where flowers are breathing out the perfumes which seem so naturally absorbed by woman that they may be called feminine, adding the last touch of beauty to her person by their odors as by their forms and colors?

Now the question is, Shall we leave these delicate instruments of sense as mere accidental pleasures, or shall we take them up into the regions of science and art, and make them not only sources of sensuous pleasure, but educators in the process of cultivating the imagination and refining the tone of society? If sweet and rare odors are as beautiful in their way as the glow of sunsets, or the dreamy sheen of moonlights, or the sounds of music, or any other beautiful things that come to us in the ever-turning kaleidoscope of Nature, why not have galleries for the exhibition of them, as for pictures and statues, or as for concerts of music? Why not open conservatories of rare flowers to the public—or adorn our rich houses in Fifth Avenue with vases of porphyry and alabaster and malachite, filled with rare and delicate essences distilled from flowers and herbs and precious woods—so that visitors may take whiffs of them as they take glances at fine pictures? Why not open schools for boys and girls in which instruction shall be given in the qualities of odors? Will you say this is needless, for children take nat-

urally to what is odorologically good and sweet? Not always. A youth of an Israelitish family came into our house, last winter, so rankly scented with *musk*, that the whole place, from garret to kitchen, suffered for twenty-four hours. This youth evidently delighted in musk, or at least thought it an unobjectionable odor; and I dare say his parents thought so, too. For the worst of it is, we don't perceive our own disagreeable odors. Tobacco-smokers don't; onion and garlic eaters don't; stable-boys don't. Druggists don't know how their stores smell, nor cobblers over their lapstones in their unventilated little back workshops, nor keepers of cheap boarding-houses where cabbage is cooked or salt-fish. Was it in the city of Cologne that a tourist counted seventy different stenchers? Then some reformer must have convinced the people of the offence, who forthwith set up the manufacture of Cologne-water as an antidote. I am convinced that the sense of smell must be educated like the other senses. Vulgar men and women may be as easily known by the qualities of their perfumes as by their dress or conversation.

Personal perfumes, if used at all, should be so subdued as to be just perceptible, and should suggest fields and gardens rather than the perfume-shop. The faint *soupeon* of rose or jessamine or lavender, that seems so natural to the dress of a refined lady, should date from the flower-garden rather than the perfumer's counter. Roses are in better taste than attar of roses, just as a natu-

rally lovely character is better than a church-manufactured saint.

But flowers in some seasons are dear; and besides, the lovers of perfumes need something in the way of delicate extracts which is small and portable, and always at hand on the toilet-table.

The other night, at Pike's Opera-House, I found that every person who entered was presented with an advertising programme scented with one drop of Phalon's "Flor di Mayo," a new and very delectable odor; and the house was, as the advertisement says, "as odoriferous as a flower-garden." I was very agreeably impressed with this delicate accompaniment to Flotow's *Martha*, and think I shall always associate the perfume with that tender and graceful music. It was a shrewd thought in Phalon to advertise himself in this pleasant way. Let the perfume-merchants aim to introduce pure flower-like aromas into their shops, and they will do something to elevate the public taste.

At any rate, if we can't make sweet odors cheap and universal, let us at least make haste to get rid of the bad smells which abound in crowded places. Let us not only sweep our streets and clean our gutters and make sweet our houses, but keep them so clean that the most aristocratic noses shall find no fault. This will be the first work to be done—the pioneer work—to abolish the ill-odors. Then will the ground be prepared for that higher and more artistic attention to the thousand perfumes that now

"Waste their sweetness on the desert air."

A ROYAL WEDDING-FEAST IN CASHMERE.

TAKE up a map of Hindustan, and in the northern province of British India you will discover, at the foot of the Himalayan range and upon the frontier of Cashmere, a town by name Sealkote. It is a pretty and favorite station with the British soldier; for cool breezes are wafted from the snow-clad peaks of the huge barrier Nature has placed to keep out the wild hill-tribes from the country of the Five Rivers, and, in consequence, the hot season is tempered down, with the best of results, both as to health, temper, and the practicability of field-sports.

Nevertheless, why the garrison should have the benefit of seven churches of various denominations, and yet not enjoy the necessity and comfort of an ice-house, is a puzzle that in my time, five years ago, remained unsolved. Let us trust that matters have mended of late in this respect.

From Sealkote, in order to set foot in the territory of His Highness the Maharaja of Cashmere, a few hours' drive along a rough, badly-kept road, will suffice. You see the change immediately; for a post of rough-looking "sowars" (cavalrymen), on ragged-hipped, badly cared-for steeds, guard—or rather nominally guard—the frontier-post, and when our party arrived, drew up to form our escort to Jamoo.

We were four in number: an Irish peer, travelling in search of sport and excitement; a colonel of one of the regiments of the Guards; a major of Hussars; and an aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief. Armed with letters of introduction from the viceroy, our mission was to hunt hogs—"pig-sticking" is the general term used by the Anglo-Indian—and to this intent our carriages were laden with "saddles, spurs, and spears;" for horses we trusted to the Maharaja's hospitality.

At the very outset our journey had been discouraged; for on reaching Seal-

kote, we learned that the Maharaja, Runbir-Sing, would not return to his capital of Jamoo for a day or two, and then only in order to conclude the marriage-festivities of his heir with the daughter of the Raja of Chumba, when etiquette would neither permit him to accompany us to the chase nor for an instant tolerate our pursuing the wily boar by ourselves during the celebration of such solemn ceremonies.

We determined, nevertheless, to push on and take our chance; so you may imagine how pleased we were to receive the intelligence that the vast cortege of the marriage-march was actually crossing the river before us and entering Jamoo.

Six hours' drive took us from the frontier-post, through a thick jungle of closely-interlaced thorns and mimosas, to the banks of the river.

We shall none of us easily forget the effect produced by our sudden break from the dusty, fatiguing by-road, when the parched-up foliage appeared to retire from our path, and before our gladdened eyes ran a clear, glittering stream, winding away until lost to view behind the gray rock upon which shone out, in the gorgeous evening sunlight, the white castles of Jamoo, the stronghold of the Cashmiri. On this fortress the ages look down from the summits of the vast snow-clad mountains, just then receiving, with a roseate blush, the last embraces of those sultry golden rays that seemed reluctant to quit such colossal magnificence to shine even upon the marvellous works of the Deity elsewhere.

The horses were pulled-up, and we walked down to the river-bank, a little upon the left of the pebbly descent to the ford, in order to contemplate the strange picture before us.

Hundreds of horsemen, clad in the motley garbs of the East—some turbaned, others helmeted and in chain-

armor, lancers, matchlockmen or "wicked swordsmen," with wild shouts and a very Babel of strange cries—were fording the stream, whilst the clashing and clanging of arms and accoutrements mingled with the splashing noise of the disturbed water, the shrill trumpet of some gayly-caparisoned elephant nervously feeling his way, the neighing of frightened horses, or the discordant beatings of "tam-tams," or native drums—arose from the multitude. Some hundreds had already succeeded in crossing, and they increased the picturesque confusion by discharging guns and cheering on their comrades; whilst yet a dense crowd hurried down from our side to the ford, anxious to take up their position in the procession before darkness should overtake their steps and add to the general disarray.

We sat down to quietly survey this scene by the aid of cigars—*fumus gloria mundi*; but our reveries were soon interrupted by the arrival of a vakil* from the Maharaja, bringing us an invitation to mount upon elephants and join in the wedding-triumph about to enter Jamoo. Each of us had his elephant assigned to him; and, as we approached the opposite bank, His Highness Runbir Sing, Maharaja of Cashmere, Lord of the Valley, magnificent in kincob† and gold, bearing in his yellow turban the waving heron-crest of royalty, surrounded by his wazirs and a brilliant court—all, like ourselves, on splendidly-housed elephants, came down into the water to meet us.

The effect must have been slightly ridiculous. The Irish lord was clad in a shooting-suit that had seen hard service; the colonel was dressed in a sort of gray duck, dust-soiled, and unironed; the major rejoiced in the possession of one of the ugliest solar-hats imaginable; whilst the aide looked nondescript and indescribable in a "lungi"‡ from Peshawur.

* "Vakil"—officer of state—state messenger.

† "Kincob"—silk and gold thread spun into a fabric.

‡ "Lungi"—a striped blue turban-cloth, peculiar to Afghanistan and N. India.

We were formally introduced by the British agent, whom we discovered riding close to his highness; and then, without descending from our "howdahs," were placed in our allotted positions with the least possible delay, for the night was rapidly coming upon us. A mass of horsemen led the way; then followed the elephants of the Maharaja and our party; behind us thronging the six thousand men who had made the march to and back again from Chumba.

Our progress was but slow; for as we toiled up the steep ascent to Jamoo, in places the streets narrowed so rapidly that it was impossible for more than one elephant to pass at a time, and even then one could occasionally, with outstretched arms, have touched the walls upon either side. The noise was deafening, and the heat oppressive; for the illumination was general—all the inhabitants being out of the danger of being crushed, and safely sitting on their flat roofs, amusing themselves by exploding fireworks continually, even during the loud, deep roar of the saluting from the castle overhead, that echoed back from the mountains as though the Djins of the solitude resented the puny efforts of degenerate man to disturb their solemn grandeur, and mocked the mortals to scorn by offering their own aid to the clamorous triumph!

On we wound, painfully, slowly, and with an increased conviction of headache and thirst, until finally we twisted into a long, tortuous bazar, narrower by far than any of those preceding it. One angle after another, one cape of the lane after another, was doubled, and at last rose up before us a gigantic gate and massive walls, with bearded spearmen upon the watch, and beyond, a vast courtyard surrounded with castellated buildings all ablaze with light, against which the heavy portals and deep archway loomed black and obscure—a picture that needed a Gustave Doré to reproduce effectively, or, without having seen it, to imagine its wonderful light and shadow. It was the very acme of the Dantesque power of contrast and color typified.

The goal was reached; we were at last up the almost interminable hill and in the precincts of the palace-yard. Nor, I can assure you, were we sorry for it.

On our right, as we entered, lay a vast pile of buildings, brilliantly lighted up; before us, a dark wall and another archway, leading to the abiding-places of the Zenana; and on the left, long terraces, ascended by broad steps and sheltered from the night-air by brilliantly colored "shemianahs" of bright hues. At the foot of these steps our elephants were halted and made to kneel down—every one descending to the ground and following the Maharajah, who, preceded by his great officers of state, mounted to the seat of royalty—a "musnud" set for his reception.

At this point a more cordial reception was made us. His majesty shook hands with all, motioned us to take chairs which were brought out for our use, and then gave the signal for the procession to move on. Instantly, with beat of drums and sound of trumpets, rode in a stream of horsemen, some attired in only a bad imitation of the British cavalry dress, looking cramped up and very ill at ease, but the greater number in loose-fitting Oriental garments—wild-eyed Pathans, Apedis, Afghans, and tall, gaunt Teshmaels from many a long day's march beyond the Khyber. After them marched past infantry, matchlockmen, and guns, until, finally, the glittering armor of the body-guard, flashing back the torch-light blaze of fire from their helmets, and preceded by a crash of discordant music, announced the approach of the bridegroom, the heir to the throne of Cashmere. Borne aloft in an open palanquin of elaborate design, inlaid with silver, the boy, although only thirteen, seemed thoroughly to realize the pageant given in his honor; and, as he passed in front of the Maharaja, gravely inclined his head before his sovereign and father. He was simply dressed in white and gold, the heron-plume being fastened by a magnificent aigrette of precious stones to the folds of his volu-

minous turban; but the most curious part of his costume consisted of a veil of pearls descending almost to the chin, commencing with some of priceless size, and gradually tapered off with a fringe of the smallest seed-pearls—a veil, indeed, worth a king's ransom. This appeared to be the indispensable part of royal nuptial attire and *de rigueur* at the Cashmerian court. The little prince soon after appeared on the terrace, and gravely seated himself before the Maharaja, arriving just in time to see his bride, or rather his bride's palanquin, pass in review through the courtyard and enter the Zenana, there to remain until the final ceremony should take place some years later, when he would publicly claim her hand, and lead her in regal state to his own abode. Surrounded by women, closely veiled in the long white *sari*,* the juvenile bride—eight years, they told us, was her age—must, I shrewdly suspect, have been tired out and asleep; not that it was possible to even guess at her movements, for the close silver lattice-work of her litter was evidently constructed with the intention of disappointing prying eyes and securing perfect isolation, as well, I thought at the time, as perfect darkness and extreme heat!

More warriors, more elephants, more fireworks, more firing of cannon ensued, and then it was graciously intimated to us, greatly to our satisfaction, that his highness had prepared a dinner for the Irish raja and his companions, to which permission was given us to proceed forthwith. We did not need pressing; and, descending the steps, crossed the courtyard, preceded by a *maratha* baboo, the interpreter to the Maharaja—soon finding ourselves in a long, brilliantly-lighted hall, the walls of which were ornamented by gigantic antlers, the spoils of the *Barah Singha*, the "twelve-pointed deer" of India. The dinner served to us was a good one—in fact, we afterwards learned that the

* "*Sari*"—garment worn by all women of Hindustan with exquisite grace; a veil enveloping the wearer from head to feet.

wines, *pâté de foie gras*, etc., etc., came from Sealkote, and were obtained from the mess of the Seventh Dragoon Guards. Of course, we sat down alone, all the court being strict Hindus, and H. H. Runbir Sing personally notorious for his devoted attachment to what may be termed "the church-party." To give you a notion of this: at one time the Pundits and Brahmins declared that the late Maharaja, the present ruler's father, was undergoing a transmigration in the shape of a fish in the Valley of Cashmere, and from the summer capital, Sirinagur, there came forth an edict and a law that none should fish in the waters suspected of containing the presence of his ancestor! I suppose it seemed all right to every body concerned; but there simply happen to be some hundreds upon hundreds of people in the Happy Vale that gain their livelihood as fishermen, and they—why, of course, my dear reader, what difference could their troubles occasion to the autocrat—they starved!

Our feast over, we reappeared in the royal presence, witnessed a splendid display of fireworks, and then, mounting our elephants, were conducted to the house set apart for distinguished visitors, where the peer was received with a salute of eleven guns, which—for the night was as dark as pitch—very nearly frightened our poor elephants out of their wits. The most ridiculous part of the affair—we discovered later—was, that there had been a stormy discussion in solemn Durbar, as to whether his lordship was a "dependent" Irish raja, or an "independent" one—the former being entitled to two guns less than the latter; the doubt being eventually settled by some Solomon, great in council, who sagely advised that the difference should be split!

We slept soundly; for it was one o'clock before we were fairly in bed, and on the morrow did not rise until late. What a lovely view we had from our veranda! Thick masses of foliage clothed the hillside beneath us, and at our feet ran the bright clear stream, looking like a thread of silver, winding

its course between the boulders of gray rock and stretches of shining yellow sand. Beyond the river-bed rose a bold height, surmounted by a strong turreted castle—"Rhine-like" in color and fantastic in irregularity; whilst far away stretched the plains of Hindustan, the fertile country of the great rivers sweltering in the heat, which quivered over them as in a mirage. What, indeed, would not some of its inhabitants have given to have been in the climate of Jamoo! Over all, turning our heads a little to the left, rose the everlasting snows, the giant Himalayas, the vast range that has watched the march of Alexander, the defeat of Porus, Genghis Khan, Akbar Khan, the Sikh "Lions," the all-powerful Anglo-Saxon progress, and, in the midst of change, remains itself alone the great unchanged!

We had a serious discussion as to our future plans, and determined to get away in pursuit of the pigs as soon as it was possible; then we loitered away the day, strolled down to the river, sketched, shot at a mark, and received visits from great people, until the dinner-hour came round again. This important part of the day's business over, we prepared to set out for the palace, where we were again invited to see the festivities. The most amusing of them was certainly a circus, all the performers being *indigènes*. The ring was laid out in the courtyard, and, fortunately for the performers, plentifully tanned; for I counted one man fall eight times, and the ninth he came a "buster" and declined to reappear—a wise decision on his part. Then followed wrestling by the Maharaja's wrestlers, who came into the ring well oiled, with glistening skins, and to all intents and purposes "in Nature's garb." The struggles were by no means uninteresting, and on the whole were pretty toughly contested, some of the "athletæ" getting rather severe backthrows more than once, and retiring evidently badly shaken. The entertainment of the evening was a "Nautch;"* for the dancing-girls were

* "Nautch"—a dance; an Eastern ballet.

the best I had seen in India, of all shades and complexions, from the fair-skinned Cashmiree of the Valley to the dark slim beauty from Delhi or Benares, and perfect mistresses of their craft. How can I attempt to describe the scene to you! I fear it is beyond my pen, although I can see flitting before my eyes a dim shadow of an ox-eyed houri, languidly gazing at her own reflection in the mirror-ring worn upon her thumb, enamored of herself alone, heedless of the crowd, drunk with her own beauty!—and, as the musicians twang their kitaras and beat their drums with redoubled vehemence, breaking into a long, wild strain of voluptuous music, a light breaks over that exquisitely chiselled face, and with a stealthy, panther-like step and a haughty look of self-conscious power, the performer commences a daringly conceived but gracefully executed step to the accompaniment of the twosome pair of armlets that quiver with her nervous motion. You involuntarily think of Herodias' daughter, of the Egyptian Almé, and end by giving the palm to the daughter of the far East: perfect grace, no outrageous indecency, only a graceful woman, lovely enough to be criminal, and yet to be loved!—a Phryne—a Faustine!

I suppose we must have seen at least twenty of these "Loves of the Harem" dance before us upon the terrace; but the most brilliant stars were reserved until the end; and when the last *dansée*—a lovely Cashmiree—gathered the folds of her ample veil over the gold-spangled gauze that heaved above her panting bosom, and, with a deep salām, disappeared in the crowd, it seemed as if one suddenly awakened from a pleasant dream—too pleasant, too entralling to last, and not too easily to be forgotten.

After the Nautch, came, of course, another pyrotechnical display, consisting of a bamboo fortress, which, on being lighted, banged and puffed and whizzed, and finally blew up into a thousand sky-rockets, greatly to the edification of the retainers of his highness,

who seemed rather astonished that we did not display any very marked admiration of such a *chef d'œuvre*. I fancy our thoughts were running riot a little, and a soft tingling of bells to the measure of many twinkling feet had spoilt our appreciation of crackers and fiery wheels, for that night at any rate.

This is a pretty fair specimen of the marriage rejoicings at which we were obliged to assist for four successive evenings—the only variation in the routine taking place the last day, when the Maharaja presented each of us with a dress of honor, a complete costume—turban of Kincoob, tightly-fitting vest of green cloth-of-gold, pyjamas, and large shawl—"cummerbund." To the Irish raja he gave a heron's-crest plume, in honor of his exalted rank and high position; and over and above all, the next morning appeared the Wakil of the Nazarkhana (gift treasury), who brought with him, in a long, narrow silk bag, 1,100 rupees (560 dollars), in silver, which we were advised by the British commissioner to accept, and then distribute amongst the servants who waited on us, elephant "mahouts," khitmatgars, sowars, etc., etc. We thought the custom rather pleasing, and think even now that it would be a good one to introduce into certain country-houses, where a week's sojourn includes a week's daily infliction of blackmail on the visitor's pockets by all the domestics of his host, who harry him as fair game from "find to finish."

On that third morning we were to take leave of Jamoo, and start on our "pigsticking" expedition, accompanied by the Maharaja, whom etiquette compelled to slay the first wild boar with his own right hand. This feat accomplished, we were to be allowed to go on our way, rejoicing in the possession of thirteen good horses for our own riding, a guard of twenty sowars under an officer, and the presence of the Marātha Baboo, who was ordered to interpret, cater for, and guide us to the happiest hunting-grounds of the slopes that form the Cis-Himalayan territory of Cashmere.

"PERPETCH'EL."

If I were to describe Abraham Crandall, I would do it by particulars and not in general. For instance, his hat was of black felt, high and flexible; his coat was gray, and the tails thereof stuck out; and his feet projected through trowser-legs whose shape made one think of a horse that had long fetlocks, and "interfered." I am not able to state the age of any of these articles. They had no holes, and were not shabby, yet I am free to say that the cloth had always been without a nap. And concerning the shoes, I could not even speculate. Did I say shoes? I was wrong. They were half-boots, curiously knobbed, knotted, and wrinkled, and beneath them could be distinctly traced the continents of his feet. Every hill and hollow was there apparent. That mountain-range which had gradually usurped the place of the toe-joints, reared itself up, and marked the boundary between the occupied interior and that neutral ground of leather beyond. I despair of those feet—either to tell of their convolutions in prose or to number their articulations in appropriate spondaic verse.

But in spite of these queer appendages—in spite of the antique air to his attire—in spite of collars and shirts clean and whole, but shapeless and starchless—in spite of a red-silk handkerchief, greatly faded and with irregular spots—in spite of a yellow walking-stick, which looked like a seceded umbrella-handle—in spite of every such quaintness and oddness, Abraham Crandall had a face worth studying.

There was a dreamy look in his eyes, as of one who depended on the future and despised the present. The mouth and nose partook strangely of sternness and irresolution at the same time. And however inconsistent this might appear, the edge of its singularity was taken

off by the multitude of other contradictions in every part of the face. The mild eye was not the proper mate of the severe mouth,—the wandering locks of irresponsible hair did not match the bristly beard and the half-shaved upper lip. The development of the bump of language was the only thing which seemed to coincide with any other part of the face, and even this owed its harmony to our usual association of a high reflective forehead with such a gift. Add a voice squeaking and shrill, especially in excitement; a manner morose and severe except under the best influences; a slow and pondering style of walking,—and you have my worthy host, Abraham Crandall.

When I began to teach in one of the suburban schools of Philadelphia, his house received me as a boarder. I studied the man closely. He was a curious combination of strong and weak, practical and imaginative, true and false. I see him now, as, with stick in hand and shawl upon his shoulders, he plodded his way out of the gate and towards the church which he attended. He was always a regular worshipper when he could be abroad; for, with one lung gone and the other partly diseased, he often said that he had few opportunities, and wanted to use all he had.

Consort to him, the said Abraham, was the equally biblical Sarah. Dark was she, in eyes, hair, and complexion. A driving, impetuous, energetic woman, she had put such a blast on the fire of her life that it was nearly burnt out. The blackness of its cinders seemed to show all the while. She had bronchitis. She had a lame hand and a twinge of rheumatism. But she went ahead as restless and tireless as a steam-engine, from morning to night. Without Sarah, Abraham would not have had a cent in the world, instead of the

small competency he now possessed. He had failed as a builder. Bricks and mortar had no conscience, and he really did own that rare article. Contracts ruined him, and Sarah, as it were, dragged him by the scalp-lock through his sea of troubles.

Appertaining unto these two persons were "the two girls,"—grown women of twenty-five and thirty, as nearly as could be guessed. You might know without asking that one was called Mary Ann and the other was named Elizabeth, or, for shortness, Lizzie.

I had little to do with the family. School, morning and afternoon, and the city on Saturdays, took up my spare daylight, outside of meal-times. "The girls,"—who, by the way, were neither handsome nor attractive,—who ate unblushingly with their knives, and said, "I don't choose any," when you passed them the horse-radish,—were always absent from early until late, every day save Sunday. I learned that they were factory-hands, and consequently did not wonder.

When I became better acquainted with them all, I discovered that the three women gathered each evening in the kitchen, around the kerosene-lamp, chattering like crows while they knitted or sewed,—and that Mr. Crandall emigrated to the parlor; where he either sat in darkness, thinking out some obscure thoughts, or got a light and searched the Scriptures for some fugitive text. I also contrived to hit upon a germ of mystery which seemed to belong about the house, and which was styled "Perpetch'el" by the women. As, for instance, "There's that Abr'am at 'Perpetch'el' again! I do wish the man'd let the plaguy thing alone!" Or, "I guess Mr. Crandall's got Perpetch'el down out o' the loft." And then the girls would laugh, but the offender's wife was never seen to smile on such occasions.

At last, one day, there was a rumbling and a thumping which exceeded all previous noises. I was seated at dinner, but no "Abr'am" came. His wife went, and called into the wood-

shed, "Do leave that, Abr'am! Here's Mr. Scott a-waitin' for's dinner!"

And then the shrill treble of the delinquent responded, "Lea' me be, I say! I don't care for no dinner! Tell Mr. Scott to eat his own an' never mind."

On which Mrs. Crandall gave the door a bang, and returned in great ill-humor.

It was an unpleasant meal, I recollect. Mine host's voice sounded as though he were out of breath. I knew he couldn't stand hard labor, and that he now had retired from any and all regular employments. I knew also his wife's anxiety about his health. And I went to the afternoon session of my department in the public school with a feeling of uneasiness, for which it was hard to account. True, the man and his wife were nothing to me. I paid my board, and might be excused from interest in their concerns. But somehow the one was a character, and, in spite of his occasional rigidity, was most evidently a good man. And the other, according to her light, was a faithful and devoted (as well as childless) wife.

The word I had often heard occurred to me in the pauses of my work. "Perpetch'el" must be a vulgarism for "Perpetual," I argued; but my only result further was, that I settled down to the conviction that this task of Mr. Crandall's waking moments had been so christened because it was apparently endless.

That evening, however, was destined to bring a solution to my doubts. Mr. Crandall, with a look of triumph and a clean shirt on, sat composedly at the window with the morning-paper before him,—a tolerable indication that his time had been fully engaged all day. He was positively glorified by the consciousness of some achievement. His face was radiant and smiling; his boots were carefully blackened; his hands were slightly red from the soap and water (for it was a cold winter-day), and altogether I never saw him appear so well.

I climbed to my third-story room enlightened. This man was a seeker for "Perpetual Motion," and he really

thought that he had found it. Albeit, I recalled a vision of Sarah—seen through the kitchen-door, with a very sulky countenance, and making an energetic attack on some inoffensive yolks of eggs.

At supper the master of the house,—regardless of his wife's sullen and determined silence and of the intelligent glances between "the girls,"—began on his engrossing theme.

"Did you see the paper to-day, Mr. Scott? There's a man in Newcastle says he's found out *perpetch'el* motion. I wish I knew him—he's sure to fail on it!"

"Why so?" I asked.

"Well, there aint nobody that *can* do it. Mater's get worn out." Then, rising into a higher key—"I'll show you the most wonderful invention that you ever saw. I've been at it now for twenty years, and I just got it through to-day."

"Is it perpetual motion?"

"No; there aint no such thing. It's a self-supporting power—that's to say, it's something 't'll run as long's the mater's last."

"When do you want to show it to me?" I inquired.

"Well, if you wasn't out after the girls so much, I might, may-be, let you see it to-night."

"You don't think I'd stop for the girls if I was to be shown an invention which was to revolutionize the world, do you?" Whereat the afore-mentioned Mary Ann and Lizzie snickered in a semi-suppressed state of amusement.

So it was settled that I should see the wonderful invention as soon after supper as I desired. But before supper was over the inventor's haste was so apparent, that I adjourned to the parlor—leaving the three women to finish at discretion.

How well I remember that machine! It was not the attempt of an ignorant man—for Abraham Crandall was a thorough carpenter and mechanic—but it was, nevertheless, on the face of it, a repetition of the old failures with the wheel and lever. It was the application

of several arms to several wheels—with cogs and pinions and catches innumerable. It was precisely one more effort added to the bookful which I knew to be in the Philadelphia Library. And I felt very sad,—looking upon this concentration of twenty years of thought, which my Natural Philosophy so explicitly condemned as useless. The worst of it was, that the invention consisted of plans and drawings and not of working machinery, and the inventor was so well assured of his success that he crazed me with numbers and specifications and illustrations for three mortal hours.

At length I hit upon a device to escape. I urged him to make a working-model, that those who were not scientific might be convinced when they saw this power needing no reinforcement. He promised to do so, and I left him.

From this time forth the noise upon "*Perpetch'el*" was terrific. Morning, noon, and night the saw grated through the wood—the hammer sounded on the nails—and the voice of exposition reëchoed through the confines of the house. The original rough blocks and boards were now smoothed and shaped and fitted. One day you would miss the impulsive worker, whose mind dragged after it the body, as you may have seen a poor blind beggar dragged by a great dog or a small and breathless groom at the head of an unharnessed horse. He would be gone, forsooth, to some planing-mill or carpenter-shop. Another day you would overtake him, out of breath, on the road to the blacksmith's. Still another day he would be seen seated and gazing on his model, while the huge drops trickled down upon his shaggy eyebrows and bedewed the lenses of his silver spectacles. Once he broke a glass of these indispensable assistants in twain, and splintered one half thereof hopelessly; he only shoved the other half to the centre, and kept on. He was possibly at dinner and probably at tea; but there was no certainty in him except on Sunday. I doubt if Friar Bacon worked

so laboriously on gunpowder, or Friar Wood so patiently over his piano-forte. I do not really doubt any longer about Galileo's persistency and Palissy's determination. And I have learned that a man possessed by a purpose, enwrapped and encompassed by one idea, is a man to be considered apart from all his natural weaknesses or amenities.

Spring came, and Summer was nearly due, before the working-model was completed. But now the mind of my worthy friend took a sudden expansion. It was not enough for him that Mr. Thomas Scott, the schoolmaster, should behold his triumph. He informed me that my objections to certain things in the machine would now be done away, and that several points were reconsidered and put to rights beyond a question. He also stated that a certain eminent machinist had preserved this idea to the day of his death as a thing feasible, if he had only the time to try it. He added quotations from sundry authorities, and showed such familiarity with similar previous experiments, that I found my doubts in a condition of evaporation. But he would not let me or any person investigate his machine. We must be satisfied that it was a success until he saw the fit time to demonstrate it publicly.

Again, this man confused and troubled me. His earnestness—his child-like faith in God and man—his excellent mechanical skill—all combined to render him an object of interest. Now he was asserting his success calmly and confidently and with a display of knowledge about his subject unusual in a person of his standing and capacity. His natural intelligence and good general education in reading and carpentry were focused down upon this invention. I confessed to myself, in short, as I went to my room for the night, that I would not be at all surprised if a week or a month would send this man's name over the world. And with that I had dreams about my own fame and fortune—about the lady whom I most visited—about my salary and my work and my distant home—and then fell into a dreamless sleep.

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It was broken towards morning, and I woke with a sense of having seen Abraham Crandall standing with his hat off and his benevolent face gazing over a crowd of people, while "Perpetch'el," strangely and grotesquely fashioned, was clicking away before him upon a platform raised breast-high.

My dream was apparently connected with actual facts. For a covered furniture-car was being loaded with the wheels and levers in front of the door. And Abraham Crandall himself was talking shrilly and eagerly to the driver.

He handed me the *Ledger*, as I came down-stairs. And there I read:

"By permission of the City Councils, Mr. Abraham Crandall, builder, will exhibit, *free*, a WONDERFUL INVENTION, on the vacant lot corner of Girard-avenue and Broad-street, at twelve o'clock to-day."

"Well?" said I, interrogatively.

"Yes, Mr. Scott," responded the old man, solemnly and almost sadly, "I want the boys and the mechanics to see my wonderful invention. They don't get a chance to remember great discoveries as they had ought to get. If these things was done of'ener, there'd be many a 'prentice workin' at his trade who'd be a better man for it. An' all I can do for them an' for my fellow-mechanics I want to do."

I considered myself invited, especially as it was Saturday; and by twelve o'clock I was on the spot. But others were there before me. The lot—a raised piece of land—was black with men. Here and there a few women could be seen, but they were only few.

By pushing and crowding up to the front, in spite of considerable imprecation at my audacity, I got at last a fair sight of the prepared spot. A platform of tolerable size stood within a roped enclosure. A single policeman was at the outside of the sacred limits, and within were Abraham Crandall and a covered object, which I had no trouble in believing to be "Perpetch'el," and which was now mounted on the plat-

form. His face was wet with the heat of the day and the effort of his own toil. And at his back, outside of the ropes, was the driver of the furniture-car.

The inventor was beginning a speech as I caught my first glimpse of him. He was expounding the benefit it would be to all mechanics if they would oply study in their working-hours the principles of their trades and be intelligent craftsmen. There were rough men there and rude boys, but all listened very well about five minutes, and until a pert youngster piped up from between two foundry-men, "I say, you-sir! Let's see that 'ere thing under the table-cloth."

It was the match and the gunpowder. The speech had to be stopped and the sheet thrown off from "Perpetch'el." The invention stood revealed to staring eyes and gaping mouths—a big fly-wheel, already hinted at by the inconsiderate drapery, a mass of wheels and levers and cogs and catches, just as I imagined it would appear.

The voice of Mr. Crandall, now unnaturally high and excited, was heard explaining the apparatus. This lever was to do this, and that lever would do that, and this wheel would turn as that wheel went half-round. This fly-wheel was to regulate the power—this break to prevent too great speed—these cogs and catches to transfer or connect the motion.

Somebody shouted, "Touch 'er off! *Don't* be all day!" and a mingled chorus went up of, "Go ahead!" "Let's see the thing work." "Man yer brakes!" and so on.

Serene amid the storm, I beheld the inventor push at one lever and pull at another. And while he was doing this, I saw Mrs. Crandall shove herself through to the ropes behind his back—yet not so far forward as to be seen if he should turn around.

Still the pushing and the pulling went on, the fly-wheel was whirled around, and the thing began to move. A great silence fell on the throng. They beheld a power which was not steam—

but which would do the same work, without fire and fuel, without explosion, without attention, without a stop. And the master-mechanic stepped back, and folded his arms, as if earth had little left to give him. I began to hear an incipient "hurrah!" from the more enthusiastic.

But even as I looked, I fancied that the fly-wheel moved slower. Another moment, and I was sure of it. "It's stopping, blame it all!" muttered a respectable mechanic at my side. And, "Hi, Bill!" yelled a boy, "it's playin' out!"

There was no longer any doubt. The fly-wheel had given the motion, and the motion would soon cease! Crandall stood speechless. I looked for the policeman; but some person had probably asked him to take a drink, and, fearful of squalls on the inventor's horizon, he had accepted.

And now the bad blood of an American mob was fairly raised. "It's all a — sell! Smash the cussed thing!" shouted a fireman on the right, pushing towards the ropes.

With that Abraham Crandall lost the look of blank dismay which he had worn.

"Don't you do it!" he cried, at the top of his poor broken lungs. "I worked twenty years on that, and it *did* go well. I know every bit of it, all through. It won't stop altogether—I'm sure it won't." But even as he spoke it went slower and slower, and the crowd became more and more angry. Yet, I say it to their credit, they were more enraged at the helpless dumb machine than at the man who made it. Nevertheless, a turnip-top flew over the throng, and struck Crandall on the cheek.

"You mean, cowardly wretches!" shrieked Mrs. Crandall, from behind, and was proceeding to supply them with epithets more caustic than courteous, when her husband heard her, and turned around.

"No, no! Sarah," he said—and there was something in his voice that made every one listen—"I'm a disgraced man.

Don't let us abuse these folks; they don't know no better. Friends! there's twenty years of my life in that lot of wood an' iron! I didn't mean to fool you. I hope God'll help me carry my disappointment. If it wasn't for Him, I think I'd die jus' now!"

As it was, he fainted and fell back. His wife and one or two others caught him. We had a carriage instantly. A few of us lifted him in, and, during the lull, we got him off without any violence.

I did not immediately go home. It seemed better that he should not see me at once upon his return, and I stayed to watch what would happen next.

It happened very soon. In a dozen minutes a gang of boys had each a lever or a stake, and were marching in an extemporaneous battalion along the street. Another gang tied the rope to the fly-

wheel—formed a fire-company of the genuine volunteer kind, and were skurrying away across the Commons, dragging their fictitious engine. Still another gang rolled the wheels every way which seemed good. And, last of all, three or four poor women broke up the platform for kindling-wood, and went off with it unmolested. I thought it was all for the best, and was glad that nothing would return to vex the inventor with his shame.

That night Mr. Crandall was sick in bed. For days and weeks he lingered, as I was told, until the cool autumnal days renewed his strength. But I had gone on my Summer vacation—a long one from that school and that house—and I only knew by hearsay that he became calm and retired once more, and that on the vacant lot I had really seen the last of "Perpetch'el."

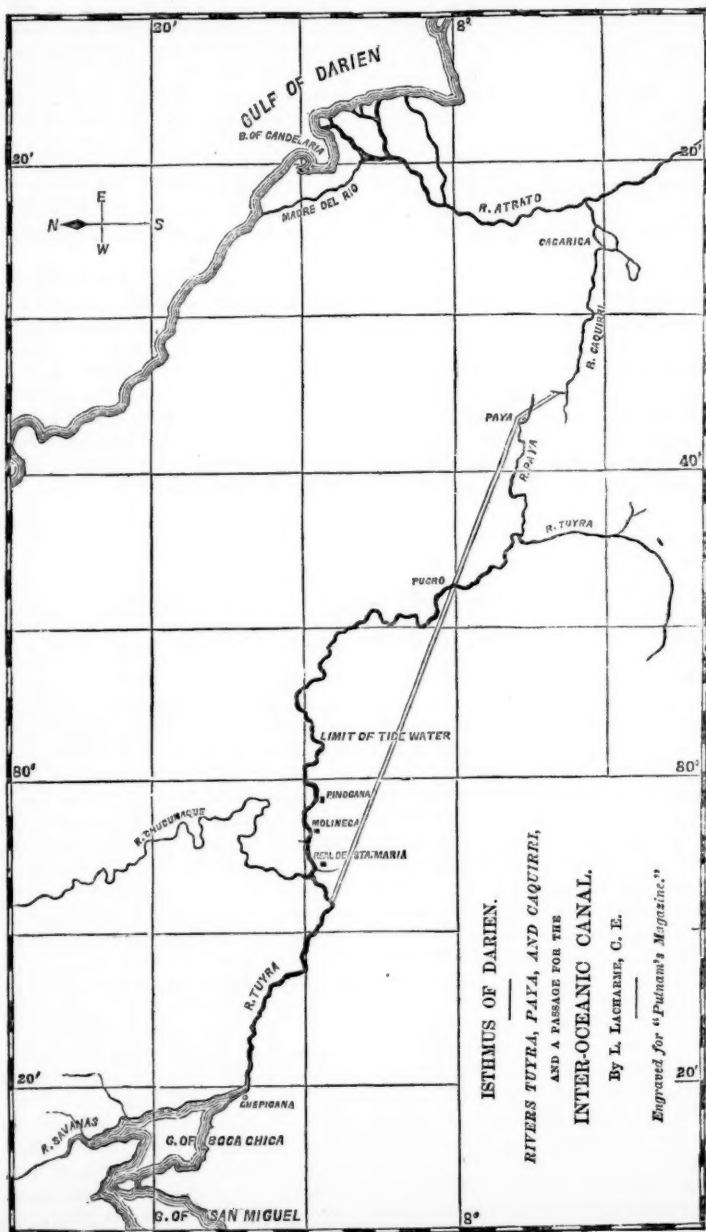
THE INTER-OCEANIC CANAL-ROUTE.

A NARRATIVE OF THE LAST EXPLORATION.

On the 21st of December, 1865, about ten o'clock in the evening, I arrived at Monteria, from my establishment, Misi-guay, and found there a letter which Señor Atilano del Rio, alcalde of Colon (Aspinwall), had written me a few hours before, enclosing a communication from Señor Anthoine de Gogorza, which the alcalde had brought directly from Colon, and which informed me that he had returned immediately down to Loricá, to detain there a boat in which we should embark for Cartagena, to be there in time for the steamer of the 2d of January for Colon.

Sr. del Rio told me that he had come with the permission of his Government, and at great expense, solely to seek me in the midst of the wilds of the Simi, to bring this communication, and to take me, without loss of a day, to Panama. Sr. de Gogorza's letter informed me that, since the first of September, he had written me several letters relative

to a discovery which he had made in the Spanish archives, of a map and documents indicating a Pass permitting the opening of an interoceanic canal across the Isthmus of Darien; and that, in preference to a large number of engineers who had offered themselves, I had been designated to verify the existence of the said Pass and to see whether it offered obstacles to the construction of a canal of great section; that he had written to me to meet him at Colon in the early part of November, to unite with other French engineers and undertake at once the exploration, which he considered to be of the greatest importance; but that, not having found me in Colon as he expected, nor even a letter from me, he sent Sr. del Rio with instructions to search until he found me, and to bring me, without loss of time, to Panama, where he awaited me with M. Flachat, a French engineer, his assistant, and others, who were to form the party.



I resolved, after some hesitation, and notwithstanding the necessary loss to important interests of my own, to accept the commission.

On the 23d I arrived at Loricá, where I met Sr. del Río, who explained to me more fully the exploration we were about to undertake, and told me that the President of the State of Panamá had appointed him a commissioner to accompany the expedition and report its result to the Government.

We started on the voyage on the 24th, and on the 29th arrived at Cartagena. The proposed expedition was already known of in Cartagena, and the dangers to be encountered on the way discussed. Two of my men hid themselves, and one only had the spirit to accompany me.

On the 2d of January we embarked for Colon, and on the 4th arrived at Panamá. On reaching this place, I found Sr. de Gogorza in a state of great disgust; the engineer, Flachet, after having awaited me for some time in Panamá, had separated himself from the expedition organized before leaving Paris, and, having made himself familiar with the documents and maps which had been exhibited to him, had resolved, on account of some disagreement with Sr. de Gogorza—and, moreover, since he had sufficient funds at his disposal (probably also in accordance with instructions received from the persons who had attached him to the expedition)—to make, with his second engineer and other persons whom he had associated with himself, the exploration for the inspection of the Pass supposed to exist by the river Punusa—an expedition that Sr. Gogorza considered as a usurpation of his right to the discovery of the said pass.

M. Flachet had returned from his expedition, and had reëmbarked at Colon the evening before my arrival, but without suffering the result of his exploration to transpire, and without holding any communication with Sr. de Gogorza; which facts had greatly incensed the latter.

Nevertheless, as the mission of M. Flachet was a subordinate one, its only

object being to verify my observations and see if my work was exact, and to report to certain capitalists who desired his individual opinion before investing in this vast enterprise, Sr. de Gogorza, on account of his engagements with certain persons in Europe who were interested in the affair, was not released from the obligation he had contracted to investigate the Pass of the Punusa. He therefore put at my disposition the documents and maps which formed the basis of the undertaking.

These documents, which attracted the attention of Sr. de Gogorza by certain hints about passages used by the Indians for crossing the Cordilleras, consisted of reports by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities about the province of Balboa, which was at that time of great importance from its rich gold mines. These reports were accompanied by a map, that extended from $295^{\circ} 42'$ to $300^{\circ} 18'$ W. longitude (from Teneriffe), and from $7^{\circ} 12'$ to 10° N. latitude, showing the cities and villages of the Indians, the rivers, the Indian and other routes of communication, and proposed roads. It also exhibited in detail the gold mines, and military positions for their defence against the frequent expeditions of the "filibusters," who carried off quantities of gold, to the great detriment of the treasury of Spain, which received tithes of the immense product of these mines.

Not much information was given by this map concerning the Indian routes across the Cordilleras, except that by the river Punusa, a branch of the river Tuyra, which empties into the Gulf of San Miguel, on the Pacific. There was an easy communication for canoes from this river Tuyra to the river Atrato, which empties into the Gulf of Darien, on the Atlantic. Of this passage it was my business to verify the existence, and to see whether it offered obstacles to the construction of a canal of great section.

The instructions that I received from Sr. de Gogorza were positive. I was to examine the indicated passage by the river Punusa, and to return immediately,

whatever might be the result of my observations.

Sr. de Gogorza had intended to accompany me, and accordingly made preparations for the expedition; but he finally resolved to remain at Panama. Sr. Atilano del Rio, appointed by the Government to accompany me, also declined; so that my only companions were Messrs. Julio de Gogorza, secretary; Manuel Velez of Panama, clerk; John Williams of Boston, cook; and Rafael Martinez of Monteria, servant.

On the 12th of January, 1866, at ten o'clock in the evening, I embarked with my companions in a little sloop that had been chartered to carry us to Pinogana, the last village to be met with on the river Tuyra.

On the 14th we arrived at Boca Chica, within the Gulf of San Miguel, and anchored, to wait for the flood-tide, which rises in the Gulf eighteen feet and two inches, and which affords an easy navigation up the river Tuyra. With this tide we passed through the Boca Chica into the so-called Gulf of Boca Chica, a sort of lagoon at the mouths of the Tuyra and Savanas, of about six miles long by three broad, and with from six to fifteen fathoms of water at low tide. Passing up this Gulf in a northeasterly direction, we reached, on the morning of the 15th, Chepigana, a village of some five hundred inhabitants, on the southwest banks of the Tuyra.

Here we were obliged to wait for another flood-tide, and here also I delivered to Sr. Herazo, alcade of the district, a despatch from the President of the State, appointing him a commissioner to accompany me. Like Sr. del Rio, however, he had no mind to go, and excused himself by alleging the necessity of a certain other journey, and his little influence over the Indians; who, he added, had threatened to burn the villages on the Tuyra, if any more expeditions should go up.

I began my observations at Chepigana, there being several known elevations at hand to serve as a basis for a subsequent triangulation, although my instructions only required me to do so at

Pinogana, at the head of sloop-navigation on the Tuyra.

With the flood-tide we proceeded, ascending the Tuyra, sixteen miles east-southeast, in six hours. The river is a mile wide at Chepigana, but at the end of this tide's journey was only a quarter of a mile. For the first nine miles it has from four to six fathoms at low water; at the end of that distance, a bar or shallow fills the channel all the way across for about a mile in length. This is composed of mud and sand, which has not time to get out of the river's mouth between the tides, and thus settles here. The current at this point runs about two miles an hour each way.

Very early on the 16th we passed the mouth of the Chucunaque, which here enters the Tuyra from the north. This river, which is a considerable one, has its source in the Cordilleras, opposite Caledonia, whence the unhappy expedition of Lieut. Strain set out; he had the misfortune to find it in his path and follow it, thinking that it was the Savanas. Its course has a general southerly direction, and it receives the waters of the west side of the Cordilleras, with which it runs nearly parallel for more than forty miles. Its junction with the Tuyra is in longitude 80° 6' 40" west from Paris, latitude 8° 9' north.

One mile southeast of the mouth of the Chucunaque is Real de Santa Maria, situated in the angle which the southwest bank of the Tuyra forms with the east bank of the river Pirri, which also flows into the Tuyra from the south. This village, of some five hundred inhabitants, was the ancient capital of the province of Darien, where ruled for forty years the Governor Ariza, the author of the documents and map indicating the Pass of the Punusa, which I was now on my way to examine.

At night, on the 16th, we arrived at Pinogana, a village of some four hundred inhabitants, likewise built on the southwest bank of the river, which at this place is a hundred and twenty metres (about one hundred and thirty yards) wide. This village, the last one on the

river Tuyra, is situated in longitude $80^{\circ} 2'$ west, latitude $8^{\circ} 9'$ north.

Early on the 17th I sent back the sloop, and immediately set to work to obtain other conveyance wherewith to prosecute the voyage. In consequence of the absence of the persons to whom I had letters, the scarcity of men, and fears of the Indians, which I found to increase as I approached their territories, I only succeeded, after much difficulty, in securing the necessary interpreters and *bogas* (boatmen). We however resumed our journey on the 19th, with two log-canoes, well suited to the navigation of these rivers, and manned by a patron each and five bogas. I had obtained an excellent interpreter, an old man named Falander, an Indian of much intelligence and much influence with the Indians of Paya and Tapolisa.

I now surveyed the course of the Tuyra accurately, making an observation of direction every five minutes, and noting all the bends, with remarks on the bottom of the river and the country through which it passed. I also, when there was good opportunity, made observations with the longimetre, of distance and level, as well as of triangulation, to establish the location of the principal places that we passed. I likewise made, with the greatest attention, barometrical observations, to determine the altitude above the level of the sea.

At ten minutes before 2 P. M., we reached the extreme point at which the tidal current is felt, being in longitude $79^{\circ} 57'$ west from Paris, latitude $8^{\circ} 9'$ north—that is to say, we were still at the level of the sea, although we had passed over two thirds of the width of the isthmus, which at this latitude is about ninety miles wide.

By the morning of the 23d we had come, without inconvenience of any kind, to the mouth of the river Paya, which joins the Tuyra from the eastward in longitude $79^{\circ} 44'$ west from Paris, latitude $7^{\circ} 56'$ north.

After computing the results of my barometrical observations, I found that I was forty-four metres (about forty-eight

yards) above the level of the sea, which put me in a great dilemma.

It had been given to me as a datum, that, according to the opinion of the most distinguished and able engineers of France, the construction of a canal would only be practicable on the condition that the land to be crossed was not elevated more than sixty metres above the level of the sea, with the exception of certain abrupt rises of little width.

Consulting the men I had brought from Pinogana (the greater part of whom had, a month before, accompanied M. Flachet to the river Punusa, I was told that there were still two days of travel necessary to reach that river, and that there were, in many places on the way, great rapids, which would naturally considerably increase the difference of level. They also assured me that M. Flachet had returned, after a few hours' travel up the stream of the Punusa, which was without a break or pass of any importance. Moreover, following the course of the Tuyra, we should leave behind the waters of the Paya, its principal tributary at this height, which are indispensable for feeding the summit-levels of a canal of great section.

I had also in mind that, according to the map of Sr. Ariza, the course of the Tuyra, as one ascends, follows a southerly direction, turns to the west, and then to the north, leading to the other side of the mountain of Paca; and my men from Pinogana assured me that there was no hope of getting nearer by this route to the river Atrato, with which I should be going parallel.

I found that I was only separated from the river Atrato (which empties into the Gulf of Darien) by a distance of about twenty miles from west to east. Now, the river Paya came into the Tuyra at this point *from the east*, and to follow upward its course would obviously take me nearer the point I desired to reach.

Upon considering all these circumstances, I had no longer any doubt that, if I continued upon the route laid down for me, I should find no passage what-

ever by which a canal could be opened, and should have the unhappiness of returning to Panama with the same ill success as all my predecessors.

The position was a trying one for me. Nevertheless, I was resolved to cross the Cordilleras by such depression as was to be found; and, after thorough deliberation, I resolved to make an attempt in the latitude of Paya.

I had some trouble with my men, who were constantly under the influence of their fear of the Indians; but I gave them such reasons, good or bad, as to convince them that they ran no risk in going with me; and my interpreters, who had relatives among the Indians and knew many of them, so confirmed what I said, that they suffered themselves to be persuaded, and entered upon the river Paya with hopes of quickly arriving at the village of that name, which is near the Cordilleras.

A few hours after entering the Paya, an incident occurred, which convinced me that by this road I should come to one of the lakes that are to the west of the river Atrato, on the further side of the Cordilleras. Having killed a pisi duck, I heard one of my interpreters, who had lived for some time at Paya, say, that at a certain season of the year flocks of these ducks passed over Paya, directing their flight toward the sun-rising. I asked some questions on this point, and was satisfied that these ducks, according to their habit, were seeking a lake where to pass the summer; and as these water-birds never fly over high ground if they can proceed by way of valleys and water-courses among the hills, there remained to me no doubt but that at this place I should find the desired passage. So persuaded, I prosecuted my work with more confidence.

The river Paya is some forty metres in width. After passing some hillocks on the banks of the Tuyra, its course, ascending, winds along in a general easterly direction to the Cordilleras, where the river has its rise, passing through a level plain, which I shall call the plateau of Paya.

On the 24th, at two in the afternoon,

finding myself within half a mile of the village of Paya, I desired to take observations, so that I need not make them in the village, as I knew the effect produced on these savages by the sight of instruments, which they are always disposed to consider as implements of witchcraft; but I had hardly suspended the barometers and prepared to take bearings, when suddenly there appeared two Indians, returning from the hunt.

I gave them a drink of liquor, and, after having examined with curiosity the instruments, they disappeared like birds; or, it is better to say, like Indians, who have footsteps lighter than those of a tiger. The Indian is never heard to walk.

A little before three we arrived at the village of Paya, containing about four hundred inhabitants, and situated on the right bank of the river, in longitude $79^{\circ} 33' 30''$ west from Paris, latitude $7^{\circ} 55' 30''$ north: its height above the level of the sea is fifty-seven metres.

The news of our arrival had been given by the two Indians, and we found more than eighty men on the bank when we landed. My companions, who were much frightened at the sight of so many, seeing the frankness and cordiality with which they received us, began to take courage, and disembarked without fear.

Old Falander, my principal interpreter, presented me to the chief, a man of intelligent face, perhaps forty-five years old, who gave orders to his Indians to carry my things to his house, where, with all my party, I was to stay. Five minutes afterward, trunks, boxes, instruments, provisions, etc., were deposited in the house with the greatest care and without any confusion.

The chief's house, like all the others, was large, being perhaps thirty metres long by ten wide, and was built with posts of pijiguay or chantao, framed and enclosed with canes and laths; the roof was covered with leaves of wild plaintain. There were two doors, one at the side of the house, giving entrance to the ground-floor, and another at the end, which opened into a tambo, or

supper-room, two metres from the ground, extending over the whole width of the house and about a third of its length. The ascent to this room is by a ladder, made of a log of light wood, into which steps are cut.

As soon as we had reached the house and my baggage was placed in order in a corner of the room, the chief offered me a hammock, seating himself in another one hung parallel to mine, and caused a seat to be given to my interpreter, Falander, who placed himself between the two. My companions and the Indians, to the number of eighty at least, arranged themselves, in perfect silence and order; at which I was not surprised, knowing the respect the Indians have for their chiefs.

This meeting struck me as somewhat imposing. With perfect calmness the chief asked me what was the motive that had brought me to his village. I answered that I came by order of the Government to measure the distance between the river Tuyra and the river Atrato; that I had despatches to the authorities of all the places which I should pass, directing them to give me whatever protection and assistance I needed; that, as he was the chief and only authority in his village, I came to him also for the same purpose; and that I had to ask that he would show me the shortest way of getting to Cacarcia (on the Atrato), where I desired to pass.

After a long conversation, which sounded like the recital of a litany, with old Falander, whom I had made conversant with the whole matter, the chief asked me why, if what I wished to find was of so great importance, Bolivar had not sought for it. I answered that Bolivar was much interested in its discovery, but that he was too much occupied with the war against the King, and afterward with the organization of the government, to be able to give his attention to this undertaking; but that I came by order of that same Government, which both he and I were bound to obey.

They resumed their monotonous con-

versation; and, after a considerable time, Falander said to me that the chief desired to see the map that showed the places of his country. The request seemed extraordinary. What could a poor Indian see by a map? I thought it was mere curiosity, which I gratified with pleasure; but he had his reasons, and after some explanations asked me where Arquia was situated. I consulted the compass that I held in my hand, and indicated the direction. He asked me for the Punusa, which also I pointed to; and he concluded with Cacarcia, which I indicated was to the east. He said no, and pointed out its direction, east-southeast. His hint pleased me much, since it might assist me in finding the destination of my pisi ducks.

At last he finished by asking when I wished to start on my journey. I answered that I intended to go on the morrow; to which he replied that that could not be, as it was necessary for him to consult other Indians, who would come together on the following day. I said that in that case I would wait a day, but that I had no time to lose, and that whatever his decision might be on my going, I must start without fail at dawn of the second day after.

This first parley lasted about three hours, and it was night when John Williams came to give me the welcome news that dinner was ready.

I invited to accompany us the chief, his brother the Lele or second chief, and three others, who seemed to be principal men; and we seated ourselves to a regular meal, prepared with the superior culinary talent of John Williams, who took the greatest interest in proving that his dishes were preferable to the smoked quarters of sahinoes and monkeys that hung by the dozen above the fireplace where he had to cook.

Williams was right; the chief and his friends ate with relish the viands which he had prepared, as well as some preserved meats from Nantes, which pleased them much. I asked the chief to drink to our good friendship, which he did graciously; a little afterward he partially filled his glass with wine of Fron-

tignan, which he liked extremely, and passed the bottle for me to help myself, which I did, as did the others; and old Falander translated the following sentiment: "This morning I had no idea of seeing you in my village; but since God has brought you to my house, I yield to His will, and am content."

The gentlemanly conduct of this man, who seemed to be acquainted with the customs of our civilization, surprised me exceedingly; for I had never seen such a thing among the other Indians with whom I had treated, either in that part of America or in the North; and his submission to the will of the All-Powerful, and the sentiments of satisfaction that he expressed at having me in his house, assured me of the result of the council, and that I should have no opposition in prosecuting my exploration.

After dinner, I took a walk in the village, making acquaintances and constantly inquiring about what most interested me—the Pass to Cacarica. I soon learned that they had a path to go to the river Caquirri (Cacarica), where they went to hunt, and returned the same day.

It was about nine o'clock when I betook myself to my hammock. A short time afterward I was called by one of my Pinogana men, who understood something of the Indian language, who said, "The thing is going badly; there was a meeting on the shore, where it was said that you should not go to Caquirri; that they would not oppose your march, but would try to mislead you in wrong paths. The Lele is at the head of the opposition."

This news did not much disturb me; for to mislead me would not be so easy. Nevertheless, I did not want to lose time in useless wanderings with them, or in cutting new roads which would detain me some days more than to go by the track already clear. I resolved to gain the friendship of the Lele, who I knew had much influence over the people.

The moon was bright, and I started at once for his house, which I reached

in ten minutes. He received me with every indication of pleasure, and ordered chocolate to be made, which he offered us with cordiality. We talked for a long time, and, after having arranged that I should stand as god-father, the next day, to his son, some ten months old, we parted excellent friends. The next day we went again early to his house, where his son was baptized. I named him Louis Napoleon, putting him under the protection of sovereigns both in heaven and on earth.

From this time my compadre the Lele was my sincere friend, and all obstacles to my enterprise disappeared. The meeting at the house of the chief took place at mid-day; but the deliberation, in which my compadre took the lead, was very short; and at its termination the chief said, that to give me a proof of his good-will and desire to assist me, he would not only permit me freely to pass, but would send with me his brother the Lele, one of his nephews, and three of his most trusty men, and that if I needed people to carry my baggage, he would put them at my service. In truth, the conduct of this chief astonished me, and I could not refrain from giving him a shake of the hand in acknowledgment of his generous treatment.

Every thing was arranged for setting out on the following day; and on the 26th of January, at 9 A. M., we began our first day's journey by land. We crossed the river Paya, and took its left bank, which we followed for about a mile, when we left it and took the Indian-path, which led in a southeasterly direction over the tops of some low hills, leaving to the left hand a flat that extended to the foot of the Cordilleras, and through which ran the river Paya in a general direction from east to west.

A great number of the Indians accompanied us for more than an hour, firing their guns from time to time in token of their gladness.

We walked for about four hours, and camped on the bank of a creek, where we made some ranches, in case there

should be showers, which even in the middle of summer fall now and then in this region.

On the 27th we followed the same path, which kept its southeasterly direction, and which my good compadre took much trouble in clearing from every impediment to our progress. In less than two hours' walk we reached the creek Tugulegua, whose waters flow to the Atlantic.

I was greatly pleased to find myself thus on the other side of the Cordilleras, which we had crossed without the least difficulty. The place where I stood is in longitude $79^{\circ} 35'$ west from Paris, latitude $7^{\circ} 52' 30''$ north, and is fifty-six metres above the level of the sea. Here are found traces of previous inhabitants; as, for instance, an enormous cacao-tree, which had been planted by the grandfather of one of the Indians who accompanied me, and on which I cut my initials.

After breakfasting, we went down the creek Tugulegua, in an easterly direction, often walking in its bed, where there was but little water. In less than two hours we came to the river Caquirri (Cacarica), which we crossed about a hundred yards below the mouth of the Tugulegua.

The Caquirri comes from the north, drawing its waters from the east side of the Cordilleras; its breadth is about fifty yards, and at this place it has a strong current, though still navigable by the Indians. The junction of the Tugulegua with the Caquirri is in longitude $79^{\circ} 33'$ west from Paris, latitude $7^{\circ} 52'$ north, and thirty-eight metres above the level of the sea.

Taking the left or north bank, we went down the Caquirri as far as to the creek Aputi, which comes in on the left hand side some four hundred yards below the Tugulegua, where we passed the second night of our land journey.

On the 28th we pursued our way, keeping still the left bank of the Caquirri, which, from Aputi, takes an E. S. E. direction. Shortly passing the creek Taimti, on the same side of the river, we kept along the bank of the

Caquirri until we found our march interrupted by the river Chelopo, which likewise comes from the north.

The Chelopo, which is wide and deep, joins the Caquirri in longitude $79^{\circ} 31' 30''$ west from Paris, latitude $7^{\circ} 51' 30''$ north. At this last point of observation, where I found a height of only nine metres above the level of the sea, the Caquirri is more than sixty metres wide, is deep, and the current does not exceed three miles an hour.

I was reluctantly obliged to end my excursion at Chelopo. I wished very much to go on to the banks of the river Atrato, which I judged to be not more than eight miles distant, over a level plain, by a route without obstacles, since the inhabitants of Turbo (on the gulf of Darien) come in boats to the Aputi in search of India-rubber; but in order to go on, boats were necessary to cross the Chelopo and the lake of Cacarica, which, as the Indians assured me, is very near Chelopo, and where was the site of the ancient village of the Indians of Caquirri (Cacarica).

Nevertheless, I had fulfilled my mission, and had been most fortunate in discovering a passage, for centuries so earnestly sought for, for the union of the two oceans by means of a canal, permitting free navigation from one to the other. My task was already concluded.

Having lost sight, since leaving Paya, of all the points that served for bases of measurement, I was obliged to survey carefully and measure with a chain the whole length of our route from Paya to Chelopo, on the return; and we reached Paya at 4 p. m. on the 29th.

The distance from Paya to Aputi, to which place the river Caquirri is navigable, is only five miles; but if one should follow the course of the Paya as far as it is navigated by the Indians, it is probable that he would find a still shorter distance between this river and the creek Tugulegua; and, indeed, it would not surprise me to learn that the creek Acquiagua, whose name signifies in the Indian language, *short pass*, which flows into the Tugulegua from the west,

has the same sources as the Paya, and, indeed, that it was by this creek that the passage for canoes existed, which Ariza ascribes to the Punusa. There is no doubt whatever, that, if the Indians at one time had a way of communication by water, it was by the Acquiagua; for, according to reliable statements made by my compadre the Lele, and other Indians, there is absolutely no other passage from Caledonia to Napipi, unless by crossing the ridge, either of the Cordilleras or of the Andes. The passage by the Acquiagua is in latitude $7^{\circ} 53' N.$, and is at the junction of the Andes with the Cordilleras, having on one side a geological formation of a different epoch from that of the formation on the other.

In my opinion, the canalization of the river Tuyra, which makes so many bends as to justify its Indian name *Tuile*, "*twirling*," would be a more difficult and expensive work than the opening of an artificial canal, which, it seems to me, should begin at Real Viejo, to which point there is no trouble in navigating from the Pacific side, except at the bar of the Isleta, which could easily be removed.

This canal should go in a straight course $E. 20^{\circ} S.$ from Real Viejo to the village of Paya, thence southeast through the passage between the Cordilleras and the Andes, and finally easterly or northeasterly, as should prove best for the navigation from the Atlantic by the Atrato. It would not be more than fifty miles long, and would traverse a country whose formation presents no difficulties to the opening of the same, either in the excavation, or in the removal of the materials excavated—an important point in works of this kind.

The highest point or summit level of the route thus explored was near the village of Paya. It was, by barometrical measurement, one hundred and seventy-eight feet (about 55 metres) above the level of the sea; and this must necessarily be very nearly the true altitude. And, it may be added, the field-notes of the expedition contain satisfactory data respecting the questions

of practical engineering involved, such as feeders, locks, etc.

The profile of the whole extent of the ground that I have examined, from Real Viejo to the plain of the river Atrato, induces me to assert that, if this passage had been discovered before the construction of the Panama railroad, the route by the Paya would have been chosen, as it offers the splendid harbors of Darien and San Miguel, and would not have needed half of the almost eight millions of dollars expended on the Panama road, which will, notwithstanding, always be an imperfect one on account of its steep grades and sharp curves, and its insecure or incommodious ports. And I even venture to assert that the opening of an interoceanic canal may perhaps begin with the construction of a railroad by Paya. Its profits would be immense, and would pay a moderate interest on the whole capital necessary for the execution of the canal, which work will require years of labor, and will give no returns until navigation is fully opened.

But these questions belong to other investigations, and should be considered deliberately: I do not wish to treat of them in this memorandum, whose only object is to indicate the passage by which the canal can be opened; nevertheless, I may add, that every thing is at hand for its construction. There is water more than enough for feeding it, excellent stone for masonry, and an immense quantity of timber suitable for all kinds of work; and finally, a most favorable circumstance for the establishment of a way of communication by Paya, is the salubrity of the country, and its freedom from mosquitoes from the Pacific to the borders of the Atrato. I encountered them for the first time at Chelopo, having made the whole journey without once using a mosquito-bar.

On my return to Paya, I was received with still more familiarity; I was no longer a stranger among its inhabitants, but a brother, as they all called me. My comadre Tilu, the wife of my compadre the Lele, who was advised of our

coming by some Indians, had prepared a meal to which we did honor, although it was composed of monkeys and other dishes unknown. I passed the evening in farewell visits among these good friends. I had the good fortune to find an old Indian woman, at least eighty years of age, who spoke Spanish, with whom I conversed for a long time, receiving information about the country, as well as about the customs of the Indians from the day of one's birth until more than a year after his death, until which time his family has to supply the deceased with food for the long journey.

Very curious is the life of this village, which has preserved up to this time its primitive customs, which are all good, and not contaminated by the demoralizing influence of our civilized society. Its inhabitants live happily, entirely without envy; they do not trade, except when from time to time they exchange their crops of cacao and coffee for clothes, arms, powder, and shot, which they buy by the hundred weight; for cooking utensils, plates, etc., which they have in profusion; they neither sell nor buy for money, nor do they know its value. Speaking with my ancient friend about the rich mines of gold in this district, she told me that, before she was born, the Indians had abandoned the extraction of this metal, which had caused the ruin of so many villages and the destruction of their race; that gold greatly excited covetousness, and they only used it for the *chaguales*, the rings which all the women wear in their noses.

The Indians of Paya are of ordinary height, and well formed. The men wear the hair long, and take much care of it: it is twisted, and fastened about the head in the form of a crown with a triangular comb which they make themselves with sticks of lata; the hair in front hangs down over the face, and is cut even with the eyes, which one can hardly see: they tattoo their faces with red bija. Their ordinary garments are black cassimere pantaloons, a white shirt, and a black cravat, which they tie with a knot, letting the ends hang

down on the breast. The women are small, and generally pretty; they wear their hair loose, but shorter than that of the men; their clothing is a sort of frock of a blue material, that reaches to the knees—a very ungraceful costume; every one of them wears a ring in her nose.

The Paya Indians cultivate plantains, corn, yucas, yarns, and sugar-cane, from which last they make beverages and sweeten their chocolate, using the juice itself for this purpose. They do not raise domestic animals for food, but live by hunting; they have the idea that the flesh of the ox occasions disease.

On the 30th, after having taken leave of all the villagers, for whom I cherish a great regard, and having received a hearty embrace from each one of these good friends, we embarked, leaving them in sorrow at the separation. The chief, and particularly my good compadre the Lele, were really affected, even to the point of shedding tears. I embraced them, with the promise of returning soon to see them. I hoped to do so; and it would give me great pleasure to go back and be again in their company.

The cordial reception which the Indians of the village of Paya gave me, and the generous way in which they served me, seem indeed strange, especially if one recalls what I have said concerning previous expeditions; nevertheless, I can give no other explanation than that which I gave to my old Indian friend. She said to me, "Don Luis, what have you done to these Indians that they treat you with so much friendship, and have shown you the pass of Caquirri, which has been refused as long as I can remember?" I replied, "Are you my good friend?" "Yes, sir," she said. "Very well," said I, "what have I done to win your friendship? nothing, except that I have much sympathy for the Indian race, and when I came for the first time to your house, I offered you the hand of a friend;—you received it as such; I have done the same with all the rest. I have sympathy for the Indians and

they for me, and this is the whole mystery of my friendly relations with them."

On the 1st of February we returned to Pinogana after fourteen days' absence from this village; the news of the discovery of the passage, which I caused to be attested before the government attorney by all the Pinogana men who had accompanied me, was received with joy, and we had the pleasure of attending several balls which were given for us during the time that we were obliged to spend awaiting the sailing of a vessel for Panama.

On my arrival at Panama, I communicated the fortunate result of my exploration to Señor de Gogorza, who heard of it with pleasure, though I well understood that he would have much preferred the existence of a passage by the Punusa.

Without losing an instant, I wrote my report and made a map showing the course of the rivers and the road I had followed, which I handed to Señor de Gogorza, that they might be published immediately, which he promised me should be done.

Having thus concluded the work for which I had been sought, I returned home; reached Monteria March 6th, after an absence of two months and a half.

Señor de Gogorza, with this discovery and the positive knowledge of a practicable route for an interoceanic canal, went to the United States, where he received, both from the Government at Washington and from persons of influence in commercial circles, a most favorable reception and offers of co-operation in the opening of this great cosmopolitan way of communication.

For months I had heard no news concerning the Darien business, when on the 19th of January, 1867, at two o'clock in the morning, I was aroused, at Monteria, by the same Sr. Atilano del Rio, then prefect of Panama, who told me that an American war steamer awaited me in the port of Cispata, having been sent from Colon on purpose to bring me.

Señor del Rio gave me a letter from Señor de Gogorza, in which he said that he had made certain arrangements with a Mr. Spooner of the United States, for carrying into effect the opening of a canal by the Paya passage, but that before presenting this great enterprise to the public, it was decided that a verification of my work was necessary; that for that purpose two government engineers, Messrs. Robinson and R. E. Holter of the Coast Survey, had been appointed, and that he was waiting for me to go on this new expedition.

As when first summoned, so again at this time I abandoned my concerns on the Sinu, to attend to this important work, and on the 21st, at 5 P. M., I embarked on the gunboat "Saco," Lieut.-Commander Henry Wilson commanding, the courtesy and kindness of whom, as well as of Lieut.-Commander William Whitehead, executive officer, and the other officers, cause me to remember a most agreeable voyage. I had the pleasure of meeting on board Mr. R. E. Holter, one of the engineers who had come to verify my observations, with whom I had long and pleasant conversations on the subject.

We arrived at Colon on the afternoon of the 23d, and had the unhappiness to learn that, one hour before our arrival, Mr. Spooner had embarked with Mr. Robinson, the principal engineer, who had been taken very ill with fever, a circumstance which broke up the intended exploration. I learned also that a misunderstanding between Mr. Spooner and Señor de Gogorza had influenced the return of the former to New York, with the intention, as he told several persons, of coming again within a few months for the same purpose, but with a different organization.

I returned immediately, and since then have heard nothing about the enterprise, except that in March of the same year, 1867, after the return of Mr. Spooner to the United States, the subject was before Congress.

For nearly a year past I have been without news of Señor de Gogorza, and

as I see that no arrangements have been made for the publication of the report which I gave him on the discovery of the passage of Paya, a matter of such general interest, I consider it my duty to publish the present memorandum for the purpose of establishing my right to the discovery, and to serve as a basis for the efforts of those who, animated

by liberal ideas of progress, shall follow up my suggestions and attain to the establishment of a means of interoceanic navigation, which to-day I consider easy, and hope, in the course of a few years, to see in the way of being carried out, if not entirely completed.

DE LACHARME, *Civil Engineer.*

CARTHAGENA, NEW GRENADA, S. A.

WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

I.

FABLES AND FACTS.

"Spirits from the vasty deep."

The great sea has its mountains and its deep valleys, with forests of weird, waving plants on the former, and, far down in the dark dells, masses of dismal débris, wrecks of vessels, and decaying bodies of men. There lies, half covered with a crust of lime and hideous green slime, an ancient gun shining in sickly green; here, half hidden, a quaint box filled with gold that was picked up amid the snows of the Peruvian Andes, and scattered over all a motley crowd of oddly-shaped shells. The empty skull of an old sea-captain has sunk down close to the broken armor of a huge turtle, and a deadly harpoon rusts and rots by the side of the enormous tooth of a walrus. Still farther down, "in the lower deep of the lowest," lie countless bales of Indian silks, in which large schools of fish dwell peacefully now; and over all, the silent currents of the ocean move incessantly to and fro, while millions of jelly fish throng every wave to feed the giant whales, and immense hosts of herring dash frightened through the waters to escape the voracious shark. Not only mountains and valleys, however, break the apparent monotony of the vast deep, but all that the surface of the earth can present of picturesque beauty or horrible hideousness is repeated below. In one place, the waters foam and the

waves break without rest or repose against oddly-shaped cliffs, which do not rise sufficiently high to be seen above; in another, they wash slowly and sadly against a wide desert of white sand. Where lofty mountains rise from the depth to a height not inferior to that of the tallest of Alpine summits, and vast forests of sea-tang clothe them in brilliant green, the sea circles mournfully all around in ceaseless windings, while farther on, where the valley sinks into the very bowels of the earth, and eternal darkness covers all with its mysterious mantle, the waters themselves are hushed and apparently motionless, as if awe-struck by the unbroken silence and the unfathomable night below.

The earth, it has been said, is one vast graveyard, and man can nowhere put down his foot without stepping on the remains of a brother. This is not less true with regard to the ocean. It is an ever-hungry grave, in which millions and millions of once living beings lie buried, and new hosts are added from year to year. It is the stage on which murder and maddest conflict are going on without ceasing. Immeasurable hatred dwells in those cold, unfeeling waters—and yet for a good purpose, since it is only through this unceasing destruction and change that life

can be maintained in the crowded world that dwells in the "waters below the earth." The sea has its lions, its tigers, and wolves, as well as the earth above, its crocodiles and gigantic snakes, which daily sally forth to seek their prey and murder whole races; it has its medusæ and polypi, which spread their nets unceasingly for smaller fry; while whales, and their kindred, swallow millions of minute beings at a single gulp, swordfish and sea-bears hunt the giants of the lower world, and wretched parasites wait their opportunity to enter the fatty coats of huge monsters. Every thing is hunting, chasing, and murdering, but there is heard no merry "Tally Ho!" no war-cry encourages the weary combatants; no groan of pain, no shout of victory ever breaks the dread silence. The battles are fought in dumb passion, and no sound accompanies the fierce conflict but the splash of foaming waters and the last spasmodic effort of the wounded victim.

Can we wonder, then, that from time immemorial the sea has been peopled by the learned and the ignorant alike with marvels of every kind? It is the good fortune of travellers, and especially of those who "go down to the great deep," to be either determined that all they have seen must needs be unique, unheard of and marvellous, or disposed to follow the *nil admirari* doctrine, and to insist that they have never met with any thing which was not perfectly familiar to them already from previous knowledge, or at least very easily accounted for by their superior mind. Vanity induces the former to magnify, self-love teaches the other to diminish all they have seen, and thus littleness of mind unfits both for correct observation and candid reports. The ancients, with their very limited knowledge of the sea and its life, very naturally transferred the features of the world above to that below the waters, and their lively imagination peopled the ocean with all the animals that were familiar to their eyes. There were sea-horses and sea-lions, poisonous sea-hares

and ravenous sea-wolves, sea-swine, and even sea-locusts. There was the Chilon, with a man's head, living frugally on nothing but his own viscous humors; and there was the Balena, not so very like to a whale, and most cruel to its mate. There were those real wonders of the sea, the Dolphins, who swam about with their babies at the breast, and their eyes in their blade-bones, who dug graves for their deceased parents and friends, followed them in funeral procession, and buried them in submarine graveyards out of the way of the fishes. There was that strange fish, the Dies, with two wings and two legs, which in the perfect state lived only for a day. There was the Phoca, another oceanic brute, who was perpetually fighting with his wife until he killed her. Always remaining in the same spot, where he had murdered one wife, he disposed of her body and took another, thus playing Henry VIII. to a series of wives, until he either died himself, or found a mate who was a match for him.

But these were only the teachings of that despised science, Natural History. Of far greater interest to the nation, and of deeper concern for their future welfare, were the legends of the god-like shepherds, a Proteus, a Nereus, and a Glaucus, who tended the aquatic flocks of Neptune, and were endowed with marvellous powers. We have all seen those classic bas-reliefs, in which the great Poseidon is accompanied by monsters, half-horses, half-fishes, while others wear partly the semblance of men, and blow trumpets made of huge shells with such terrible force, and such fearful sound, that their notes calmed the stormy sea! These hippocampi, sometimes provided with cloven feet and long tails, and then again covered all over with scales, and of the color of the sea, were favorite forms with some of the greatest sculptors of antiquity, like Myron and Scopas; and yet it is held doubtful whether they were altogether the offspring of poetic or artistic inspiration. Naturalists, as well as artists, have been led to think

that extraordinary creatures of somewhat similar shape may have really peopled the seas in ancient times, and that they, like the giants of old, which are now reduced to the moderate proportions of our day, may have dwindled down into the diminutive hippocampi which abound in Southern waters. These little sea-horses, as they are familiarly called, have the perfect form of a horse's head, with prominent round eyes, and a steep, straight brow, while the gills float in exact imitation of a mane from the proudly-arched neck. They could not have copied the walrus, as that strange, monstrous animal, of which we shall presently have to say more, lives only in polar regions, to which the ancients did not have access. When the Tritons, on the other hand, were represented in human shape, they belonged, of course, simply to the realm of fables. And yet strong and frequent evidence is given by ancient authors of the real existence of beings whom they resembled. Demostratus, for instance, relates that such a Triton was still to be seen, imperfectly embalmed, in a temple of Bacchus at Tanagra.

It seems that there had been enmity for generations between these strange children of the sea and the good people of Tanagra. One of the Tritons had been in the habit of coming forth every night from the waters to steal the cattle on shore, and all efforts to catch him on the part of the dwellers there had long been in vain. At last they placed a vessel filled with strong wine on the brow of a steep hill. When the Triton came, according to his custom, he noticed the vase, and was curious to ascertain its contents. He tasted, he liked it, and drank till he fell fast asleep on the edge of the precipice. During his disturbed slumbers he rolled over and fell from the great height upon the rocks below, where the Tanagrians lay in wait, and wreaked their vengeance on the formidable robber.

Pausanias saw a smaller Triton at Rome, and from that time the annals of all countries of the world abound with strange legends of uncouth, horri-

ble beings, born and bred in the sea, who entered into ill-fated relations with men, and almost invariably contrived their ruin. The White Lady of Scotland, the Nix or Undine of beautiful German lore, the Merminne of the Netherlands, and the Nech—our Old Nick—of the dismal North, are all children of the marine monsters of antiquity. Among the latter, some were great favorites with poet and priest, and their memory survives to our day. Thus the Ocean itself was represented as the son of the Heavens and the Earth, and the first of that gigantic race of Titans who stormed the abode of the gods, but the only one who did not join in the revolt of Saturn. How the briny deep was made to differ from the vast lakes with sweet water, their religion did not tell; but the distinction was made at an early date, for Hesiod already tells us that "nine tenths of the waters of the ocean, passing under the earth across dark night, fall in silvery showers upon the bed of the waves, around the earth, and on the back of the seas. One tenth only, to the great injury of the gods, escaping from a lofty rock, forms the waters of the Styx, and by it the Immortals are fond of swearing."

Among the vast offspring of the ocean, again, the Nereids stand foremost by their number and by their beauty. They were all fair young maidens, nearly naked, and are often seen in the frescoes of Pompeii, and elsewhere, in most graceful positions, reclining on the back of sea-horses, or giving drink to thirsty monsters of the deep. It was only when the taste of artists became corrupt, and the fancy of men ran riot amid Eastern fictions, that they were represented as ending in fishtails, and as having hair of the color of the sea. Another sea-god, marrying the Muse of Lyric Poetry, was presented by her with three daughters, the Sirens, whom he called *Blanche*, *Harmony*, and *Virgin Eye*; but, unfortunately, he lost them soon after, when the infuriated Ceres punished them for having allowed the carrying

off of her daughter Proserpina, and changed them into monsters, half women, half birds. The unfortunate maidens fled in despair, and hid themselves in the islands which dot the waters between Sicily and Italy. But even there the curse pursued them still, for the decree had gone forth, that they were to die if ever man should pass them without stopping. Behold, now, the poor metamorphosed beauties straining their sweet voices, and blending them with the softest notes of their instruments, in order to attract hapless seamen, and to draw them into ruin. Surely the ancients felt that sea and land alike are welcome stages for the fatal skill of the coquette! Only once the sad Sirens were foiled in their attempts to win and to ruin the children of men. It was when the *élite* of Grecian heroes sallied forth on their great expedition in search of the Golden Fleece—in reality, a company of daring adventurers, who went to take possession of the gold mines in the Ural Mountains—and passed close to the islands on which the wretched sisters were living. They came down to the steep sides of the precipices, they displayed their unequalled charms, and sang their sweetest to cast their spell over all their senses. But Orpheus, who had joined the merry company with his lyre, raised his own sweet voice, and soon they were forced by its wondrous power to listen in their turn, and to let the *Argo* pass unharmed. Perhaps the godlike nature of the great singer was pleaded in their behalf, for they survived the future; and it was only when cunning Ulysses used the coarse trick of filling the ears of his companions with wax, and thus rendered them insensible to their enchantments, that they paid the penalty, and were changed into rocks. Even then one of them survived; for the compassionate waters refused to bury her; they sent her back to the surface, and she became fair Naples, the city of magic beauty, where so many have died from over-enjoyment, obeying literally the ancient saying: *Vedi Napoli e poi muori!*

Pliny seems still to have been in doubt as to the real existence of these marine monsters; at least, he defends himself against the suspicion of believing in them with an earnestness which goes far to prove the lingering doubt. "I do not believe in sirens," he says in his book on birds, "although Dino, father of Clearchus, a famous author, affirms that they exist in India and tempt men by their song, in order to tear them in pieces when they are asleep." In another place, again, he believes them to have been real fish, which recalled, in a vague manner, the features of human beings, and states that several such had been taken on the coasts of Gaul.

The assertion is, strangely enough, supported by later evidence; for other portions of the earth, and later ages, have all faithfully repeated the legend, and pointed to actual beings in the sea as proof of their truth. Have not even the Arabs—who either ignore the sea altogether, or hate it as cursed by their great prophet—their weird beings, half men and half ostriches, who live on desolate islands, and devour the bodies of shipwrecked mariners brought to their rocks by the friendly waves? Near Rosetta and Alexandria, in Egypt, the waters are peopled with still stranger creatures, poetically called the Fathers of the Fair, who come only on shore for peaceful purposes, walk quietly about to enjoy the sweet air of heaven and the perfumes of flowers, and then return reluctantly to their dark homes in the great deep. A hundred of them were once captured, but they uttered such very sad sighs and unbearable groanings, that the hunters released them, and saw them plunge with delight into the cool waters. The Old Man of the Sea is familiar to all our readers through the *Arabian Nights*; but it is less generally known that he occasionally appeared near Damascus, and then promised a good harvest to the Syrians; the people were so grateful to him for his benevolence, that they caught him once and married him, fish-tail and all, to a fair daughter of the land. The monster was well content,

but not so the farmers, for his happy influence had left him as soon as he had found his master in his wife. Other Arabic authors tell us even the religion of one of those marine beings; he is called by them the Old Jew, and appears on the night preceding the Sabbath, with his white hair and shaggy coat, on the surface of the Mediterranean, and remains there, swimming about, plunging, and jumping high, and following the vessels as they pass near his home, till the Sabbath is over, and he sinks once more down under the waters.

These strange beings, reported to have been found or heard of with at least as much accuracy and as frequently as the Sea Serpent of our days, were evidently the ancestors of the mermen and mermaids, the ill-starred, God-forsaken dwellers in the kingdom of waters, the

"Merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne;
And the mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair,
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne."

For a time Christian authors loved to revive the fables of pagan antiquity, or unconsciously repeated the weird fancies of older nations. Soon, however, certain features appear in their accounts, which show that they were either reports of real discoveries of marine monsters, dressed up, perhaps, in somewhat fanciful colors, or at least new inventions in harmony with the spirit of the age. The mermen soon cease to be mere monstrosities; they appear in a form resembling human beings, often scarcely to be distinguished from the people near whom they live, whence follows more frequent intercourse and a closer intimacy between the two races. One merman, found on the outermost point of Mauritania and brought to Spain, is reported as still having been in part a fish; but Theodore of Gaza already describes the mermaid, of which he

saw several cast ashore on the coast of Greece, as fair and graceful; one of them he assisted in reaching the water, and immediately she plunged into the waves and was seen no more. Other authors, of such high repute that even the great Scaliger may be mentioned among them, tell of such wondrous beings, which they saw themselves or heard of through trustworthy friends. These accounts were, of course, valued only in proportion to the wonder they excited, and added nothing to our actual knowledge of the dwellers in the waters. They led, on the contrary, to new errors, and much amusement might be derived from the precepts given to unlucky sailors who should fall in with such sirens. They were advised to cast bottles into the sea, with which the monsters would play long enough to give them time to escape; to stop their ears carefully with wax and oakum, and to invoke aid from on high against their enchantments. The great Cabot, so intimately connected with the history of our continent, furnished the officers of the first vessel that ever attempted the voyage to the fantastic Cathay of those days, with a set of curious instructions. He recommended that prayers should be held twice every day, and all inventions of the Evil One, like dice, cards, and backgammon, should be strictly prohibited. By the side of such excellent suggestions are some of more doubtful morality. Thus he enjoins upon the officers to attract the natives of foreign lands, to bring them on board ship, and there to make them drunk with beer and wine till they had revealed all the secrets of their hearts. The rules contain at the end a recommendation "to take good care against certain creatures which, with the heads of men and the tails of fishes, swim about in the fords and bays armed with bow and arrows, and feed upon human flesh."

The dark North, with its misty, murky atmosphere, which is reflected in the sombre legends of dismal superstitions, has its mermen above all others. They are mostly seen when fearful tempests threaten destruction, or sudden storms

bring shipwreck to vessel and sailors alike. It is but here and there that they are painted in softer colors. In one of the legends, a famous giant of the seas, called Rosmer, carries off a Danish maiden of great beauty; she has to live with him in a great mountain, to which he comes every now and then from his home in the waters. Her brother, who had sallied forth to find her and to rescue her, lands at the desert rock, and is at first in great danger of being slain and devoured by the terrible monster. He succeeds, however, in pacifying the merman, and serves him faithfully for many years. At last he obtains leave to return home, and receives, as reward for his services, a large box filled with gold and precious stones. The giant even condescends to carry the box himself on board the ship, unconscious that the cunning maiden has first taken out all the treasures, and then concealed herself in the box, from which she comes forth as soon as the ship has reached the high seas.

It may readily be imagined that mariners who set out on long voyages to distant, unknown lands, with their minds filled with such images and marvellous stories, were ready to see sirens and other wonders of the deep to their hearts' content. Christopher Columbus even, when sailing along the coast of St. Domingo, met with three sirens, who were dancing on the water. They had, however, no sweet songs with which to allure him, and their silence, combined with their lack of beauty, made him think that they probably "regretted their absence from Greece." There can be little doubt that his sirens were Manatees, huge monsters so called because they carry their young with their flappers, or finlike hands, and give them suck on the breast—relations of the great Dugong of India, the only animal yet known that grazes at the bottom of the ocean. It has the strange power of suspending itself steadily in the water, and its jaws are bent in such a curious manner that the mouth is nearly vertical, by which means it is enabled to feed upon the sea-weeds down in the

deep, very much as a cow does upon the herbage in the bright sunlight above. The Manatees serve to frighten the children of African slaves even now, when they suddenly rise like "spirits from the vasty deep," their large, gentle eyes looking anxiously around, and their young clasped tenderly to their bosom—a favorite position of theirs, which has earned them, with Spanish colonists, the name of Fish-Women.

The poor Brazilian natives, who still cherish the traditions of their forefathers, fondly believe in the existence of an immense lake in the interior which contains an enormous treasure, guarded and watched over by a siren whom they call the *Mai das Aguas*. They also believe still in the accounts given by early discoverers of strange beings met in their waters. Did not even brave John Smith, the valiant hero and daring navigator, when he came near our own continent, see a woman swimming gracefully near the vessel? Her eyes were large, beautiful, and full of expression, although rather round, the nose and ears well made, and the hair long and soft, but of sea-green color. His heart was near giving way to all these charms, when the strange being suddenly turned over, and showed to her disconcerted admirer a forked fish-tail!

Among South American Indians, it seems, tales of mermen are a favorite subject, though here and there these marine monsters are dreaded with instinctive abhorrence. Moravian missionaries have sent home strange reports of these superstitions, and yet found themselves unable, in their desire to honor the truth and to avoid misstatements, to deny positively all ground for these traditions. For not only the natives, but the ministers and agents of the pious Brethren themselves, firmly believed that they had met with men and women who lived in the water. They furnished statements, apparently made in full earnest and godly sincerity, that they had actually seen brownish beings with human faces and long hair rise suddenly from the water, and that the urgent intercession of the In-

dians alone had kept them from killing the supernatural beings. The natives looked upon them with superstitious awe, and insisted upon it that to kill one of them would be simply to bring dire calamities upon their settlements and the whole race. It must be presumed that we meet here with stray members of those aquatic tribes of Indians who live actually more in the water than on land. Martius, and other travellers, down to our day, tell us that the Indians who dwell near the upper branches of the Paraguay, the Maranhao, and other large rivers, remain for hours and hours in the water, and are such expert swimmers that they defy the most powerful current, and dive like water-fowl. A small bundle of leaf-stalks taken from the Buriti palm-tree is all they use ordinarily for their support; at other times they seize an oar, hold it between their feet, and use it as a rudder to steer with, and thus swim, holding their weapons in their muscular arms; or they leap with incredible agility upon a tree floating along on the swollen stream, sit down on it astride, and thus cross in a few minutes the most rapid current. No cayman or aquatic animal is safe from them, and they fight and defeat the huge capybara, and the largest serpent, with great courage. They fear literally nothing except the *Minhoças*, a fabulous creature which is said to live in the rivers and still waters of Equatorial Brazil, and which naturalists believe to be either a giant eel endowed with powerful teeth, or perhaps a large variety of the famous *gymnotus* with its galvanic battery. These *Canociros*, as the Water-Indians are called, are true Ishmaelites; they are at war with all the other tribes, and are therefore hunted down like wild beasts; they have no home and no country of their own, and hence they may very well have given rise to the fabulous reports of mermen still rife among the credulous Indians of that continent.

In Germany, where folk lore abounds and superstition still has its strong hold on the minds of the masses, gruesome

stories are told in the long winter nights of the Nixen, who dwell in the waters near the coast, in crystal-clear rivers, under the dark shadow of ancient trees, and in bright, bubbling wells in half-hidden glens. They are the sirens of the sunny South, and even here the ancient curse seems to follow the ill-fated race. For here, also, they are condemned to expiate some great and grievous sin committed by their forefathers, and to suffer long and miserably. As the whole creation groaneth, however, these sorrowful beings also yearn to be released, and of this longing many a touching tale is told in German legends. Thus one of them tells us, that the children of a Protestant minister were once playing on the banks of a river, when they saw a Nix rise from the waters, who, thinking himself unobserved, began to sing and to play on a strange, but ineffably sweet instrument. With the cruelty common to children, they at once rushed upon him and reproached him for his merriment, adding that as he was nothing but a condemned sinner, he had much better weep over his eternal wretchedness. The poor water-sprite, taken by surprise and distressed beyond measure, broke into tears; and the youthful tyrants, delighted with their success, went home to tell their father what had happened. But they were badly received here, and told that they had acted very wrongly and must return at once and comfort the poor being whom they had so grievously afflicted. They ran back, and as soon as they saw the Nix they cried out to him not to weep any longer, since their father had said that the Lord had died even for him, and he also might hope to be forgiven hereafter. Thereupon the poor Nix dried his tears, recovered his cheerfulness, and played with them all day long.

Holland, with its wondrous bulwarks and its lifelong conflict with the sea, abounds naturally in stories of every kind, in which mermen and mermaids play a prominent part. Sometimes they meet the intrepid sailor out on the high sea and sing of his joyous return, or

warn him of his approaching end; at other times they come on shore, make themselves useful in a thousand ways, and vanish only when they are ill treated or laughed at. There is hardly a town on the seacoast which has not its own legend of this kind; but generally the men are less interesting than the maiden, since the latter are prophets and play a prominent part in the sad history of that country. Such was the mermaid that once frequented the waters near Zevenbergen, a fortified town with massive walls and lofty towers, in which dwelt thousands of opulent citizens with their wives and children. But the people were as wicked as they were rich, and professed to believe neither in heaven nor hell. One fine day the siren appeared in company with a sister mermaid, and with solemn, tearful voice both began to sing:

"Zevenbergen must perish,
And the tower of Lobbekens alone shall remain."

In spite of this warning the inhabitants continued their riotous living and sinful profanity. In a dark November night of the same year a fearful tempest arose; the wind blew from the northwest, and with such terrific force that the dykes gave way under the overwhelming pressure of the waters, and the Saint Elisabeth, as the inundation was called, overwhelmed not less than seventy-two towns and villages. Among these was the unfortunate town of Zevenbergen, and so thorough was its destruction in the deep waters, that, when the morning broke, and people came from a distance in boats, they saw far beneath them the ruins of houses, and nothing standing but the one lofty tower of Lobbekens. Thus the prophecy of the mermaid had become true. Fortunately, man has triumphed over the evil prophet and the element alike. By an immense outlay of capital and the incessant labor of long years, the whole vast region has been once more laid dry, and from the midst of polders, or dyked meadows of surpassing fertility, there rises now a new town of Zevenbergen, richer and wiser than the doomed village of former days.

Holland is also the land which has originated the very peculiar faith in legends of sea-knights and sea-bishops, some of whom were captured from time to time and exhibited in the large cities. They were found afterwards in all the northern seas, and the works of those ages, down to the latter part of the sixteenth century, contain generally one or two so-called faithful likenesses of these very curious monsters of the deep. In 1305 already a sea-knight was caught out in the open sea to the north of Dockum, and carried from town to town; his fair appearance, and especially the complete suit of armor which he wore, excited universal admiration; but he died, unfortunately, in the third week, at Dockum.

A work of great scientific merit, and published as late as 1534, contains an engraving representing a sea-monk, whom the author, Rondelet, heard of in Norway, where it had been taken after a fearful tempest. It has the face of a man, but rough and repulsive, a bald, smooth head, the cowl of a monk hanging over the shoulders, two long fins instead of arms, and a body ending in a huge double-fluked tail. Other monks of the same kind appear in similar works, sometimes wearing a bishop's habit and mitre, and one of them is reported to have been sent in 1433 from the Baltic, where he was captured, to the king of Poland. The poor creature, however, refused steadfastly to utter a sound or to take any food; the king, moved with compassion, ordered him to be carried back to the sea, and the monster no sooner saw his own element than he gave signs of exuberant joy, leaped into the water and was never seen again. It may be added, that the Protestants made great capital out of these marine dignitaries of the church, and hence gave rise to the suspicion that the whole race of sea-monks and sea-bishops was artistically produced as a quaint revenge which the Reformation took on the persecuting Church of Rome.

The explanation is perhaps only an afterthought, but, as the proverb has it,

that there is no smoke without fire, so here also, these countless and persistent traditions contain their grain of truth, which has been only half hid in a bushel of falsehoods. The fact is, that these fables could never have been invented, much less authenticated, even after the imperfect manner of early ages, if there were not certain animals living in the great deep which possess sufficient likeness to the human form to deceive careless and superstitious observers. If there are no real tritons and sirens to be met with in our waters, such as we see in ancient sculptures, or the coats of arms of noble families, there are at least seals and walrus, sea-lions and sea-cows, and similar monsters, whose faces and gestures as seen on the surface of the waters recall forcibly the features and movements of men. Unscrupulous cheats have occasionally taken great pains to manufacture actual sirens, and their remains are to this day carefully preserved in many a museum of European cities; like the well-known sirens of Leyden and the Hague. Nor is our own time exempt from these attempts to profit by the credulity of men. At the beginning of this century, a crafty fisherman on the coast of India skillfully joined the body of an ape to the lower part of a large fish, and dressed up the whole affair so cleverly, that even experienced men were taken in, and bestowed much time and long research upon the extraordinary being. As the inventor attributed, moreover, healing powers to the touch of the siren, he was soon overrun, and could, after a short time, retire upon a competency. An European charlatan purchased the marine monster at a high price, and exhibited it in England and on the Continent. He met with great success for a time; then he and his siren were forgotten, only, however, to revive more brilliantly than ever in the hands of the master of his art, our own great Barnum. Another siren was, a couple of years ago, the marvel of the rural population all over England; nor was it, in this case, a mere mummy that was shown, but a living mermaid not un-

attractive in appearance, who discreetly plunged her fish-tail into the waters of a huge basin, and held the classic mirror and comb in her hands. At last public sympathy was aroused by some benevolent Quakers; an investigation was ordered by the authorities, and it was found that the poor woman had been forced for years to spend her days in the water, with an imitation fish-skin sewed on to her body!

There is, however, quite enough that is truly marvellous in some of the greater denizens of the deep, to engage our interest, and to find in them the originals of the fabled beings of whom we have spoken, without resorting to such gross and cruel deception. Pliny already speaks of a sea-elephant, so called at first, no doubt, mainly on account of his two enormous teeth, and of the peculiar shape of his head, which resembles somewhat the trunk of an elephant. A variety of these monsters seems to have been known to the Norwegian Olaus Magnus, who gives a most extraordinary description of the manner in which they were captured. "Sometimes," he says, "they fell asleep on the rocky coast, and then the fishermen went quickly to work, raising the fat along their tails, and attaching to it strong ropes, which they fastened to rocks and trees on the shore. Then they waked up the huge animal by throwing stones at it with a sling, and compelled it to return into the water, leaving its skin behind!" At present, the true sea-elephant is found only in the Antarctic Ocean. On the confines of that world of ice, as far as the eye can reach, there appears nothing in sight but vast masses of ice, thrown in apparent disorder upon the immense plain, with here and there a colossal block rising on high and mimicking the shape of a great palace, with its walls and ramparts, towers and turrets, battlements and colonnades. Before these, smaller blocks dance in weird, wearisome motion up and down on the dusky waters, and gray mists hang from their sides, and break with their tatters and fragments the dreary prospect. At

rare times the sun breaks through the dense fog, and then the whole world of ice begins to glitter and glare in the bright rays, and enchanted scenes dazzle the eye. Here is a snow landscape, with hamlets and trees; the larger blocks of ice resembling snow-covered houses, and the torn and tarnished masses appearing not unlike trees bending under the weight of hoarfrost, or bushes feathered with light crystals. The whole enchanted city, with its narrow canals, is buried in absolute stillness; gulls fly silently across the clear air, penguins rise and dive again in utter quiet, and even the sea-elephants lie voiceless, like colossal watchdogs, on the steps of the palaces. Only the low, mournful blowing of a whale, who sends up his airy fountain of foam, breaks occasionally upon the fearful silence of this magnificent city of ice.

In these inhospitable regions dwells the elephant of the seas, a monster not unfrequently thirty feet long, and measuring over sixteen feet in circumference! His powerful teeth are formidable enough in appearance, and above them he raises, when he is roused to anger, his inflated trunk, which ordinarily hangs loosely over the upper lip. His whole body is covered with stiff, shining hair, and underneath his fur coat he has a layer of fat at least a foot thick, which protects him effectually against the terrible cold of the polar regions. The two awkward feet, mere stumps encased in fin-like coverings, are of little avail to the giant when he moves on firm land; after a few yards, he begins to groan and to rest, while the whole huge body shakes as if it were one vast mass of jelly-like fat. Here he falls an easy victim to the sailors, who come in search of his ivory and his oil; they walk fearlessly through the thick crowds, and knock them over by a single blow on the nose. The giant opens his enormous mouth and shows his formidable teeth, but, as he cannot move, he is virtually helpless. Very different are, however, his motions in his own element; as soon as he is under water, he swims with amazing rapidity,

turns and twists like an eel, and is thus enabled to catch not only swift fish and sepias, but even the web-footed penguins. He must find it difficult, at times, to provide his enormous body with sufficient food, for he swallows masses of tangled sea-tang, and large stones have been found in his stomach, to the number of twelve. When he wishes to sleep, he floats on the surface, and is rocked and cradled by the waves of the ocean.

What has, in all probability, led to their being taken for human beings by credulous and superstitious mariners of early ages, is the beauty of their eye, and the deep feeling they manifest at critical times. They not only never attack men, but, unlike the sympathetic seals, they also abandon their wounded companions, and purposely turn aside so as not to witness their sufferings and their agony. When they are mortally wounded, they drag themselves painfully inland, and hide behind a large rock to die in peace and unseen by others. If they are prevented from thus retiring, they shed tears, as they also weep bitterly when they are ill-treated by cruel sailors.

Very different in temper is the walrus, another of the great monsters of the deep, who, although by nature as gentle and peaceful as the sea-elephant, has become bitter and fierce by his constant warfare with man. It is the true type of the polar North: as all nature here is buried in sad, deathlike silence for several months, so the walrus also sleeps for the same time, deprived of all power and energy, while the fierce tempests and terrible ice-drifts of those regions are represented by their wild passions. They fight with indomitable courage for the fairest among the females, and many a bold knight among them leaves his life in the lists of the grim tournament. They defend their family and their race with intense rage, and know the strength that lies in union. Far up in the coldest ice regions of the Arctic seas they assemble in crowds of two thousand, and when their guards have been posted, they

begin their sports in the half-frozen waters. They splash and splutter as they leap frantically or plunge their huge bodies into the foaming waves, and the noise they thus make, together with the trumpeting of their wide-opened nostrils, and the mournful howl of their repulsive voice, fill the air with a stunning, confusing roar. Their appearance is in keeping with the whole scene: black heads, with red, staring eyes of great size, a broad-lipped, swollen mouth, and enormous beard, each hair of the thickness of a straw, adorned with snow-white teeth more than two feet long, and colossal, shapeless bodies, half horse and half whale, but weighing at times not less than three thousand pounds—surely nothing more was needed to strike terror into the hearts of ignorant seamen, and to lead to fancies wild and weird of man-resembling monsters of the deep.

Far greater, however, is the resemblance which certain varieties of seals bear to the human form. Their head, perfectly round and bald, their large bright eyes full of intelligence and tender feelings, their full beard on both sides of the face, and their broad shoulders, give to the upper part of their body a startling likeness, such as, in the foggy atmosphere of the northern seas, and with a predisposition to see what people expected to see, may very well have led to a sincere conviction that they were human beings. To this must be added their merry, playful disposition, and the peculiar manner in which they hold themselves almost perfectly upright when gambolling in the water. Naturally harmless, and even timid, they have a habit of following the small boats that go on shore, and of observing attentively all that is done; and if the crew remains longer at one and the same place, they become familiar, and fond of their company. They learn to know the people living on the shore near their playground, so that, in Corsica, flocks of them follow the fishing-boats, and modestly content themselves with the fish rejected after the nets have been hauled in. There can

be little doubt that this intimacy has given rise to an account, given by Pliny, of a scene daily enacted near the town of Mines, in southern France; and as here truth and fiction meet in striking relation to each other, we insert the words of the great naturalist:

"At a certain period of the year a prodigious number of mullets make their way to the sea through the narrow mouth of a swamp called *Latera*. These fish choose the moment of the incoming tide, which prevents the stretching out of nets and the taking them in vast quantities. By a similar instinct they turn at once toward the open sea, and hasten to escape from the only place in which they are liable to be caught. The inhabitants, who know the period of this migration, and enjoy the pleasure of the sport, assemble on the shore. Spectators and fishermen, all cry aloud: '*Simo! Simo!*' Immediately the dolphins know that they are needed. The north wind carries the sound of the voice to them. But whatever time it may be, these faithful allies never fail to appear at once. One might imagine it was an army, which instantly takes up its position in the opening where the action is to take place. They close the outlet to the mullets, who take fright, and throw themselves into shallow water. Then the fishermen surround them with their nets. But the mullets, with wonderful agility, leap over them. Now the dolphins fall upon them, and, content for the moment with having killed them, wait to devour them when the victory is assured. The action goes on, and, pressing the enemy closer and closer, the dolphins allow themselves to be imprisoned with the mullets, and, in order not to frighten them into desperate acts, they glide stealthily between the boats, the nets, and the swimming fishermen, so as to leave no passage open. When all are taken, they devour those they have killed. But knowing that they have labored hard enough to deserve more than a single day's wages, they reappear on the morrow, and not only receive as many fish as they desire, but are fed with bread soaked in wine!"

The talents of the seal are manifold, from the agility which he displays in catching fish for his master, to the capacity he has shown in learning actually to speak. More than one seal has been taught to utter distinctly the word *Papa*, and several animals of the kind are reported to have gone even beyond, and to have pronounced several words at a time. Nor must their love of music be forgotten, which is so great that they will rise from the water and remain

nearly standing upright as long as the instrument is played, to which they listen with unmistakable pleasure. It is not so very long since one of this remarkable race came every day for six weeks from the waters of the Mediterranean, to take her rest under the divan of a custom-house officer in Smyrna. The latter had tamed her, and placed a few rough planks at the distance of about three feet from the water's edge under his couch, and on these boards the seal loved to rest for several hours, giving vent to her delight, oddly enough, in a profusion of sighs like those of a suffering man. She ate readily the rice and the bread which were offered her, though she seemed to have some trouble in softening the former sufficiently to swallow it with ease. After an absence of several days, the affectionate creature reappeared with a young one under the arm, but a month later she plunged one day, frightened, into the water, and was never seen again.

Nearly about the same time, another seal appeared suddenly in the very midst

of the port of Constantinople, undisturbed by the number of caïques dashing to and fro, and the noise of a thousand vessels with their crews and their passengers. One day the boat of the French legation was crossing over to Pera, loaded with wine for the ambassador. A drunken sailor was sitting astride on the cask, and singing boisterously, when all of a sudden the seal raised himself out of the water, seized the sailor with his left arm, and threw himself with his prey back into the waves. He reappeared at some distance, still holding the man under his fin, as if wishing to display his agility, and then sank once more, leaving the frightened, sobered sailor, to make his way back to the boat. Surely, nothing more than one such occurrence was needed to give rise to the many romances of former ages; if the same, even, had happened in earlier days, the seal would have been a beautiful Nereid, who, having conceived a passion for the hapless sailor, had risen to take him down to her palace under the waves.

AT HOME IN PARIS.

THE home-life of Paris is a thing with which few Americans become acquainted.

The ordinary tourist, who rushes about from one Continental city to another, in the headlong manner for which Americans are celebrated, returns to his native land with no more idea of the interior life of the Parisian than he would have if he had never been there. Indeed, he not unfrequently jumps to the conclusion that there is no home-life in Paris at all. He sees so many people outdoors so continually—sitting on the iron chairs, reading, in the Champs Elysées, and on the Boulevards, and everywhere—thronging the streets, gayly attired, and so evidently bent on pleasure, recreation, not business—so many ladies, so many children, so many servants—a never-intermitting crowd of

strollers and gazers, unmistakably French,—that it is no wonder he concludes the people of Paris live out-of-doors, take their meals at restaurants, and only go under a roof at bed-time.

It is true that the French have a never-faltering faith in the beneficence of the open air. In pleasant weather, no French mother permits her children to remain indoors. Outdoors is the place for children, say the Parisians; and out they go, early in the morning, accompanied by nurse, and out they stay till the daylight is done, and the darkness falls (or as much darkness as ever falls on the brightly-lighted streets of Paris); only coming in at meal-times for a brief *séance* about the family-board.

It is true that the Parisian believes there is champagne in the air, and goes

out whenever he can to quaff it. But there are homes in Paris, and in those homes families bound together by ties as firm as those which hold kith and kin in any land.

Parisian houses are, in great part, built of a light, cream-colored stone, which is soft when it comes from the quarry, and is carved and fashioned by the sculptor-stonemason into a thousand beautiful and fantastic shapes, which harden and live by the action of the air.

The man who carves those fine heads which we see ornamenting the cornices of windows in Paris buildings—who fashions the magnificent caryatides who seem to bear on their brawny shoulders the weight of the whole structure—is no mean artisan. In France, any boy who desires to be a sculptor, is furnished the instruction of the best masters free of charge. After a certain time has elapsed, if he shows extraordinary talent, he is sent by the country to Rome. If, on the other hand, it appears on trial that he has not genius enough to be a sculptor in the highest sense of the word, he then falls back upon the broad field of sculptor of stone for the fronts of houses.

The stone is carved after the house is built—not before, as one would suppose.

Paris houses generally range in height from six stories to nine. The ground-floor of a French house is devoted to the carriage-way, for entrance into the courtyard. This yard is at the back, and around it are ranged the stables, coach-houses, etc.

On the ground-floor is also situated the apartment of the concierge—a sort of janitor, in a larger sense. This person receives all letters for the dwellers in the house; instructs callers which way to go and how many flights of stairs there are to mount; attends to the letting of vacant apartments, and is also the most valuable aid in Paris to the police—furnishing that body with every information in regard to the ladies and gentlemen abiding in the house.

It is easy to see that the ladies and gentlemen aforesaid are very much at the mercy of these concierges. The result is, that they are profusely fed by all; for if they be not conciliated, they can cause one a deal of annoyance in the way of keeping back letters, cards, etc., to say nothing of graver troubles in connection with the police, whose spies they are.

The "first floor" of the French is after the first flight of stairs—not on the ground, as with us. This the French call the *première étage*. It is naturally the most expensive in the house.

In Paris houses, looking-glasses are furnished the lodger; and in every apartment, however small, as many as two, and often three elegant mirrors will invariably be found. So also with chandeliers. Of course, I am speaking now of unfurnished rooms.

Gas is little used At Home in Paris. The French do not like it. They urge a thousand objections to it. It smokes the furniture, it injures pictures, it kills plants (of which the French are very fond, always having a number growing in their rooms), and lastly (and most important), feminine beauty is sorely tried by its glaring, *discovering* light; while it is delightfully softened and enhanced by the mellow gleam of waxen tapers.

The second story is always less expensive than the first, and the rents go on diminishing as they reach the top. It is no extraordinary thing to find people of poverty, almost verging on starvation, occupying the topmost floor of a house on whose lower floors dwell millionaires and titled people. Generally, however, these poor apartments are reached by a separate stair-case, which is also devoted to the uses of the servants of the great personages, and further serves as a mode of ingress and egress for such necessary creatures as the butcher, the baker, the charcoal-man, and the water-man.

Though I consider Paris as peculiarly the City of Luxury, there is one great luxury (none the less luxurious because it is a necessity) in which the smallest American town is more luxurious than

Paris. This is water. Water is scarce At Home, in Paris. I have heard it said that wine is cheaper than water there; but that is a pleasant fiction.

Water is brought to Paris homes every morning by men who sell it at two sous a pail. The water-cooler is filled for a certain sum. This is only water to drink and to use in cooking; a hydrant in the yard furnishes water in limited quantities for lavatory purposes.

If one wants a bath, application may be made at a bath-house near by. For three francs (sixty sous) a bath-tub will be brought, set down in your bedroom, filled with hot or cold water, into which perhaps a bag of bran has been thrown (a favorite emollient for the skin with the French) and your bath is ready. But besides this a heater is brought, filled with hot and clean towels in abundance. Three francs pays for all, as well as for the removal of the bath, etc., at the time you specify.

Of course, if you choose to go to one of the public bath-houses (in which Paris abounds) all this may be had much cheaper.

The system of household management in Paris would no doubt astonish many American ladies. No "lady," no "gentleman," can go to market. The market-place is altogether the resort of the lower orders. So long as an effort is made to appear genteel—no matter on how poor a scale—a servant must be sent to the market. This is the servant's legitimate field for swindling. No policeman can follow her here. If she pays fifty sous for a pair of chickens, and chooses to put down on her account-book that she paid seventy-five sous for them, it is no easy matter to find out the truth. If you were even to so far forget your "lady" hood as to go to the market-woman and inquire, she would vow, with shrieks to yourself and *le bon Dieu* to believe her, that the servant-woman paid exactly what she said she had.

The explanation is simple. Generally the market-woman has sympathy for the woman of her class; with that fierce rage of the French lower orders, she

hates you for being her superior, and is glad your servant can cheat you. But particularly, your cook has been her customer for years—will be, in all probability, for years to come. If you choose to come to the market and buy for yourself, she and all the other market-women will form a league against you, and cheat you worse than the cook does.

This is one of the things that make marketing in Paris unduly expensive.

Another thing which makes it so, is that—store-room being almost an impossibility—it is difficult to buy any thing by the quantity, as flour or sugar by the barrel, butter by the firkin, etc. These necessities must be bought by dribblets, at an unduly exorbitant price, to which is added the illegitimate percentage of the cook.

Another curious custom with the French is in the mode of engaging servants.

No Frenchwoman of the proper sort will be satisfied with a written recommendation from a servant; such are too easily procured to be liable: she must see the servant's last mistress, and make of her every imaginable inquiry. Thus it is that people who are as far apart in the social system as Herschel is from the Sun in the astronomical, are swept together by the incontrovertible law of custom every time a servant is changed.

Canaille may call on Duchess; yes, and, what is more, question that duchess, pin her in a corner, ask her if she is quite certain she is telling the truth about her ex-servant; and Duchess will and must—without loss of temper—answer every question.

If she be not altogether too fashionable a duchess she will call, in her turn, when she wants a servant, and ask Canaille if the reasons why they separated were derogatory to the servant's character.

A curious type of French servitor in Paris homes is the *frotteur*, or floor-rubber.

Carpets are frequently altogether dispensed with in French homes; though the rich people indulge in them, it is as in any other luxury. That a carpet

should be a *necessity*, is to the French a ridiculous bit of New-World nonsense. Even the rich dispense with them in dining-rooms; and the well-rubbed, shining oaken floors make a very pretty appearance.

The *frotteur* charges a franc or two an hour for his labor, furnishing his own wax, with a great yellow lump of which he proceeds to rub the floor, as a woman might do with a bit of soap preparatory to scrubbing it. Then, like her in some degree again, he takes a dry scrubbing-brush with a leathern strap across the top, and (unlike her now), inserting his foot in the loop, begins rubbing away lustily, singing like a good-fellow the while, and using his disengaged foot for the purpose of preserving his equilibrium. When one leg is tired, he alternates; and so to the end. When the floor shines like a mirror, and the *frotteur's* face likewise, you will hear his voice at your bedroom-door, singing out, in jolly numbers,

"Madame will she have the *obligeance* to pay her good *frotteur*, if you please!"

Many ladies, who keep no man-servant, and who shrink from the expense of a *frotteur* (for the French are very economical), exact that the floor-rubbing shall be done by the maid-servant. But this is generally objected to by the poor little *grisettes*. The very first question they ask before entering a new service, is, "Is your maid expected to do the floor-rubbing?" They say physicians tell them it is bad exercise for women; and no doubt it is.

The Movement-Cure advocates will be glad to learn that it is said the legs of the *frotteurs*, developed by this curious work, are perfect in form, and that these honest fellows are in demand as models by the artists. So floor-rubbing is good for something—besides the floors. It is certainly very bad for the carpet-trade.

Charcoal is altogether used for cooking purposes in France; and wood is used to heat the apartments, to the almost entire exclusion of coal, which the Parisians hold in abhorrence. They contend that coal ruins furniture, spoils

one's complexion, and chokes up the lungs with its gritty particles. I have in vain represented to French people that the Americans were a healthy race, though they burned coal, as a rule, in their cities; and that the great wood-fires of the French, in their old-fashioned fireplaces with andirons, though very poetic, and very cheerful to look at, give out a woefully poor heat for the money.

To those Americans who have never been to Paris, it may no doubt seem a curious thing that rich people should live together in what we call, even at its best, a tenement-house—that is to say, on separate floors. Nevertheless, the system is an excellent one, and far preferable to the life in hotels and boarding-houses which is so common in this country in the large cities. A parlor, a dining-room, four or five bedrooms, a kitchen, and servant's room may easily be obtained in Paris at almost any rent desired—subject, of course, to such considerations as the elegance of the *appartement*, the location of the house, and the location of the suite of rooms in the house.

The floors are complete in all their appointments; and thus the strictest privacy is insured. Indeed, so free are the Parisians from the prying eyes of their co-lodgers, that it is possible to live twenty years in a house and never meet a single occupant of it, except, perhaps, on the staircase (common ground), where a slight bow passes—even between utter strangers.

For my own part, I sincerely wish the prejudice, in our country, against these houses could be removed, and that the abominable system of boarding-houses might be broken up—a system which is directly conducive of idle habits, gossiping, and other evils even greater.

In Paris, only a few, a very few families, occupy houses to themselves. Those who do, live for the most part in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, the quarter aristocratic *par excellence* of the gay city. These are the noble families who look upon the present Emperor as a vile *parvenu*, and pray that the day may

not be long deferred when the perfumed and spotless Bourbon lily shall chase from sovereign banners the buzzing and stinging bee of the Bonapartes.

Still, in the modern and more bustling parts of the town, some grand private houses may be seen—even outstripping in grandeur and in gilding and in glittering newness the solemn and severe old homes of France's "fine flower" of nobility. These lie along the avenue of the Champs Elysées, the Boulevard de l'Impératrice, and other Haussman streets, at whose fairy-like splendors and Aladdin-like architecture old Paris looks aghast. Here dwell the successful speculators at the Bourse, the humbug railroad men, the hundred-and-one shrewd fellows who have made money by hanging at Louis Napoleon's heels, and receiving kicks or hints as the Imperial mood dictated, and who have gathered a goodly store of treasure on occasions of hints, that when a kick came they might not be quite prostrated.

Such is a Parisian private house—in France dignified by the name of "hôtel," while a public-house, an inn, is also a "hotel," as with us. This similarity of titles has led to more than one amusing mistake. It is common with families of the old nobility (and new-wealth has not yet dared to imitate this) to affix the family-name over the gates of the family-hotel, there to spell out its scorn unto all plebeian passers-by—Imperial and other. One day a newly-arrived American, on the lookout for lodgings, came across a stately house, over whose grim portals was to be seen, in time-worn letters of stone, the inscription: "HÔTEL DE LA ROCHEJAQUELIN."

"That's my style," said he; and, beating a true republican, devil-may-care tattoo with the ponderous knocker, inquired of the powdered and perfumed *laquais* what they charged for board!

Finding there was a mistake somewhere, he turned away with a "pshaw!" for the footman's stupidity. By and by he met a friend, to whom he recounted what had happened. The

friend laughed, and explained the true state of the case.

"Confound my stupidity!" said Americus.

"Go to the Hotel du Louvre, if you want stylish board," said his friend.

"What? Oh,—ha, ha! Thank you—no you don't! I'm not going to ask for board at Louis Nap's palace!"

The French family-circle is, of that of all nations, the most compact, the most inseparable. Marriage dissolves no ties, but only begets new ones; and death is merely a separation for a time. The Roman Catholic belief is beautiful for the simple, trustful faith it inspires. Souls are prayed for cheerfully and hopefully, masses sung, candles burnt: the one gone before is not a sad and vague recollection, but a vivid, ever-present spiritual reality.

The evening interior of a true French family is irresistibly quaint. The French are fonder of innocent games than any people I know. The whole family and their visitors will play dominoes, or *loto*, or any of their innumerable games of chance, for hours on a stretch, with a *pari* of a few sous—sometimes *bonbons*—in default of these, beans. When company is absent, and other members of the family are busy, then shall you chance to see one solitary member playing a game of "patience" by himself.

Old Frenchmen and women are often an extremely droll study—simple, honest, and behind the age. This type is pictured constantly on the stage, on canvas at expositions, in books by the best authors; and though the subject is treated humorously, there is always a tender vein of sentiment for them displayed.

Of this class was *le Capitaine Bitterlin*, a purely fictitious personage, in whose quiet adventures, as they were printed from week to week, the Empress became so interested, that, after she left Paris for the sea-side, the Emperor telegraphed her that Captain Bitterlin was dead.

The Captain Bitterlin was a puffy, pompous, ridiculous old fellow—an ex-officer, whose glories lay altogether in

the past; one of those funny old *militaires* who can be seen any day in a Parisian *café*, drinking sugar and water, and rattling dominoes for hours and hours together, and tending to confirm the American observer in the belief that the French have no homes. Perhaps this poor old fellow has none; and such being the case, he might be doing a great many worse things than sitting in an open *café*, playing dominoes, and sipping orange-flower sugar-water with a comrade, old, pompous, and respectable like himself.

If there be several sons in a French family, parental hearts will be sorely tried if one at least do not become a priest; and he who has taken holy orders is indeed a mother's pet. No contact with the hateful world of money-getting for him; no marriage, with its new loves, to partly engross him, now; this dear son may be almost constantly at his mother's side, to drive with her at the Bois de Boulogne—if this be not beyond their means—to walk out with her, to shop with her, to read with her, and to sit on her footstool and count the beads of his rosary while she works at home.

We can well understand the effeminate part which Monsieur l'Abbé has always played in history. I knew a young Abbé well, whose chief proficiency in life was with his needle—the result of living almost constantly with women. It was a strange thing to me to see him sit down with the ladies, and gravely draw out his needlework and his thimble and scissors, and go to work with the rest. His chief passion was for worsted-work; and some of the prettiest things in his mother's drawing-room were embroidered by him. He resented the idea of this being unmanly work.

"Other men paint on canvas with a brush," he said; "I paint on canvas with a needle. I see not too much the difference."

With his long black-cloth dress, buttoned up to the throat, and his neat low shoes and black stockings, his beardless face, and his worsted-work,

he always seemed to me like a pure and good woman—above the worldly vanities and wickednesses of coquetry and dress—intent on nothing but religion and the needle.

Every body has heard of the French *pot-au-feu*. The making of this dish must be a national secret.

Give an Irish cook a finer piece of beef, more vegetables, plenty of every thing, and a cookery-book open at the place, and she will turn you out a potful of watery, greasy soup and a huge "hunk" of stringy, tough-boiled beef.

But the glories of the *pot-au-feu*, as made by French hands, have been sung before my day. Nothing more deliciously appetizing than that soup can ever be tasted by mortal lips; and no more succulent slice than the crisp, pinkish, boiled beef can be garnished with tomato-sauce. I dined with the Abbé's mother every Sunday for several years; she dined with me every Thursday during the same period. Every Sunday of their lives they had the same unvarying, delicious, though plain dinner; their parents and grandparents had so dined before them; and who can doubt that their children will follow the custom?

The dinner I commend to housekeepers. It began with the soup—the delicious soup of the *pot-au-feu*; then came the very boiled beef which had made that soup, but which cut as firm and as tender under the mother's knife as a young turkey. Tomato-sauce with this, and boiled macaroni in Italian style.

Then, O Nantes! one of your round, white, fat, perfumed *poulets gras*! the roundest, tenderest, sweetest morsels that ever trod on drumsticks. Why is it, when I see Mademoiselle Tostée, with her plump shoulders, and white arms, I think always of the Nantaise *poulets* I used to eat at those Sunday dinners?

Salad with the poulet; dressed—ah, I kiss my fingers!—there are no adequate adjectives. A tiny white cream-cheese, a cup of excellent coffee, a thimbleful of curaçoa for the gentlemen, if they like it,—and a delicious French dinner *chez soi en famille*—is over.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

(THE CHIEF OF MEN : THE SOLDIER : THE PREACHER.)

The Chief of Men. No.*The Soldier* (smiling). How squarely you say it, Chief! Why not?*Chief.* They claim it on the ground that the country owes it to him. Nonsense! We owe the country whatever we can do for it. The United States owes no favors. It owes money, and pays it in specie.*The Preacher* (to the Chief, who silently proffers a cigar). No, I thank you, Chief. I have no such vices.*Chief.* No vices, no virtues.*Preacher.* No such vices, I said. None that—that smell. But plenty of others, Chief. Only I keep them as Kit Burns does his rats, to kill, not to pamper.*Soldier.* To kill on exhibition, then? That's what Mr. Burns does, and what St. Simeon Stylites did. Are you the chief of sinners, Preacher?*Preacher.* Come across some day and hear me. You'll see soon enough whether it's mine or other people's sins that I pitch into!*Soldier.* But, Chief, on what principle are you going to choose officeholders?*Chief.* First: He who wants office shan't have it.*Soldier.* The first shall be last.*Preacher.* That phrase is not in the Bible. "If any desire to be first, he shall be last," it says.*Soldier.* Let that be known, Chief, and you'll move in a solitude. But as the candidates run away from you, they'll look over their shoulders, so that you can see who it is that's trying to avoid office.*Preacher.* "*Et fugit ad salices.*"*Soldier.* Why, Preacher, can you talk Chinook? I thought it was only we frontiersmen and the Indians who knew that.*Preacher.* That isn't Chinook, Soldier—unless the Chinook jargon was taken bodily out of Virgil. I remember Father de Smet telling me that there are words of Latin derivation in it though. The passage refers to a young lady who ran away in like manner, on purpose to be caught. But, Chief, you gave a rule not for choosing, but for rejecting. How will you choose?*Chief.* By business qualifications.*Preacher.* But would you choose soldiers for business qualifications?*Chief.* If they were to do business.*Soldier.* But there's a soldier in the War Department.*Chief.* He isn't there as a soldier. He's there as a Clerk—and a first-rate clerk he is.*Soldier.* It's my opinion that good officers will make good rulers. He who can obey can command.*Preacher.* But, Soldier, on what principle do you put rulers over the American people? The American theory makes the people the sovereigns and the officeholders the servants.*Soldier.* Well, Preacher, out of thine own mouth—or at least out of thine own book, I will judge thee. No man can serve two masters. Fifteen million times less can we serve thirty millions. Wherefore the officeholder can't be the servant of the people.*Chief.* Officeholders are the clerks of the United States.*Soldier.* The President?*Chief.* Yes. He is the Chief Clerk of the United States.*Preacher.* That reminds me of what an old Washington politician once told me. He said that the best President within his memory—which was a pretty long one—was James K. Polk. When I asked him the reason, he said it was plain enough to any one who was there at the time—because under his administration the business of the country was better done than under any other.*Soldier.* Good. And I'll bet that an equal number of able quartermasters under you, Chief, would keep the business of the government not only clearer of arrears and cleaner of rascality, than any equal number of "statesmen" that can be found, but simply clean of arrears and rascality.*Preacher.* There is a profound philosophy in that. An army officer is trained to honor and to business. He is not trained to politics or to money-making. That is, he escapes the two worst itches of America, and he is educated in just that sentiment which American educations most lack.

Soldier. Why, Preacher, it belongs to your profession to maintain that religion is better than honor. American education implies religious principle. West Point doesn't. How do you make out your case?

Preacher. Soldier, you know plenty of war and law and banking, but you don't know exactly what you are saying now. Perhaps religion may be better than honor in some sense. So are brains better than bowels. But it needs a big lot of both to furnish out a first-class man, and other things besides. Again: take a new doctrine in mental philosophy—new, apparently, to you, I mean. A man may be sincerely religious and at the same time a bad business manager and practically a regular cheat. I know a fellow who has an immense enjoyment of prayer, and will jerk your eye-teeth out in a bargain, and really can't be honest if he tries.

Chief. Umph! His prayers wouldn't keep him from being kicked out of the army, when he swindled, if he enjoyed 'em ever so much.

Preacher. Well; now the Church lets that fellow stay in it, and tries to keep him as near straight as possible. Who knows but he has a soul to be saved?

Chief. All very well for the Church, I dare say. Won't do at all in office, I reckon. Certainly wouldn't do on my staff. Offices and the army weren't made to save souls. Is he treasurer of the church?

Preacher. Well, no.

Soldier. Good deal of sense in those church-managing fellows, Preacher. Showed it when they got you.

Preacher. O, of course! But, Chief, do you think the government of the United States can be administered on business principles?

Chief. It can't be on any other.

Soldier. It has usually been a business concern, managed on political principles.

Preacher. And that is not entirely unlike a powder magazine conducted on the principle of arson. But, Chief, how are you going to avoid the political pressure?

Chief. Tell 'em to leave.

Soldier. Were you not telling me the other day, Preacher, that you got about a score of begging letters every day?

Preacher. Yes.

Soldier. How do you avoid sending the money every one of them asks for?

Preacher. Tear them up and throw them into the waste-basket. I don't answer them at all. When I see that they are begging letters I don't even read them.

Chief. Exactly.

Preacher. But if party services don't bring office, then what's the use of being a party man?

Chief. Don't know.

Soldier. Now a man serves the party, that don't bind the country to pay him. If I help Jones, that don't make it Robinson's business to pay me.

Preacher. Well; it took a tremendous quantity of hard party work to keep the country going during the war. It is true that all that work was, as it happened, both partisan and patriotic.

Soldier. Now I think that the country's having itself governed by two parties is like a man's securing his seat on horseback by hitching a fifty-six to each foot. He'll ride a great deal better without either, if he knows how to ride.

Preacher. Very right. Parties, if they are necessary, are a necessary evil, I'm afraid. I shall enjoy it, if a party has made a mistake and elected a President who shall really govern for the Union and "let the party slide."

Chief. A President who should do the best for the country would do the best for his party.

Preacher. Yes. And if he were successful, he would do something that hasn't been done since Washington's first election. He would afford a hearing in politics to the average honesty and morality of the voting body. That average honesty and morality had escaped from party and acted outside of politics when it carried the nation through the Rebellion. A reaction from that immense effort has enabled parties to secure again the control of affairs, and I sometimes think we are hurrying in consequence towards a struggle with all the seven deadly sins instead of slavery alone—with all villainies let loose, instead of the sum of all villainies.

Soldier. He "would afford a hearing," you say, to this average honesty and morality. But is the average earnest and resolved enough to use the opportunity? Do not the good people entirely neglect politics, to absorb themselves in their other employments? If the good people did their political duty, could the present public shame and trouble have arisen at all?

Preacher. No. And if the good people are really going to let the bad people do all the governing, our nation ought to come to grief, as it certainly will. Perhaps the central question of the day is just this: Will the good citizens of the United States do their

governing? There's a curious parallel between the responsibilities of the American "sovereign" and any conventional "sovereign"—a far closer one than people think. If the king neglects his governing, his kingdom surely falls into disorder. Such neglectful kings are shamed through all history.

Now each of our voters has the like responsibility, and is simply wicked if he does not do his governing. There are honest men enough left. But if they will not do their work, the case is hopeless. For my part, I'm just as ready to find out now as I ever shall be.

Chief. We'll see.

THE PLAIN PATH TO SPECIE.

To borrow a statistical formula, we have about a theory and a half in finance *per capita* for our entire population. Each eye sees a different landscape in finance, as in nature. But all these are reducible in principle to four: the immediate resumptionists, the gradual resumptionists, the anti-resumptionists, and those who, agreeing in part with all these schools and entirely with none, may be called the eclectics; for in finance, as well as in philosophy and the sciences, the clash of conflicting theories should result in the adoption of some one which, rejecting the extremes, should embrace the essentials of all. The immediate resumptionists say, the road to resumption is to resume. Mr. Greeley proclaims resumption to be as purely an effort of the will as repentance; but as repentance is preached to a wicked and gainsaying world, and "not many wise, not many mighty" are called, so, while the *Tribune* thunders resume, nobody resumes. And why? Because we love money too well. Four parties are affected by resumption; the Government, the banks, and private debtors and creditors.

The Government owes, in debts not due, over two thousand millions, and in debts (greenbacks) payable at its own pleasure, and as nearly due as they will ever be, \$360,000,000. Resumption implies the redeeming of these notes at par, in gold, as fast as presented, for which purpose there are in the Treasury about \$100,000,000. Resumption implies that the banks are to redeem in gold their deposits and bills; the latter amount to \$300,000,000, the former to an indefinite sum. For this they have on hand only such gold as they have found it convenient to hold as a commodity on speculation. Since the legal-tender act passed, no bank being under legal obligation to redeem its deposits or bills in specie, that article has been no more essential to its business than diamonds. To compel it to pay its currency and deposits

in gold would close every bank in the country, except the few who can pay, without breaking, a third more on all their debts than they owe.

Finally, there are the debtor and creditor classes, to both of which nearly all business men belong in some degree. As to these, it is important to bear in mind that the present is not, like all former suspensions, a mere suspension of specie payment, but it is a dispensation from specie indebtedness. In 1837 and '57 everybody owed specie legally, but the coin was not to be had. Now, by virtue of the legal-tender act, nobody owes specie. All debtors owe "lawful money," which is worth twenty-five per cent. less than specie. All creditors are entitled by law only to this in payment. There is no difficulty in procuring the amount of Gold which the legal-tenders, or private debts payable in them, are worth. There is no scarcity of gold to redeem greenbacks, bank notes, or commercial paper, at the full amount they are worth in gold, namely, about seventy-five cents per dollar. The Government is doing this in its daily sales of gold. All brokers do it in their purchases of greenbacks at 75, or sales of gold at 133.

There is no private insolvency or suspension of payments. All are paying in full all they legally owe, and have been ever since the passage of the legal-tender act, with greater promptness than at any prior period. While our condition has been loosely designated a suspension of payments, the phrase is untrue. Our condition has no facts in common with the suspensions of 1837 and '57, except that the balance of trade with Europe is heavily against us. An export of only \$6,000,000 of gold, in 1837, broke nearly every bank in the country. An export of \$100,000,000 of gold, in 1867, leaves every bank solvent. Our railroads have carried more freight, we have mined, cast, and

wrought more iron, raised more food and breadstuffs, erected more buildings, and grown more rapidly in all the outward and visible forms of wealth and results of industry, under this so called "suspension," than during any previous period. We have been warned that this prosperity is delusive, but increasing crops, buildings, railroads, mines, manufactures, and material wealth are tangible realities. It is vain to cry out that this prosperity of industry is an intoxicating revel, while the so-called "revellers" have put up 25,000 new edifices in Chicago alone, and grown rich in doing so. There is no dangerous expansion of private credits. Business was never more nearly done in cash. But our cash, money of account, and all forms of currency, are worth only 75 cents per dollar. Gold itself changes in value, but more slowly. Between the landing of Cortez in Mexico and the beginning of the present century it declined, relative to land, labor, and crops, about three fourths. The most difficult of all problems in finance, is to determine who loses, and to what extent, by this depreciation, so evenly do wages, commodities, and all other prices rise and fall in average accord with the currency, whatever it be.

That labor was never so well paid, in all the products of the farm and factory, is shown by the strikes for ten hours' wages for eight hours' work, whereas, if general suffering prevailed, they would be offering twelve hours' work for ten hours' wages.

Assuming that a currency redeemable in specie would be preferable, how can we most speedily and wisely return to it? Shall the Government begin by paying out its gold for its greenbacks at par when it can buy them at 75 cents per dollar? Can it expect to redeem them all when it has only a third of the gold they call for? Will not the people present them for redemption when they know it has only one third enough gold to redeem them; that it is only those who come first who can be served at all, and that the difference between gold and greenbacks is one of actual value, and cannot be removed by any efflux of confidence? Can it go into market and borrow on its notes or bonds, at 25 per cent. discount, enough gold to pay those same notes and bonds at par? Is it not "saving at the spigot and losing at the bung" to try? If it should, as some propose, issue a four per cent. bond, on which to borrow gold to redeem its greenbacks, so long as our six per cent. bonds sell at 78 in gold, would not a four per cent. sell at two

thirds of 78, or 52; and would not the redemption of \$860,000,000 of non-interest-bearing debt in gold, in this manner, besides ruinously contracting the currency, cost us \$2 in bonds issued for \$1 of greenbacks redeemed, or \$720,000,000 of debt in place of the present \$360,000,000 of greenbacks?

Even should Government succeed at an ultimate loss equal to their entire amount in redeeming the greenbacks, would not their withdrawal from circulation, by rendering it necessary for all bank notes, bank deposits and private debts to be paid in gold, instead of the currency in which they were incurred, break all the Banks who could not afford to pay one-third more than they now owe? Would either the Banks or private debtors follow the Government example? In 1837 the Banks owed gold; their customers owed the same. It required merely a general restoration of confidence to enable all to pay it, or which would have the same effect, to do without it. But now nobody owes gold. The difference in value between gold and greenbacks is as defined as that between silver and copper. It requires, before all can pay it, something more than a restoration of confidence. It requires that the debtor shall be provided with one-third more means with which to pay his debt, or that the nominal amount of the debt now outstanding in currency shall be made one-fourth less. The only suspension of specie at all resembling ours is that of Russia, who, at the close of the wars with Napoleon, had out a large issue of "paper roubles," worth then, we believe, about 40 per cent. The issue still amounts to 590,000,000 roubles, or about \$450,000,000, and is at about 30 per cent. discount. Her customs are collected in gold, but she has apparently abandoned all intent to "resume" on her treasury notes, which are the paper currency of the people. Whether the resumption be immediate or gradual does not change this fact, that according to the ordinary resumption plans a fourth more than is due must be paid on all debts. Of the two an immediate crash is preferable to a slow torture. All the plans of gradual resumption terminate in the expectation that one, two, or three years from now, every debtor will pay his creditor a third more than he now owes him. To force it immediately, is pretty generally acknowledged to be sudden death. To force it gradually, is prolonged apprehension and oppression.

If we were called upon by some supposed necessity to change our currency to-morrow,

from dollars to pounds sterling, there would be four modes of doing so; first, to suddenly compel every one who owed a dollar to pay a pound; secondly, to compel him to do the same gradually; thirdly, to oppose stoutly but blindly the entire change, denying that it must ever be made; and fourthly, to translate all existing debts payable in dollars into new debts payable in pounds sterling according to their actual value. These are the four plans proposed as modes of exchanging our present paper currency for one redeemable in specie.

None will dispute that all private debts now outstanding are payable in legal tenders only. It has been widely assumed, however, that they were to be made payable in gold by so manipulating the finances that the legal tenders shall become worth par in gold. Secretary McCulloch tried to do this by contracting their volume. But as he did not contract the amount which each debtor should pay to his creditors in discharge of his debt, the attempt, though at first sanctioned almost unanimously by Congress and the people, was condemned the moment its workings were felt. It made the debtor pay a third more than his debt. Mr. Morton proposes to make the greenbacks worth par in gold by hoarding gold enough to redeem. Mr. Garfield proposes to make them worth par in gold by adding to their present value one per cent. a month, as the sum at which the Government will redeem them until they redeem at par. But do any of these plans help the debtor to pay within one, two or three years a third more than he now owes? Is bringing the greenbacks to par like catching the Jockey's horse—is it hard to do, and good for nothing when done? The greenbacks, if made as dear as the gold, would be no easier to pay than the gold. They would stand at the same premium as gold over the money of account and the currency of business. They would become a commodity, leaving the people to extemporize a currency of private notes or stop payment.

Secretary McCulloch, failing to bring our currency to par by contraction, proposes to fund the legal tenders, before bringing them to par, by converting them into bonds. By this step the Government, having issued the legal tenders and said to all men, "Run in debt, and pay your debts to each other with these depreciated promises of mine," refuses to pay its own promise and requires the people to pay what they have not promised. The promise having been made must be kept. The legal tenders having been issued for the

people's measure of debt and means of payment, must circulate for these purposes until the mass of debt now owing in them can be converted into debts payable in gold without injury to any class.

The existence of the National debt, by deducting for interest \$130,000,000 per annum from the gold revenue (\$160,000,000 a year), which would otherwise be available for the redemption of the greenbacks in gold, and leaving a residue of only \$30,000,000 per annum for their redemption, postpones their redemption for at least seven years. The Government sales of gold postpone it still longer. This is the main cause of the depreciation of the greenbacks.

There is also a subtle and delicate sympathy between the value of the greenbacks and that of the bonds, as perfect and irresistible as the natural law by which water seeks its level. General Butler quaintly says, the two keep their level as the water in the nose of a tea-kettle stands at the height of that in the kettle. Whatever the rise or fall in gold, and consequent decline or advance in greenbacks, during the war, the bonds were quoted at the same price in greenbacks, showing that the two rose and fell together relatively to gold. Both are the promises of the same Government, depend for their value on one credit, and for their redemption, on one revenue. They differ only in that one bears interest, the other not. No provision having been made for redeeming one before the other, one is worth no more than the other save as it draws interest. This equality would be severed by providing an earlier mode of and special fund for redeeming the greenbacks. But some singular consequences would follow. We now export \$120,000,000 a year, half in coin and half in bonds, to pay our annual balance to Europe. Enact a law making the greenbacks worth par in gold in three years, and, the advance being equal to 12 per cent. per annum, and more by 4 per cent. than the interest on the bonds, the greenbacks would be hoarded or even exported? Clearly any act by which the greenbacks shall be appreciated toward par, at a rate higher than the current rates of government interest, viz., $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, will withdraw them from circulation. Resumption by the above plan would require at least five years. Nor can we hoard gold enough to redeem the greenbacks in less than ten years. Meanwhile, the interest on the hoarded gold becomes a burden of \$7,000,000, \$15,000,000, and \$21,000,000 a year, as the hoard in-

creases. These difficulties have driven some like General Butler into the position that we ought never to resume, and others like Henry C. Carey and Treasurer Spinner believe that resumption at any early day is impossible.

The first step toward resumption is to confess the plain fact in political economy, that our currency is at a discount, together with the manifest fact that though it is at a discount, it is all that we owe. Our debts are payable in a currency which, for three years, has stood comparatively without change at about 28 per cent. discount, represented by 36 premium on gold. Debts now payable in currency can only be converted into debts payable in gold without change of values, by converting them into so much gold as the currency is worth. Every debtor who now owes \$1,000, could, with \$750 in gold, buy the amount of currency which would discharge his debt in morals and in law. There is no just reason why he should ever pay more. Every debt now outstanding should, therefore, be converted into a gold debt for a nominal sum, as much less than its present face as the greenbacks in which it is now payable are worth less than the gold into which it is to be made payable. An exception might fairly be made of those debts which were incurred before the passage of the legal-tender act, and which have, therefore, once been lawfully payable in gold. But if this exception were not made, the holders of such debts would suffer no new loss. They have already suffered their entire loss in the passage of the legal-tender act and the depreciation of the legal tenders. It is past and cannot be undone. This proposition impairs no legal right. It does not allow a debt to be paid with less, either of gold or of currency, than would pay it now. It destroys the creditor's hope of getting more than is now due him. But this prevents instead of committing injustice. Less than a thousandth part, doubtless, of the debts now outstanding were ever payable in gold. The law must be framed for the mass, and let a proviso cover the exception.

Would such a law be unconstitutional? Does it impair the obligation of a contract? We think not. The contract is to pay \$1,000 in greenbacks. After the change, no fewer greenbacks will pay it than before. There is no contract to pay \$1,000, or any other sum, in gold. What has no existence cannot be impaired. The Bill only restores to gold its character of legal tender for its value. But is there gold enough in the country to enable

debtors to pay their new obligations in gold? Why not! There is gold enough to maintain a rate of redemption of 75 cents in gold per dollar of debts. We now redeem all existing indebtedness at 25 per cent. below par in gold. Would not the same ratio of gold to debts suffice to redeem an amount 25 per cent. less at par? The nominal sums in which our debts are expressed have 75 per cent. of value, 25 per cent. of inflation, air, nothing.

To reduce debts to gold, preserving their actual values, is a mere arithmetical exercise. To change their values, is to give the debtor's property to his creditor, to inaugurate foreclosures, sheriffs' sales, and general confiscation. A man owing \$7,500 mortgage on a farm worth \$10,000, would have his title to the property conveyed to the mortgagee. The mortgage would absorb the farm. The banks having the same option to convert their accounts of loans and deposits into gold accounts at the reduced figures, will withdraw their circulating notes and issue new ones payable in gold, at the rate of about \$75 of the new for \$100 of the old. As security for the redemption of the new bank notes in coin at par, or in a new issue of Government legal tenders which are to be at par with coin, the banks may be required to deposit with the Comptroller of the Currency Government bonds in a quantity, the *market value* of which, in gold, shall exceed by 10 or 20 per cent. the face of the new bank notes issued. Under the present system, the banks issue in notes 90 per cent. of the nominal amount of bonds deposited, though the latter are worth only 75 per cent. in gold. They therefore issue at least 12 per cent. more notes than their securities would redeem in specie. By this plan, in order to issue \$90,000 in notes, they deposit bonds worth either \$100,000 or \$110,000 *in gold*. This will afford a better and cheaper security for the redemption of their notes in specie, than can be secured by any attainable specie reserve. In the event of a fall in the securities, let the banks be required to increase their securities, as it is the gold value of the securities that determines their adequacy. Thus any circumstances tending to throw the bonds on the market, and depress their price, obliges the banks to buy them up, and so maintain their price. The banks now existing have put up as the basis of their \$300,000,000 of currency now issued, \$338,000,000 of bonds. With bonds at 75 in gold, they would have to increase this sum to from \$440,000,000 to \$480,000,000, accord-

ing as the excess of the gold value of the bonds over the face of the currency were 10 per cent. or 20. This would strengthen our banking system by new securities, and the Government credit by a new market and demand for its bonds. Again, it would enable Congress immediately and without danger of inflation to open the existing monopoly in banking, and make the business free to all who shall deposit the required security. Bankers would loan a currency whose redemption in specie they had amply secured only in such a safe way as, while aiding industry, would not create inflation of bank or private credits. This would cause the West and South, now suffering under an inadequate supply of currency, and the Pacific States where our currency is counted at its actual discount, and gold is the standard of account, to supply themselves with banks which would absorb in all from three to five hundred millions more of bonds, a demand tending directly to bring our bonds to par, and so enable us to fund them at lower rates of interest.

Finally, the Government, which is now able to redeem its greenbacks at the rate of 75 per cent. of their face in gold, and does so daily by its treasury sales of gold, could as easily, were their amount discounted 25 per cent., redeem them at par. How can this lawfully be accomplished? They are at a discount of 25 per cent. because, though, unlike our private debts, payable in coin only, they are payable only at the pleasure of the Government. The Treasury gold certificates, which are promises to pay gold on demand, are at par with gold. But it is known that the excess of coin revenue over coin interest to redeem the greenbacks would not pay them under twelve years if applied to that purpose. But as it is not so applied, and no other provision for redeeming the greenbacks exists than for redeeming the bonds, viz., the general fund of our taxes, the greenbacks take their value from the bonds. Our greenbacks are practically at the same discount as the bonds, because they have no earlier prospect of payment. This being so, let the Government issue new greenbacks, redeemable expressly in gold *on demand*. These being at par with gold would exchange for the \$360,000,000 of greenbacks now outstanding at the rate of \$75 of the new for \$100 of the old, or (with gold at a premium of 33) \$100 of the new for \$133 of the old. The entire \$360,000,000 would exchange for \$270,000,000 of the demand notes, thus reducing the Government debt by \$90,-

000,000 without paying a dollar, and contracting the legal-tender currency a fourth without lessening its purchasing power, and without gain or loss to the holder. To stimulate the exchange, the Treasury might pay a broker's commission of half of 1 per cent. over the gold value of the old notes. The issue of the new legal tenders would avoid any stringency in the money market, as their purchasing and paying power in the aggregate would at all times equal that of the volume of greenbacks they supplanted.

One year would suffice, as well as ten, for a return to a specie currency, on the basis above described. During this year of transition, all business would be estimated very largely in both currencies. Nobody is hurt anywhere, except possibly the old creditors of 1860. Their cases might be made an exception, by authorizing their contracts to be converted into gold contracts, retaining their original sums. The general outlines of this mode of resumption of specie currency have received the endorsement, in whole or in great measure, of some of the most influential exponents of public and financial opinion in the country.

When the legal-tender notes of the Government, payable at pleasure and worth three fourths of their face, shall be withdrawn, and in their place three fourths their amount payable on demand and worth par in gold shall be in circulation; when the banks shall, in like manner, have exchanged their depreciated currency for three fourths its amount worth par, and shall have adjusted their deposits, making them payable in gold for three fourths their amount in greenbacks; and when all existing private indebtedness shall be converted into specie indebtedness for its actual value, it will be as easy for every body to pay specie in full for all they owe, as it now is for them to use a currency worth only three fourths as much as specie. The funded debt, being already payable in gold at a specified time, can in no way be affected by this plan, except that specie, having been restored to its position and ability as our measure of value and standard of payment, would cease to flow out of the country, would begin to accumulate in our banks, and would soon fill its old accustomed channels of trade. We can never stop the flow of gold from the country until we provide it with something to do here. This done, it will stay, and the people, if they can be permitted to do so without extortion, will spontaneously resume its use and conform to its standard.

LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE ABROAD.

Monthly Notes prepared for Putnam's Magazine.

LITERATURE.

ONE of the most interesting autobiographical works which has recently appeared in Europe is the *Erlebnisse* of Friedrich Wilhelm Gubitz, who has been for *fifty-two years* (since 1817) the chief editor of the *Gesellschafter* of Berlin. Born in 1786, the son of a type-setter, he was employed as a boy in the same labor, but his early talent for drawing and engraving on wood soon gave him better opportunities of education. When he was fifteen years old, he sent some vignettes to the Art Exhibition in Berlin, and received, as a prize, a dish of pears! In 1801 he entered the University of Jena, and from this date his reminiscences have an unusual value. He saw the first performance of Schiller's "Bride of Messina," at the summer Theatre in Lauchstädt, and was the chief actor in a scene which followed—a scene so curious, and in which one sees so much of Schiller, that we cannot forbear quoting it:

"When the ball was over, we [the students] marched in a body before the windows of Schiller, and cheered him, and greeted him with music and song. As many as could crowded into his room, where the great poet, in spite of our noise, received us in the most amiable, student-like way. One of us thereupon boldly invited him to a supper which the rich father of a fellow-student was to give us in his garden. Schiller declined the invitation, yet seemed to hesitate for a moment, so that, after we had left, I suggested that a formal deputation should be sent, not doubting that we could prevail upon him to join us. At once the deputation was named, and the spokesman elected. We found the poet in the act of getting into bed; and what was said to him, with beating heart and embarrassed tongue, another must report, for I cannot recall it. The address, however, had much less effect than the mad whim of the other fellows, each of whom seized an article of Schiller's clothing, one piece being thrown over my arms, extended in rhetorical entreaty—so that we all stood around our invited guest like so many valets-de-chambre, ready to help him dress. Schiller's laughter encouraged us, and almost involuntarily he let us put his clothes on again. Rather pulled and carried by us than walking, we brought him into the garden-hall, where a deafening shout of jubilation greeted us. Schiller remained with us an hour, a boy among boys. He also said to us that we should preserve and, if possible, communicate to others our enthusiasm, as necessary for dramatic works, and for the encouragement of mental endeavor in any form, since the mass of the people were too easily moved by holiday emotions, and thus relapsed at once into their customary soul-sleep. There was no end to

our shouts and huzzas, and the poet must content himself to hear us sing his "Hymn to Joy" before he left—truly not with the completest harmony."

The first interview of Gubitz with Goethe, soon afterwards, was almost equally amusing. From that time to the present, he has enjoyed personal intercourse with every prominent German author or artist. His accounts of Jean Paul, Werner, Hoffmann, and Grabbe are very vivid and picturesque. In the year 1821 he first introduced Heine to the reading world. The publication of his memoirs is not yet completed, but the first and second volumes show that they will be a most valuable contribution to the history of German Literature. Gubitz was for many years Professor in the Berlin Academy of Art, and is the author of several successful plays.

A GERMAN translation of Mr. Bowles' "Across the Continent," somewhat abbreviated, has been made by Robert Schweichel (the novelist), and published in Leipzig.

THE *Ausland*, published at Augsburg, is publishing a series of labored articles, entitled "A Review of the Political Situation of the Great Powers." In the chapter devoted to the United States, the author says: "The Republicans would surely have been defeated, had they not promptly cut loose from their most radical leaders, the men of brute force—Thaddeus Stevens, Butler, and Pendleton!" Of Andrew Johnson he says: "It was fortunate, and of blessed omen for the development of the United States, that he endeavored to raise the Presidential office from its former insignificance to a dignified importance!" Nevertheless, although the writer's sympathies appear to be entirely with the Democratic party, he says, at the close: "Never have the Americans appeared to us so worthy of honor, as in their last election, when victory came to those who declared for the honest fulfilment of the nation's pledges."

THE celebrated scholar, Friedrich Gottlieb Welcker, died at Bonn on the 17th of December. He was born in November, 1784, educated in Giessen, and afterwards went to Italy, where his personal intercourse with

Zoega seems to have given the bent to his later studies. After having filled Professorships at Giessen and Göttingen, he settled at Bonn. His most important works are: "The Trilogy of Æschylus," "The Epic Cycle," "The Greek Tragedies," "Ancient Monuments," and "Grecian Mythology." The last work, completed only a few years ago, is probably his most important contribution to literature.

THE Japanese author, Kioyte Bakin, has at last completed his novel, commenced *thirty-eight* years ago! It comprises 106 volumes. It is not likely that a translation will be made, although the original is said to illustrate all classes of Japanese society, and all phases of Japanese life.

Now that the rule of the *Tedeschi* is over in Italy, the Italian scholars and poets begin to occupy themselves with the study of German literature. Among the recent publications are a translation of Heine, by Zeudrini, which has appeared in Milan, and a collection of modern German lyrics, translated by Benedetto Prina, in Bergamo.

EVER since Rossini's death, the *feuilletons* of the principal journals of Europe have been filled with anecdotes and bon-mots which are said to have occurred to, or been spoken by him. Since the discovery that a great many of these have been taken from the biographies of Mozart, Beethoven, and other masters, their number has rapidly diminished.

A LIFE of Bismark, just published by George Hesekiel, states that when the minister was a student in Berlin he had for his fellow-lodger an American named Wentworth Motley. The latter would be instantly recognized, if his Christian name were correctly given: the fact is otherwise correctly stated.

MR. SAMUEL SHARPE has published a "History of the Hebrew Nation and its Literature," which supplies a general want, inasmuch as it gives, in a comparatively brief space, a summary of the results of modern research into the age and character of the Hebrew writings.

BELL & DALDY, London, announce: "The Indian Tribes of Guiana, their Condition and Habits; with researches into their past history, superstitions, legends, &c.; by the Rev. W. H. Brett."

IVAN TURGENIEFF's novel of *Düm* (smoke) has been translated into English—not very elegantly—and published by Bentley, London.

THE Duke of Argyll's new work on "Primeval Man" is shortly to appear. His "Reign of Law" has already passed through five editions. It is also announced that he will contribute an article on the island of Iona to Dr. Macleod's "Good Words."

Two additional literary periodicals have been added to the already large list of those published in London—"The Anglo-Colonial, a Monthly Magazine and Review for the Colonies," published by Sampson Low, Son and Marston, and "Under the Crown; an Illustrated Monthly Magazine," published by Groombridge and Sons.

MISS THACKERAY is the author of the charming story "From an Island," which has recently appeared in the Cornhill Magazine.

"IRRIGATION in Southern Europe; being the Report of a Tour of Inspection of the Irrigation works of France, Spain and Italy, undertaken in 1867-68 for the Government of India; by Lieut. C. C. Scott Moncrieff"—has just been published in London. The subject is one of importance to the settlers in all our great territory lying between Kansas and the Pacific Ocean, as well as to many portions of the Southern States.

BELL & DALDY's series of "Representative Poets" commences with Milton, Burns, Longfellow; while Warne's "Popular Poets" are issued in the following order—Longfellow, Byron, Shakespeare.

MR. TENNYSON has transferred the publication of his works from the house of Moxon & Co.—the head of which is Mr. Payne—to that of Strahan & Co., 56 Ludgate Hill. One result of this change will be the issue of a cheap popular edition of his poems, which has long been desired in England. His share of the profits of his works, hitherto, has not been commensurate with their popularity.

THERE are two noticeable features of the book-trade in England this season—the number of new editions of the old classics, and the number of works devoted to the discussion of modern questions in religion. Among the former we find editions of Sydney's "Arcadia," of Skelton, Shenstone and Swift; among the latter not only new editions of

"Ecce Homo," "Aids to Faith," "Principles at Stake," and other kindred works, but there are announcements of "Pamphlets for the People," by the Dean of Canterbury, "Chapter of Church History," by the Archbishop of Canterbury, "Earnest Words to Earnest Men," by Dr. Vaughan, "The Presence of Christ," by the Rev. A. W. Thorold, and the completion of Dr. Kalisch's work on the Old Testament.

SIR HENRY BULWER is to undertake the "Life and Correspondence of Lord Palmerston."

SCIENCE, STATISTICS, EXPLORATION, ETC.

THE Austrian Expedition to Eastern Asia has been furnished with a very complete list of subjects, concerning which information is desired by men of science, farmers, gardeners, and merchants. Mr. Darwin, among others, sends a list of queries relating to the spontaneous gestures, or pantomime, used by different races. He asks the members of the expedition to notice whether surprise is expressed by an involuntary opening of the eyes and mouth? Whether blushing accompanies the sense of shame; whether vexation or disappointment draws down the corners of the mouth; whether shrugging of the shoulders denotes resignation to a disagreeable necessity; and whether nodding and shaking of the head represent affirmation and negation? Simple as these questions seem, we are not aware that they have been before asked in the course of ethnological research.

EXPERIMENTS have recently been made with carrier-pigeons, in England, between London and Starcross, Devonshire. The swiftest of the birds flew the distance of 180 miles in three hours and a half, and the slowest were a few minutes more than four hours on the way.

AN interesting observation in regard to the extent of the earthquake-wave has been made by Herr Wagner, at the observatory of Pulkowa, near St. Petersburg. On the 20th of September last he noticed a sudden oscillation of the spirit-levels of the instruments, which, it was afterwards ascertained, took place in one hour and three minutes after an earthquake shock had been felt in Malta. Subsequently, an earthquake at Tashkend, in Central Asia, was almost simultaneously indicated at Pulkowa.

THE Industrial Fair of the "Women's Union" of Germany is now open in Berlin. Contributions had been forwarded from all parts of Germany, from Switzerland and France. In addition to all varieties of purely feminine labor, such as embroidery, sewing and knitting work, millinery and artificial flowers, art is represented by paintings in oil and water-colors, on wood and glass, and modelling in plaster and other substances. There are also boots, shoes, umbrellas, epaulettes, artificial teeth, steel-pens, and anatomical preparations made by women. This first exhibition of woman's industry in Germany is an illustration of the capacity of the sex to succeed in many branches of labor which are not yet opened to it; and the main object of the Union is to enlarge the field of industry, and thereby improve the condition of woman. The Crown-Princess of Prussia is one of the patrons of the movement.

On the 22d of September last, the Alpine peak called the Grosshorn, in the Bernese Oberland, hitherto considered inaccessible, was ascended by two German students, assisted by two of the most experienced Swiss guides. The trip, which was exceedingly fatiguing and dangerous, occupied 22 hours.

IN Berlin, a new material, called Vulcanized Cement, which is said to be perfectly impervious to water, is used for roofing. It is fire-proof, and cheaper than either slate or tiles. But the great advantage is that roofs may be made nearly flat, covered with two or three feet of soil, and converted into gardens. Where a house is somewhat lower than its neighbor, so that the roof is partially shaded, green turf and rustic arbors shaded by climbing vines or even small trees, have been successfully introduced.

ANOTHER interesting discovery has recently been made in Rome. Some changes having been made in the garden of the Palazzo Caffarelli (the residence of the Prussian Minister, on the Tarpeian Rock), the laborers came upon foundation-walls, which, having been further uncovered, and found to connect with other similar remains in the cellars of the palace, were identified as the substructions of a temple. The archaeologists are of opinion that they belong to the smaller temple of Juno Moneta, which stood in the ancient Capitol. This would therefore fix the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus on

the other extremity of the hill—the spot now occupied by the church of Ara Coeli.

M. JULES DE BRUNFAUT, in Paris, has succeeded not only in producing perfect imitations of ostrich-feathers in glass, but also in converting glass into a silky floss or wool, which may be spun into threads of the finest texture, nearly as strong as silk, and capable of being used on a sewing-machine like any thread of vegetable or animal fibre.

PROF. BISCHOF, in Bonn, has been making experiments by melting blocks of basalt, to ascertain the probable period required by the Earth to cool to its present temperature. His approximate estimate is 350 millions of years! The period of the formation of coalbeds, however, he places at only 1,300,000 years.

QUESTIONS addressed by some statistician to the lessees of the gaming-tables in the German baths, have evoked the following facts: The number of summer guests at Spa, Wiesbaden, Ems, Baden-Baden, and Hamburg averages 100,000. They spend \$300,000 daily; they lose every summer at the gaming-tables \$5,000,000!

In Paris, it was proposed to issue a medal, on the discovery of the hundredth asteroid; but, before it was half finished, two or three additional ones were discovered. The English Nautical Almanac now contains one hundred and five. The stock of classical feminine names having run out, they are now designated simply by numbers.

THE excavations made at the Marmorata (landing-place for marble), at the foot of the Aventine hill, in Rome, continue to reveal great quantities of material. Among the more recent discoveries is a colossal shaft of Egyptian granite, four feet eight inches in diameter, and forty-eight feet high.

PRESIDENT SAENIENTO, of the Argentine Republic, has hitherto been the only author whose works have come to us from the banks of the La Plata; but he is now to have a companion, in the person of Madame Eduarda de Garcia, a niece of the Dictator Rosa. This lady, who is at present residing in Paris, where her husband is Secretary of the Argentine Legation, has written a romance of life and love on the Pampas, which will shortly be published. It has been much praised in

advance by critics who have seen the manuscript, and, indeed, some descriptive passages which have appeared, are remarkably fresh and picturesque.

THE tendency to couple great men, and discuss them in parallels, after the manner of Plutarch, seems to be on the increase in Germany. Immediately following Gervinus's "Handel and Shakespeare," we have "Lessing and Swift," by Prof. Caro, of Jena.

SCHILLER received from the Royal Theatre in Berlin, for the five years from 1799 to 1804, for his dramas, the sum total of 1345 thalers (a little more than \$1,000). During this period were produced Marie Stuart, the Maid of Orleans, the Bride of Messina, William Tell and Wallenstein. Dumas, Jr., or Sardou, now receives \$20,000 in one year, from the representation of one comedy.

To the number of semi-biographical works on Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy must now be added: "My recollections of Felix Mendelssohn, and his Letters to me," by Edward Devrient. The author was Mendelssohn's companion, as a boy, and his work gives a very lively and pleasant picture of the composer's early life.

AMONG the books of the better class, for children, recently published in Germany, is one entitled "Abraham Lincoln." The Italian journals announce that the sculptor Gagliardi, in Florence, has received a commission for a monument to Lincoln, which is to cost \$50,000. What State in the Union is to rejoice in the work of Gagliardi?

THE German archaeologists seem to be unanimously of the opinion that the silver vessels discovered at Hildesheim belong to the time of the Roman Empire. The inscriptions found upon the vases leave no doubt as to their character. The value of the articles, according to their weight, is about 3,000 thalers, but their artistic value is reckoned at not less than 100,000 thalers.

THE largest kitchen in the world has been erected on the banks of the Uruguay river, in South America, for the purpose of furnishing the world with Liebig's extract of meat. It covers 20,000 square feet; each of the boilers will contain 12,000 pounds of flesh, and 80 head of cattle must be slaughtered every hour to supply them.

We may soon expect further archæological discoveries from Asia Minor. Mr. Dennis is at Sardis, making excavations in the interest of the British Museum; Mr. Pullan is similarly employed at Priene for the Dilettanti Society, and Mr. Wood has received a further grant from the Museum, to carry on his explorations at Ephesus.

The sale of the large autographic collection of Prof. de la Faille, at Amsterdam, shows a curious inequality in the market-value of the autographs of distinguished persons: William the Silent brought 8s. 6d.; Napoleon, 13s. 6d.; Robespierre, 18s. 6d.; Washington, £1 7s.; Mary Stuart, £2 10s.; Henry IV. of France, and Mesmer, each 16s. 6d.; Franklin, £1 15s.; Walter Scott, 6s. 6d.; Goethe, 25s.; Schiller, 22s.; Paul de Kock, 3s. 6d.; Dickens, 10d., and Rochefoucauld 4d.!

ART.

THE *Europa* says of Bierstadt's large picture of "The Sierra Nevada" (now on exhibition in Berlin): "It is a landscape of great dimensions and considerable effect. Elaborated with much feeling, it gives a vivid impression of sublime mountain-character. The foreground is too specially green in color, but the cold, misty tone of the otherwise excellent middle and background may possibly have been so in Nature."

THE second cartoon of Kaulbach's "Dance of Death" is completed. To judge from the descriptions it must be a very curious and original production. The chief figures are the Empress Marie Louise and her son, the young King of Rome, receiving the congratulations of a crowd of kings and princes, who are presented by Death, as master of ceremonies. Talleyrand stands as Mephistopheles behind the Empress, and takes a pinch of snuff, to conceal his grin at the sycophantic attitude of the sovereigns, who are swinging their crowns in their hands, in the manner of peasants swinging their caps.

SINCE the death of the painter Cornelius, a number of portfolios have been discovered, containing drawings and sketches for pictures, of the existence of which no one was aware.

They number 274, and some of them are said to possess great artistic value.

BARON VON BRANDIS, who spent six years in taking photographic views of the scenery of Siberia, Mongolia, and the Ural, now announces the publication of 250 views, in five volumes. The price is 450 thalers (§320, gold).

It is proposed to have in Munich, this year, an international Exhibition of Art, which shall include engraving, lithography, photography, and decorative art, as well as painting and sculpture.

A NEW painted-glass window in Westminster Abbey is consecrated to Chaucer. The illustrations represent scenes from the Canterbury pilgrims.

A PICTURE by Boughton, "Penance," representing a nun kneeling on the outside of a convent door, in a snowy night, is considered the best figure-painting in the winter exhibition at the Dudley Gallery, London.

ON the 30th of November last, the statue of Charles XII. was unveiled, with imposing ceremonies, in Stockholm, in which the reigning family and an immense crowd of people took part. The statue was designed by the Swedish sculptor Molin.

KING LUDWIG II. of Bavaria is about to build a new palace at Hohenschwangau, in the Bavarian Alps. The plan, in originality and a certain fanciful character, will distinguish it from all other royal residences in Europe. There is to be a court-yard surrounded with 28 columns, each a masterpiece of sculpture, and a splendid banquet-hall, with frescoes illustrating the legend of the Holy Grail. The estimated cost is \$1,000,000.

THE *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst*, published in Leipzig, says of the American chromoliths of Prang & Co.: "Their technical excellence is in every respect remarkable. Especially the Autumn Landscape and the Barefooted Boy give us almost all that is possible in fineness of handling and transparency of color."

LITERATURE—AT HOME.

The Ring and the Book, Vol. I, by ROBERT BROWNING, (Fields, Osgood & Co.,) confronts a reviewer with the impossibility of giving, in his scanty pages any fair statement of its scope, purpose, merits and defects. For these are all of a marked and almost unprecedented order. The defects are so obvious as at first to strike the reader, and almost to repel him from the search after the counterpoise. He is like the prince who had to grope through all sorts of briars and brambles to reach the Enchanted Beauty. Yet the beauty is here, and of so rare a kind, that we,—who are opposed to the method in which the poet has written, who believe him to be assuming more and more a vicious and indefensible style of art,—cannot but wonder at the human faculties which have created such a marvellous and imaginative work. In a certain sense, and as the product of sheer intellect, this is Browning's most important poem. As a work of art, pure and simple, it is inferior to "The Blot i' the 'Scutcheon,"—for example,—or to either of the ringing Cavalier Tunes given us in his early prime.

"The Ring and the Book" is the story of a tragedy which took place at Rome, one hundred and seventy years ago. The poet seems to have found his thesis in an old book, purchased for eight-pence, at a Florence stall, part print, part manuscript:

"A book in shape, but, really, pure crude fact
Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,
And brains, high-blooded, ticked two centuries
since."

Pompilia, the pretended child of an old Roman bourgeois and his wife, when thirteen years of age, was bargained away in marriage to Count Guido Franceschini. Her fictitious parents took up their residence with her, at Arezzo, in the impoverished palace of the Count, but speedily were driven back to Rome by his meanness, cruelty and violence. His wife endured all this for several years, but, finally, also took flight, under the protection of a young canon,—himself of noble blood,—and the fugitives nearly had reached Rome when they were overtaken by the husband. All parties were brought before the ecclesiastical courts: the priest was lightly punished; Pompilia was sent to a convent and afterwards permitted to join her former guardians in Rome; and the Count returned to Arezzo without his wife. Ere long, Pom-

pilia gave birth to a child, the lawful heir of Franceschini;—upon which the latter, with four accomplices, repaired to Rome and murdered the old couple and Pompilia, in cold blood. He was captured, tried, condemned; but an appeal was taken to the Pope, who confirmed the sentence of the court, and execution followed accordingly.

The volume before us, with the first half of this story, contains over ten thousand lines, and is divided into six parts. The first division is the poet's prelude, in which he gives, "after what flourish" his "nature will," a general outline of the whole tragedy, so that the reader may plainly understand it at the outset, and the poet is privileged to wander thereafter as he choose. Despite this complacency, unusual with Browning, there is much in the prelude that will not be comprehended utterly till after an acquaintance with the chapters which follow. First of these, "Half-Rome," is the version which one-half the world,—that which sides with the Count,—gives of the affair. Next comes "The Other Half Rome's" view of it; abhorrence of the murderer, and sympathy with the dying wife. In Book IV. we have a "Tertium Quid": the nonchalant, wiseacre statement of the class which reserves its opinion, is disposed to qualify, to lean to this side and to that. Book V. is the husband's speech in his own defence before the tribunal, after subjection to the torture,—and a more wonderful study of special-pleading was never yet made. Lastly, we have the scornful narrative of Giuseppe Caponsacchi, the priest-lover, who renders, before the same tribunal, his knowledge of the matter, and breaks into piteous outbursts at the loss of all which made earth splendid to him, and at the men and circumstances leading to this tragic result.

Here are six versions of the same series of events, and in the coming volume we are yet to hear that of Pompilia *in articulo mortis*, those of the advocates on either side, that of the Pope in review of the whole, and finally, the murderer's confessional statement,—*"true words come at last,"*—before his execution: after all this, the poet's summing-up and epilogue. We feel that even here there can be no limit to his endurance. He possesses an equally strong and nervous organization, which can sustain the most intricate

mental processes far beyond the point to which our lagging attention desires to follow him. The one thing lacking with him is Restraint. Nothing can be more subtle, more various, more profound, than the play and reason of his art; nothing more exhaustive and fatiguing. Here is where it loses in dramatic effect, and yet it is essentially dramatic. Perhaps each of these books should be deemed a separate study, to be considered by itself, and not too steadily nor too often. In presence of the mighty changeful flow of Browning's verse, the facility with which he puts himself *en rapport* with his successive speakers,—looks through their eyes, (albeit endowing them with a gift and manner of language which but one human being, and that himself, ever yet possessed,) and analyzes their most curious speculations,—we reiterate our wonder at his intellectual powers. "The Ring and the Book" is greatly imaginative, in this sense, and a psychological marvel, but is it a masterpiece of poetic art? As a synthetic structure, we cannot admit that it is; and as for poetic details,—while there are passages which shine with purest gold, these are covert and far between, like auriferous veins in a mountain of volcanic rock. And yet the thought, the vocabulary, the imagery, the mental analysis, the wisdom temporal and spiritual, which are lavished so prodigally upon this story, would enable a score of ordinary poets to set up bravely for themselves, and place them beyond danger of contemporary neglect.

Browning is at an opposite pole from the region of which Tennyson is the auroral light. Many poets, nowadays, exhaust their faculties upon expression, and after all have little to express. But Tennyson, with perfect mastery of expression, also most fairly represents the advanced thought and experience of the present age. In this combination he is absolutely chief. His art, for the most part, is faultless; his poetry is simple, sensuous, and often passionate. Browning is sensuous and passionate, after his own nature, but never simple. He is careless of every thing except the development of his idea, and of the remote specific phases which his idea contingently assumes. Tennyson guides a pair of noble coursers, holding them firmly in hand, and pushing straight to goal; while Browning is charioted by eager, untiring steeds, which he permits to scurry up and down the side-roads of the course, until, by the time he ends his journey, not a track has been left unvisited, and we who follow him are jaded

with the turns and travel of the day. It is worthy of notice that, in the most elevated and strictly poetical passage of the poem under review, he departs from his usual manner, and breaks into the grand heroic cadences of Tennyson's noblest style. We refer to the beautiful apostrophe to the spirit of his dead wife, commencing

"O lyric Love, half-angel and half-bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire!"

But elsewhere he continues to head the reaction from the school of condensation, simplicity and equipoise. There is all the difference between reading Browning and any other master, that there is between playing at chess and chequers. The permutations of his art are endless. He builds you a Gothic cathedral of the most elaborate period, in which the tracery, scroll-work and multifoliate bewilder you and divert your attention from the main design. In "The Ring and the Book" this process reaches its extreme, or so near it that,—as with the positions of those stars which are beyond parallax, we cannot detect the farther distance.

The speech of Caponsacchi, the priest-lover,—which concludes with the present volume,—is the most intense and simply dramatic of the six divisions here given us. It will have a companion-piece in the dying statement of Pompilia, with which the second volume is to open. And as the whole poem is evidently set forth as the result of the ripest period of Browning's career, we take it to be his most important illustration of an idea which has often been the main purpose, or the undertone, of his more passionate and mellowing verse. Were this idea stated in English not "caviare to the general," it might have subjected him to the charge of irreverence for the social institutions which regulate the relations of men and women. In its weakest interpretation, gainsay it as you can, the lesson of a score of his selectest pieces is, that where violence is done to natural instincts, whether by law or circumstance, a reparation of sudden crime and tragedy will follow,—or else the deadly withering and freezing of human hearts. It is useless to say that such a poem as "The Statue and the Bust" is a mere "dramatic study," while he persistently returns to this theme; and many are the kindred thinkers who sympathize with the poet's representations and belief.

Greater Britain: a Record of Travel in English-Speaking Countries, during 1866-'67, is the result of CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE'S

observation and experience,—not only upon the trip across our continent in company with Hepworth Dixon, but throughout his “pursuit of England round the world.” Before reaching home again, he visited nearly all those portions of America, Polynesia, and India, where the English language is spoken and where the Anglo-Saxon race prevails. J. P. Lippincott & Co., Phila., have issued the American edition of this work, in uniform size and style with Mr. Dixon’s “New America.” It is a larger book than the latter, and better furnished with maps and illustrations; though Mr. Dixon’s highly successful volume was of more significance to this public, in that it was wholly devoted to studies of our own country and people. But Mr. Dilke also has found one-half his “Greater Britain” upon American soil. He likewise seems to differ from the traditional John Bull,—who, as Professor Lowell tells us, always fancies he is carrying Europa upon his back,—and to be a wide-awake, practical, enthusiastic fellow, with nothing insular about him, who feels an honest pride at the marvellous colonization and increase of the British race. At most, he is ambitious rather to expand Great Britain over all the world, than to shut the whole world out of Britain.

Mr. Dilke comes of good stock, if his father, to whom he dedicates his book, be the Sir C. W. Dilke who was made a baronet for his services in organizing the World’s Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862. This also makes him the grandson of the Dilke who was for many years the proprietor and editor of *The Athenæum*. Our author’s chapters may aptly be compared to the best class of letters from the ready pen of the travelling “own correspondent.” They are essentially modern, and full of naïve and picturesque detail. Next to taking his chain-lightning tour yourself, you can most nearly experience its hurry and bustle,—its kaleidoscopic blending of Southron, Yankee, frontiersman, miner, coolie, māorie and sepoy,—the plains, the mountains, the islands, the life and pleasure of the journey, (with a dash of its fatigue,)—by running through the successive chapters of this book. You would say that it is written by an American, rather than a Briton, and by such an American as, for example, Mr. Samuel Bowles. For it is curious that, with the exception of Bowles’ “Across the Continent,” no home-production has given us such novel and philosophical portraiture of the frontier life and manners to be found in our great, central overland region, as is contained in “New

America” and in the work under review. We often neglect our most original and characteristic features, just because they are what they are and we have become used to them. But these are precisely what the English stranger came to see.

Mr. Dilke is less speculative, and less eager in his search after morbid development than his elder comrade, and his work is fresher, breezier, more picturesque, and quite as catholic and hopeful. His matter is often faulty, and careless in style, but is interesting from beginning to end. His comments are from a broad and advanced stand-point, and we find many such passages as this:

“The English everywhere attempt to introduce civilization, or to modify that which exists, in a rough-and-ready manner, which invariably ends in failure or in the destruction of the native race. A hundred years of absolute rule, mostly peaceable, have not, under every advantage, seen the success of our repeated efforts to establish trial by jury in Bengal. For twenty years the Maories have mixed with the New Zealand colonists on nearly equal terms, have almost universally professed themselves Christians; * * * in spite of all this, a few weeks of fanatic outburst were enough to reduce almost the whole race to a condition of degraded slavery. The Indians of America have, within the few last years, been caught and caged, given acres where they once had leagues, and told to plow where once they hunted. A pastoral race, with no conception of property in land, they have been manufactured into freeholders and tenant farmers; Western Ishmaelites, sprung of a race which has wandered since its legendary life begins, they have been subjected to homestead laws and title registrations.”

In New Zealand Mr. Dilke was present at the consummation of the sale of a large tract of land to the English, by one of the Maori tribes. A most vivid description is given of the rites and ceremonies, feastings and dances, upon this occasion; and, lastly, we are treated to a plaintive and melodious translation of the women’s choral-lament, chanted as they left the graves and homesteads of their kindred:

“The sun shines, but we quit our land: we abandon forever its forests, its mountains, its groves, its lakes, its shores.

All its fair fisheries, here, under the bright sun, forever we renounce.

It is a lovely day; fortunate the children that are born to-day; but we quit our land.

In some parts there is forest; in others, the ground is skimmed over by the birds in their flight.

Upon the trees there is fruit; in the streams, fish; in the fields, potatoes; fern-roots in the bush; but we quit our land.”

This resembles what our own original bard and cosmos has produced in his “Leaves of Grass” and “Drum-Taps;” and the reader

may decide for himself whether the genuine or the artificial Maori is the better poetry.

If we had not read what at least (or at most) seemed very rational verse, in some of Mr. LAUGHTON OSBORN'S innumerable Dramas published at his own expense, we might imagine the author of *The School for Critics*—A Comedy, being in Completion of the Fourth Volume of the Dramatic Series, —to be a harmless literary lunatic, who thinks all authors crazy except himself, and is permitted by his conservators to give his money to the book-publishers, because it cannot be of much use to its owner. The only intelligible portion of this volume is the "Notes," and these exhibit in their writer such human weakness and conceit, that no one will thank him for their clearer meaning, — unless, forsooth, it be some genuine satirist, who may find in them material for a new version of "He Would be a Genius." Mr. Osborn's animosity seems to set most strongly toward those reviewers who have cudgelled their brains to say something kind of his former works, and whose mistaken good-nature has satisfied him even less than the silence or abuse of their less complacent brethren. (Published by James Miller, N. Y.)

The One Great Force is the title of an amateur scientific treatise by CRISFIELD JOHNSON. (From the press of Breed & Lent, Buffalo, N. Y.) The discovery of the conservation and correlation of Forces is the most important and fascinating of modern additions to exact knowledge. Starting from this discovery, Mr. Johnson goes so far as to reject the familiar theory of gravitation; to show that Newton himself did not attribute to "attraction" the phenomena of weight and cohesion; and, finally, to enunciate his main Proposition, viz.: "The One Great Force of the Natural Universe is the Self-Repulsion of Caloric, acting on the Inertia of ordinary Matter." In other words, the perpetual self-repulsion of caloric-atoms, and the inertia of "ordinary matter," are the sufficient cause of gravitation, planetary motion, heat, light, magnetism, chemical affinity, and other natural phenomena.

The most suggestive idea presented in this treatise,—that some force constantly is pressing upon all bodies from all points, and that it drives any two bodies together because each protects the other on one side,—this theory, we say, has been mooted by others, and not without reason. Mr. Johnson shows

ingenuity in its application to the phenomena of capillary attraction and planetary motion. But in his main argument and his definitions, he stumbles upon many fallacies. These we have no leisure to point out, but they are immediately obvious to persons of ordinary scientific knowledge. Let us do the author the justice to say that his views are offered with a tact and modesty not often found in the treatises of amateur investigators.

THE last words of the preceding notice insensibly bring us to Mr. Parton, and to the little volume, *Tobacco and Alcohol* (N. Y., Leypoldt & Holt), which JOHN FISKE, M. A., LL. B., has written in reply to certain widely read essays upon these themes. It is in two parts; the first asserting that "It does pay to Smoke," the second predicting that "The Coming Man will drink Wine." Patrick Henry is said to have said that there is but one way of judging of the future, and that is, by the past. Mr. Fiske magnanimously does not seize this vantage-ground, but confronts his popular antagonist with such ability, and with such mastery of statistics and therapeutic lore, that it is a pleasure to the carnal mind,—no matter on which side our sympathies lie,—to see the neat and artistic handling which Mr. Parton here receives. We warrant that Mr. Fiske would not attempt to sail the channel fleet, or cut for the stone, at an hour's notice; but he evidently believes that the putter-out-of-our-pipes, and the despoiler-of-our-vineyards, might be so minded. His counter propositions are, substantially, that tobacco is beneficial in kindly stimulant doses, improving the nutrition; but that when it becomes a narcotic it is hurtful,—and that the point of narcosis is reached at different stages by different people; furthermore, that alcohol is a food which has been lived upon for weeks and months, and that its legitimate function is to "diminish the necessary friction of living."

We presume that no one will be bold enough to deny that these articles are more subject to misuse than other kinds of stimulus or food. But the chief value of a scholarly rejoinder like Mr. Fiske's, is, that it puts a check upon the heroic method of generalizing from a few facts, and of assuming one's conclusions, which is so fatal to thorough investigation,—although it may easily attract and satisfy the average popular mind.

Realmah, a philosophical romance, by ARTHUR HELLS, the author of "Friends in

Council," has many charming qualities. The didactic class of tales seems almost wholly to have passed out of fashion, and it is true that didactic treatment is not the surest method of any art. But there is so little of either art or lesson in most of our present fiction, that a moralizing romance, from the pen of a gentle, thoughtful, liberal scholar,—like the good Queen's private secretary,—is very welcome as a change from our current society-novels. "Realmah" is a story somewhat in the manner of "Rasselas," or the tales of Fenelon and Voltaire. It illustrates the results to be achieved by rulers, and the wisest mode of achievement. The author's imagination has gone back to the "bronze-age" and the "lake-cities of Southern Europe" for the time, place, and personages, of his tale: and has invented a picturesque and rather graphic story. His best female character, "The Ainah," is very lovely, and the career and genius of Realmah, monarch and statesman, are admirably fitted together. The language, proverbs and fables, of a barbaric people are made up with curious adroitness, to suit the writer's needs. The lesson conveyed by the whole is that the crowning glory and safety of a great nation lies in renunciation, and in statesmanship founded on the Golden Rule. As in some of Mr. Helps' former works, much skill is expended upon the discourse of the well-bred and cultured people who meet together to read and criticise the successive chapters of the narrative. (Published by Roberts Brothers: Boston.)

From Roberts Brothers we also receive *A Book about Dominies*, by ASCOTT R. HOPE. The English schoolmaster's new essay has both the faults and merits of his "Book about Boys," but is an attractive little volume withal, and one that every member of his profession may read with pleasure and profit. It is full of quaint and chatty gossip; the author has a vein of simple humor, and—while we cannot abide his British predilection for the rod and lash—we respect him for his hearty appreciation of the boy-nature, and for his tender and honest zeal in his calling. There is a little savor of commonplace, or cant, in his incessant mention of Mrs. Grundy; and it is easy to gather, from such books as this, that in England the dominie, except the head-master of a school like Eton or Rugby, is upon a lower society level than with us, and that he feels the injustice of his position.

Some of Mr. Hope's touches are excellent;

as, for example, his delight in passing his vacation among the highlands, the companion of boys who do not know he is a dominie, and his shamefacedness at the discovery of the innocent fraud by one of his young friends, who afterwards was sent to his school. "I stood before him," he says, "a detected dominie. Henceforth our intimacy was at an end."

Dr. Albert J. Bellows, encouraged by the popular success of his manual upon "The Philosophy of Eating," has brought out, through Hurd & Houghton, a supplementary volume, entitled *How not to be Sick*. We find in its chapters some repetition of what the author has told us before, but their main purpose is to insist upon the regulation of diet as an indispensable hygienic reform. Most of the ills which the American flesh is heir to, the Doctor attributes to the excessive use of carbonaceous food. He would remedy them by the commixture of more fruit, vegetables, unbolted flour, and other unstimulating and "nitrogenous" articles of diet. He is no friend to the high-tonic cod-liver-oil and whiskey system, now so fashionable in the treatment of pulmonary phthisis. The latter half of his work is devoted to an exposition of homoeopathic practice, in which, however, the heroic method is adopted with regard to Drs. Holmes and Bigelow, and other champions of the regular school. There are many sensible pages in "How not to be Sick," but many, also, that seem hardly relevant to the subject, and might subject an author to the charge of "book-making."

A Modern Historical Atlas, for the use of Colleges, Schools and General Readers, published by D. Appleton & Co., has been prepared by the Rev. WILLIAM L. GAGE, known as the author of a life of Carl Ritter, and the translator of the "Palestine" of that great German Professor. This Atlas is significant as the first attempt made in this country to "convey to the eye the civil divisions of the leading countries of the world during the course of modern history." Having said thus much, we sincerely regret that a plan so laudable has not been executed in a more successful and conscientious manner. Sixteen maps are given, so mounted on thick cardboard as to make a very handsome and promising volume; but the details of these few maps are very meagre, and often inaccurate. The boundaries and nomenclature are not to be relied on, and certainly a false

guide to the historical student is worse than no guide at all. If Mr. Gage will take this work again in hand, double the number of maps, pay more regard to the selection and quantity of his details, and carefully verify every name and boundary-line, he will make a genuine addition to the American scholar's library; and we shall be among the first to thank him for his achievement.

Analysis of Civil Government, by CALVIN TOWNSEND: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. This small volume seems well calculated to meet a want that long has been felt by teachers and scholars. We have had more philosophical works from distinguished writers upon its theme, but no book so well adapted for use as a text-book in our common and graded schools. A grouping of kindred topics, systematic tabular arrangement, with complete and searching analysis of the entire subject, form the chief merit of the author's plan, and the fidelity with which he has collected his authorities and statistics is highly commendable. Though the work is primarily a text-book, it will be found useful to the student of constitutional law and to legislators as a trustworthy book of reference. The study of the subject of civil government has been entirely neglected in our free schools, but it is to be hoped that educators will give that attention to Mr. Townsend's work which it really merits. A chart of rather unwieldy proportions accompanies the work; designed for the walls of the school-room; but is not in any sense a necessary adjunct.

ONE of the best school-books that we lately have seen, is *A New Manual of the Elements of Astronomy*, by HENRY KIDDLE, Assistant Superintendent of our city Schools. It is a model in its choice of what may be presented in a work of its size, in the logical arrangement of major and minor statements, in selection of the latest discoveries and theoretic views, and in the beauty and distinctiveness of the illustrations which accompany the text. Both the author and the publishers (Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co.) may be complimented upon a handbook, through which the young student will gain a clearer introduction to the "sublime science" than through any other elementary work that has come before us.

Search after Truth. Addressed to Young Men. By GEORGE W. EGGLESTON. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. The writer of this volume, himself a young man, addresses it to

the young men of the present day, and sets before them the result of his inquiries concerning the evidences of Christianity. His work is divided into two parts: 1. Christian Faith or Belief,—which portion commences with the nature of Faith, and concludes with proofs of the credibility of the Scriptures; and, 2. The Christian Life and Reward. There is a manly and unassuming tone in Mr. Eggleston's treatise which will commend it to people of all creeds; the author is seen to be in earnest, and in earnest to do good. The book is dedicated to the Young Men's Christian Associations of America.

THE crop of novels this month is somewhat lighter than is usual.—From Charles Scribner & Co. we receive *Constance Aylmer. A Story of the Seventeenth Century.* By H. F. P. The author has shown originality and good taste in the choice of the scene and circumstances of the tale. Its locality is that of Manhattan Island, in the historic times of Hard-koppig Peter Stuyvesant, and the costumes, manners, and other details are closely studied, and with good effect, from records and traditions of that period. We like all the "properties" and scenery of the novel. But we are sure that the good people who moved and had their being here,—and ate, yawned, knit, smoked, loved, courted, and married, in those curious old days,—would not see much resemblance to themselves in the romantic and rather absurd personages of this story.—*The House in Balfour-Street.* A Novel. By CHARLES DIMITRY, Esq. (N. Y., George S. Wilcox), is a melo-dramatic and highly improbable tale, with an English scene and plot. There is a conventional hero, of the Guy Livingstone kind, and a foreign French scoundrel, such as Dickens has twice drawn. The heroine is an insipid creature. The chief merit of the book is that it is correctly and briefly written, and by a cultured hand. But the style is alternately that of Dickens and Wilkie Collins, and the alternation is not a pleasant one.—*Gloverson, and his Silent Partners*, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, is a story by RALPH KEELER, of San Francisco, "the young gentleman who made the tour of Europe for \$181 in currency" (mark that!), and is dedicated to the Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, "by whose kindness the author was enabled" to accomplish that feat.—Lee & Shepard are never tired of publishing excellent books for the young folks, and *Charlie's Bell, the Waif of Glen Island*, by the Rev. ELIJAH KELLOGG, is one of their

best. Others of the "Glen Island Series" will soon follow.—Miss M. E. BRADDON'S novel, *Oscar Bertrand*, comes to us in cheap form from the pen of Robert M. De Witt.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY'S cheap editions of standard books are putting the best authors within the reach of all classes. Their latest volume of DICKENS' works contains, under one cover, "*Oliver Twist*," *Great Expectations*, *Bleak House*, and the *Pictures from Italy*. They also give us *The Betrothed* and *The Highland Widow*, of SIR WALTER SCOTT, in one volume, for 25 cents. For \$1.50, an excellent and serviceable edition of COWPER, one of their "Globe Series." A marvel of cheapness, in these days, is their edition of CARY's complete translation of DANTE'S *Divine Comedy*, printed on good paper, with clear type, in one fifty-cent volume.

The Christmas Bookseller (London) fairly outrivals *The Publisher's Circular* in advertisements, exquisite specimen-illustrations, and in the general variety of attractive matter. The progressive enlargement of the holiday numbers of these publications is evidence that the English book-trade, like our own, steadily increases in activity and importance.

THE same publishers send us a revised and admirable edition of Prof. ASA GRAY'S *School and Field Book of Botany*, consisting of the "First Lessons in Botany," and the "Field, Fruit, and Garden Botany," bound together in one octavo volume of 386 pages. As an elementary text-book and *Vade Mecum* for students of American botany, this is, without doubt, the first of its class. A useful feature of the "First Lessons" is the Glossary of terms used in describing plants.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

- A Half Century with Juvenile Delinquents; or, the New York House of Refuge and its Times. By B. K. Pierce, D. D., Chaplain, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
- An Illustrated History of Ireland: from the Earliest Period. New York: Catholic Publication Society.
- The Southern Amaranth. Edited by Miss Sallie A. Brock. New York: Wilcox & Rockwell, successors to Bieblock & Co.
- The History of Abraham Lincoln, and the Overthrow of Slavery. By Isaac N. Arnold. Clarke & Co., Publishers. Chicago.
- Sermons on the Failure of Protestantism and on Catholicity. By the Rev. Ferdinand C. Ewer, S. T. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
- Light on the Last Things. By William B. Hayden. New York: New Jerusalem Publishing House.
- The Gate of Pearl. By Chauncey Giles. New York: Jos. E. Putnam.
- Happy Thoughts., By F. C. Barnard. (Handy Volume Series. No. 1.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- Doctor Jacob. By M. Betham Edwards. (Handy Volume Series. No. 2.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- Zell's Popular Encyclopedia and Universal Dictionary. Edited by L. Colange. Philadelphia: T. E. Zell. (No. 3)
- Foul Play. A Novel. By Charles Reade and Dion Bouicault. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.
- Hard Cash. A Matter-of-fact Romance. By Charles Reade. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.
- The American Agricultural Annual, for 1869. New York: Orange Judd & Co.
- The American Horticultural Annual, for 1869. New York: Orange Judd & Co.
- The Letters of Madame de Sévigné to her Daughter and Friends. Edited by Mrs. Hale. Revised Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Edited by Mrs. Hale. Revised Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- Home Pictures of English Poets, for Fireside and School-room. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
- Graffiti d'Italia. By W. W. Story. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons.

FINE ARTS.

Two sensations in Fine Arts came upon us at once in the month of January,—the opening of the second Annual Exhibition of the "American Society of Painters in Water Colors" and the arrival of a large oil painting by Gustave Doré. The Doré was a short-lived and disappointing sensation. The great fame of this artist had raised expectation to a very high pitch. The picture was heralded as something wonderful in art, as an achievement worthy to be set beside the greatest works of the Golden Age of Art. Rumors of its immense value came hither before it,

and our imaginations were excited by reports of the efforts made to retain the picture in Paris, and of the general disappointment evinced when it became known that an American had purchased this "magnificent work," and was about to remove it beyond the pale of civilization. Parisian journalists bewailed its banishment to these western wilds, but consoled themselves with the pious reflection that it would accomplish a great mission here in the interests of art, and afford our struggling painters a shining mark for emulation and encouragement. Well,

though we always felt that Doré was overrated, we did expect something that would in a measure justify the extravagant utterances of the Paris critics; and when the picture was announced as here and on exhibition, we repaired, in a tremor of excitement, to the pleasant rooms of our friends, Messrs. Leavitt, Strebeigh & Co., and were ushered into the presence of the wonderful work. The first impression was one of disappointment, and which, we are sorry to say, long and patient study did not efface. Willing, nay, anxious to be pleased, and doubting our own judgment in the face of so much laudation from foreign critics, we tried to like it, to find some point of greatness in it, some indications of the magnificent genius of which we had heard such wonderful accounts; but really, it was hard to find much to admire in this coarse, unfeeling, ugly representation of a wretched old woman and two wretched little children. We do not deny all merit to the work. It is painted in a large, free, masculine style, in the manner of a man who always works in the heat and hurry of inspiration, and cannot or will not descend to the slow elaboration of minute details. Such a style has its admirable qualities, and is, on the whole, preferable to finical polish for the sake of polish; but it lacks the delicacy and refinement always found in the largest works of Raphael, Titian, and other great masters of painting, whose haste never degenerates into coarseness.

What did Doré paint "The Spanish Beggars" for? For the pathos of the scene—a poor, old, decrepit woman asking alms for herself and the little ones at her knee? Not at all. His eye was struck by the *picturesqueness* of the old crone's misery, by the contrast of her bleared and withered countenance to the youthful faces of her little companions. Note how he emphasizes all the disagreeable incidents and characteristics—the red, swollen under-lids, the coarse, flabby skin, the bony hands, that, claw-like, clutch the rosary; the clumsy crutches, the rags that only half-conceal the children's limbs. There is not a gleam of hope in these faces. The listless look, the unlifted alms-cup, show that no one is near to toss them pennies or give them a kind word. Every line of the picture tells of utter misery and dejection, and reveals the artist's want of heart.

And so, on the whole, we don't think the advent of Doré's celebrated work will create a revolution in American art, or cause more than a temporary sensation. Of course, we

are glad to have in this city so important an example of his genius; but we don't think our artists will learn much from the study of it, except as it serves to show them what they ought to avoid in art. We understand that other oil paintings by this artist are to be exhibited in this country some time in the course of the summer, and it may be that some of them will find purchasers here. His "Life at Baden-Baden," representing the interior of a German gambling saloon, is said to be the most elaborate of these works. An English paper says of it (I quote from memory): "It contains eighty life-size figures. The utter absence of perspective in the drawing of the table, which is naturally the centre of attraction, and about which the different personages are grouped, is apparent at the first glance. In the crowd that surrounds it, Doré has not sought to portray the intense passion that takes possession of the gamblers, men and women alike, but rather a motley composition, comprising groups of frivolous-looking persons who seem to care nothing for play or any thing else. Some of the figures are admirably treated. The central one, a beautiful gamestess, who has lost every florin and is trying to wheedle the croupier into lending her a trifle for another venture, is a triumph of skill. The handsome Jewess, who so coolly watches the game and pockets her gold, is also admirably painted. The Baden women, beautiful but bold, flaunting in all the finery of sin, are portrayed with striking fidelity." Another picture which excited much attention in England is "Dante meeting Ugolino in the Frozen Circle." It is said to be "in the style of Michael Angelo," but the resemblance must be more apparent than real. His "Jephtha's Daughter" appears to be remarkable chiefly for the artist's deviation from the traditional treatment of the subject. He pictures the heroine as verging on middle age, and her attendants appear to be sorrowing on their own account rather than for her. Though we shall look for these works with less interest, since the disappointment afforded by the "Spanish Beggars," we shall be glad to see them here. Meantime we heartily advise all of our readers who have not yet seen the "Spanish Beggars" not to lose the opportunity of examining the work before its removal to the private gallery of the American purchaser.

By the time these pages pass under our readers' eyes, every body who cares for art will have visited the National Academy of Design, where our American painters in

water-colors have opened their second annual exhibition, and every one is ready to anticipate our favorable judgment on the collection as a whole. A cursory glance shows that water-color painting has at last achieved a permanent foothold in this country. The oil paintings are left without admirers, while visitors crowd the corridor and East room, in which the water-colors are collected. Of the 232 works in the exhibition, a very small proportion are bad enough to have warranted exclusion, and several are much superior to any pictures in last year's collection. Mr. Colman, the President of the Society, contributes one highly finished and elaborate work, and several smaller out-door pictures, painted under the open sky, and full of sunlight and air. His large work, representing the celebration of Corpus Christi day in Seville, is an admirable specimen of what a highly-finished water-color should be, pure and transparent in tone, yet not wanting in depth, texture, and solidity where these characteristics are in place. His architecture is accurately and admirably drawn. The procession of priests and the groups of spectators are disposed with great skill about the crowded square, and a subtle harmony blends the rich and brilliant colors in the foreground. Colman has painted many beautiful pictures in oils, but none that quite equals, in depth, purity and transparency of tone his best productions in water-colors.

The fault with Wm. HARR's picture is that it looks too much like a very highly finished oil-painting. It is certainly a beautiful work of art, but has not the distinctive characteristics of a water-color. Some of the sketches which he brought home last fall from his rambles on the shores of the Tappan Zee had many more of these characteristics. They were fresh copies from nature, and had all the beauty and strength of first impressions. Why are none of them in the exhibition? A sketch is often more interesting than a finished picture, especially a sketch in water-colors. The artists would have added greatly to the value of the exhibition had they made a department for these pleasant souvenirs of their summer work.

Mr. James D. Smillie, the Treasurer of the Society, exhibits two pictures—one an elaborately finished work called "The Track of the Mountain Torrent," the other a "Sketch from Nature." Monotony of tone is the principal fault of the first, while the drawing of the rocks and trees and distant mountain is both accurate and spirited. His brother, Mr.

George Smillie, also exhibits two very creditable specimens of work.

The Secretary of the Society, Mr. Gilbert Burling, is represented by four good pictures. They give evidence of sincere and intelligent study, and show a great improvement on his contributions of last year. What rich, deep, warm color, and what firm, manly handling, are seen in the "Group of old buildings in Quebec!" Mr. Burling has already taken rank among the foremost of our water-color artists, and the public has the right to expect great things of him.

Mr. Henry Farrer exhibits a cluster of currants, the leaves and fruit beautifully painted, natural as life, and very tempting. The relief is singularly deceptive. The same artist has also one or two delicately-tinted sketches of scenery. Mr. T. C. Farrer makes a sad botch of his attempt to paint the "Atlantic Ocean, 2,000 miles from land." In justice to the artist, to say nothing of the visitors, this wretched daub should have been rejected.

Mr. R. Swain Gifford is a conscientious, painstaking artist, with a good deal of imagination to back his industry. His "Autumn Day at the Sea Shore" is strongly drawn and harmonious in color, and gives the impression of having been faithfully studied from nature. Mr. Gifford has a good method, and his handling is skillful and artistic.

The talent of Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY is represented by six pictures, several of which are superior to any thing of hers previously exhibited in this country. Her "Gipsy Forge" is an admirable work of art, full of character, variety, and painted in a bold, free style which many an artist of the other sex might envy. The fault with nearly all this lady's compositions is want of finish. She carries her works to a certain point and leaves them incomplete, as if her art were too weak for the finished expression of her conceptions. The "Gipsy Forge" is, however, less open to this criticism than any other work of hers with which we are acquainted.

If Mr. William Magrath would put a little more strength into his work he would take a very high stand as a water-colorist. He draws well, and has a good eye for composition; but his coloring is weak and thin, and his work is wanting in texture. Of his good qualities as well as his weakness, his "Gardener's Daughter" is a characteristic example. The figures are well drawn, the picture is agreeable in composition, and contains some passages of very beautiful and tender color; but the general impression is that of

incompleteness and want of vigor. He must put more vim into his work if he would attain the high position to which he aspires.

Mr. H. R. Newman paints as if he were afraid of his color, and all he does has a slight, sketchy appearance, like that of a thinly-tinted drawing. In his "Old House at Fernandina" the white paper is scarcely more than stained, and the building, that ought to look solid and substantial, has a filmy, evanescent appearance, as if a breath would blow it away. You half expect to see it change and fade before your eyes, like a rainbow in the spray of a cataract. Mr. Newman will probably learn in time, as he is understood to be a diligent student of art, that delicacy is best appreciated in contrast with force, and is furthermore not to be confounded with mere flimsiness. The true delicacy of a great artist is something very different from the dilettanteism of a weak one.

Mr. A. F. Bellows sends only one picture to the exhibition, "Afternoon in Surrey, England,"—but that one is a gem. It is full of light and air, and the handling is free and firm without lacking refinement.

"A Brig Hove to," by Mr. A. F. H. de Haas, is a manly, spirited piece of work. What a breezy appearance has the sky, and how full of life and motion are the waves. De Haas never works to better advantage than in scenes like this, and certainly none of our artists surpasses him in the difficult art of painting waves. Generally, painted waves look as if they were carved out of stone, but De Haas has caught their spirit more truly, and he gives them the very look of ceaseless change and motion which real waves present.

Mr. Thomas W. Wood's "Wood Chopper" shows the realistic tendency of this skillful but very unimaginative artist. The picture is evidently very carefully studied from nature. We can almost believe that every chip of wood that flies from the steadily-handled axe, every flake of bark, every twig and every leaf represented in the picture sat to him for its portrait. But, with all its minute finish and painstaking elaboration of details, the picture fails to gratify the taste; it catches the eye for an instant, but makes no permanent impression on the mind.

The water-colors of Mr. Harry Fenn—an artist who has achieved great distinction as an illustrator of books—display a very high order of merit. His method is good, his drawing uniformly accurate, and his color pure and beautiful. Few artists possess his

power over the materials of his art. How transparent are the shadows, how luminous and ethereal the atmosphere, in his "Study of Boats," and how masterly the expression of space, and yet attained by means the most simple in the world. But sometimes these "simple means" are more difficult of attainment than the more complicated—if they are not entirely a matter of inspiration and not of culture.

The exhibition derives much interest from the presence of some excellent specimens of English work. There is a very spirited and forcible drawing by Mr. Skinner Prout,—a son of the celebrated Samuel Prout. It is called "Die Alte Brücke," and is well worthy of attentive study. "Cavaliers Drinking," by George Cattermole, is a fine example of that artist's bold, free-handed manner. "The Picture Gallery of an old English Mansion decorated for Christmas" is the unwieldy title of a carefully painted picture by John Gilbert. Very interesting, for many reasons, is the little sketch of the Mer de Glace, by John Ruskin. It shows how careful and minute a student he is, and yet how feeble is his power of artistic expression. Small as is the sketch, it contains a great deal of work, and we have no doubt that every rock and ridge, every break in the outline of the mountain crest, is drawn with servile fidelity; nor have we any doubt that Colman, in five minutes and with a quarter of the labor, would have given an equally truthful and more artistic representation of the scene. He would have taken in at a glance the leading features of the landscape, and would have rendered forcibly, with a few strokes of the pencil, the effect that Ruskin attains only by slow means and a perplexing multiplicity of lines.

Mr. J. M. Falconer has done a good thing in making carefully studied portraits of two old houses of historic interest,—by which term we do not mean to imply that either one ever had the honor to be "Gen. Washington's headquarters,"—one in Boston, the other in Philadelphia. The real "old houses" of our cities are rapidly going to destruction. No association is sacred enough to arrest the march of improvement, and before many years every architectural link between the present and the past will be destroyed and lost forever. We are always glad when an artist makes use of such material for pictures, instead of going abroad in search of subjects. Mrs. Greatorex has for one discovered its value, and has made some very beautiful studies of picturesque old buildings in the

upper part of the city. We are surprised to see none of these sketches in the exhibition.

Our "paintresses" are well represented in the exhibition by flower and fruit-pieces. "Orange Flowers and Fruit," by Miss M. G. McDonald, "Wild Columbine," by Mrs. Nina Moore, "Fuchias," and "A bit of Autumn," by Miss S. D. Gilbert, and "Flowers and Grasses," by Miss M. L. Wagner, deserve special mention for delicacy of drawing and of color.

Prof. Robert W. Weir has several pictures in the collection, both landscapes and figure pieces, of which, especially of the latter, we hesitate to speak. The landscapes are, perhaps, well enough in their way, mere sketches without pretensions to color; but certainly his two more ambitious attempts, "The Walk to Emmaus" and "The two Disciples at Emmaus," are among the worst specimens of "religious" art ever exhibited in this city. The latter is especially worthy of condemnation. It is intended to represent the moment when the eyes of the disciples were opened and they knew Him, "and He vanished out of their sight." How has the artist chosen to present this wonderful event to modern eyes? The scene is a lofty room. At a table near an open window stand the two Disciples, evidently just risen from their chairs, and staring wildly at a vacant chair that is partially hidden by gray vapor intended, we sup-

pose, to represent the vanishing form of the Saviour! Any thing more absurd could not well be imagined, and we cannot imagine why the picture was admitted to the exhibition.

The fire at the Derby Athenaeum destroyed or injured many valuable works of art, some of which can never be replaced. The most serious loss was the destruction of Mr. John F. Weir's "Forging of the Shaft," the latest, largest and most important of his works. The incident shows once more the necessity of having in this city a suitable fire-proof building in which artists can place their pictures for exhibition and sale. We understand that a movement has already been set on foot by several influential and wealthy citizens of New York to secure such a building for this city, which will serve the purpose of a grand national gallery, and at the same time afford a secure place for the temporary exhibition of paintings, statuary, and other works of art. The plans are not yet fully matured, but we understand they have been submitted to a committee of artists, and will be presented to the public before long. We trust they will *not* be presented until "fully matured," as there ought to be no mistakes in the matter. The location, the style, the site, and all the interior arrangements of such a gallery, involve questions that ought to be fully and freely discussed before any thing is definitely decided upon.

TABLE-TALK.

MANY sights far from cheerful are to be seen in our streets, even in those devoted to the comfort or luxury of the rich, but the most distressing are not those that make the bluntest appeal to our pity. There is no harm in saying that the greater number of the "dreadful cases" which thrust themselves upon our notice as we saunter along Broadway, are simply ingenious contrivances for making money, and that we squander the delicate and precious sentiment of pity, implanted in our breasts for use on only rare occasions, when we bestow it on these ingenious fellow-beings who look upon all well-to-do people as merely a superior sort of cow, from whom they are to strip, if possible, the last drop of the milk of human kindness. To keep alive tender feelings in the hearts of our children, it may be well enough not to expose too rudely these clever mimics, nor to publish too many details of the expensive and well-organized associations in which

they are at once share-holders and active workers. But those of us whose sentiments have been properly educated ought not to fall too easy a prey to griefs which are merely on the surface. It is hardly "the thing" for grown men to flush with indignation at the sight of yonder sailor-lad sitting on a low stool beside his hand-organ turning the crank, wearily, all day with the one arm the war has left him. What if he be young, and, withal, a handsome chap? Is it pity, or admiration, that makes every young girl that passes him, turn to look at him, and moves three-quarters of these pretty creatures to drop a penny into the cigar-box that lies upon the hand-organ because he has no left hand to hold it with? No wonder that they pity him, and neither blame nor wonder if they experience an emotion of admiration upon glancing at his well-shaped head with its short flaxen hair, his bright blue eye, or his manly throat springing up from his broad blue-flannel shirt-collar tied

carelessly with its black-silk sailor-handkerchief. Of course, he doesn't know how good-looking he is! Oh, no! He goes all day without a hat, and bares his shining poll to sun and wind alike, for no ulterior ends, of course! Believe it, pretty girl, with all thy heart, and look kindly at him out of thy innocent, trusting eyes as thou givest him those four enormous old-fashioned copper pennies with which the rude car-conductor revenged himself on thee for putting him off with a dishevelled ten-cent-currency-bit! Believe it, young lad, with thy school-boy heart filled with the desire to be a sailor, and to have thy arm shot off in action, too! There is no harm in your believing the young sailor-lad genuine; 'tis doubtless better for you to pity him, than to keep your pennies in your pocket until you have assured yourself that he is really all your fancy paints him. Nor, even if you read, in to-morrow-morning's paper, that all these organ-grinding soldiers and sailors are employed by the owners of the organs that they grind in a pale unanimity, for a certain *per centage* of the profits, and that theirs is a regularly organized business, let it make you ashamed of to-day's soft-heartedness. Pity the blind, too, when the placards on their breasts invite you to do so, and do not be superstitious to inquire whether the profits of affliction may not sometimes more than balance its pains. If you should happen to see, as a newspaper reporter tells us that he saw, the other day, a drunken sailor kick an unoffending blind woman and upset her basket of shoe-strings, do not rein in whatever of Sidney may be in your bosom; do not imitate the example of that cold-blooded and calculating reporter, and follow the woman as, after having extracted from the sympathizing crowd all its small change, she gropes her way to the next block (above), and awaits with meek certainty the next attack of her confederate, who thus, daily, kicks her, and upsets her shoe-strings all over the town. Do not wait to investigate, but 'pitch in' to the brute of a sailor, and teach him not to abuse misfortune, especially when it is blind. Better, a hundred times, to obey the generous impulse, than to play the cynic, and throw cold water on a flaming virtue. A few days ago, as our friend Jaques was hurrying home from business (it was cold, and dinner was waiting), he saw a good old apple-woman (the very one, indeed, from whom he buys the daily apple that tops-off his luncheon) in a dreadful plight. As we were saying, the day was cold, the air was nipping

and eager, and the thermometer was just at that point when it becomes impossible for human beings to see their fellows in misery and not desire at least to help them. Good old Mrs. Crowley had determined to rest herself a little after the speculations of the day, and, if not to sleep, at least to dream over the number of people who had pounced upon the apples with defective spots, confidently trusting in their unspotted, polished sides placed carefully uppermost. She had wrapped her plaid shawl tightly round her well-wadded shoulders, she had wrapped her blanket tightly round the lower part of her person, she had inserted her feet snugly into her well-lined carpet foot-bag, she had prepared herself to be thoroughly comfortable for the next half-hour, when on giving her stool a slight hitch, to make every thing just right, the d'ratted leg slipped off the curb-stone, and down went poor Mrs. Crowley into the miserable gutter. She was so tightly swathed that it was impossible to extricate herself, hand or foot, and the feet, imprisoned in their well-lined carpet foot-bag, flew up simultaneously, and overset the apple-stand. Could Jaques, or any man with the least scrap of pity in him, see such a sight, and not rush to the rescue? Not he. Jaques was one of, at least, twenty-five good men and true who rushed to Mrs. Crowley's assistance, and picked up, first her, and then all the apples that had not been immediately gobbled by the news-boys. Mrs. Crowley appeared to be in great pain. Her back, gentlemen, was bad hurt she was sure. And the biggest part of her apples was stole! Oh, if once she ketched a hold of them byes! There was Jim O'Brien, she was sure, and Mike Divenny, and was any thin' seen of her puss, or the fig-box that the last pennies was into? Oh wherever was it gone, it must have flew out of her neck when she went over and picked up by somebody! And so the good woman bewailed her imaginary losses, and the word went round, and the well-to-do gentlemen easily more than made them up to her without loss to themselves. But, as the arrested crowd pushed on after, to their wives and their dinners, Jaques felt a hand slid into his arm, and Tompkins's laughing voice exclaimed, "By George, don't she do it well? That's the third time I've seen her come that game!" Ought Jaques to have regretted rewarding the old woman for risking her neck in acrobatic feats so late in life? Could he have excused himself if he had been hard-hearted, and refused his donation?

—THESE, then, are not the sights that ought to make a man feel sad in a great city. Physical misery is easy to relieve, and with no lack of charity we may believe that to a reasonable number of the sufferers—to nearly all who make a business of begging—their defects are so much stock-in-trade. We can imagine a beggar with two blind eyes looking down upon a poor fellow with only one, and congratulating himself on his own superior advantages. No doubt many a cripple with one leg, surveys with envy the ease with which his rival with no legs at all walks into the sympathies and, what is more, into the pockets of the public. Suppose that, in a benevolent frame of mind, you should go about with a subscription paper to get either of these fellows a wooden leg? Do you suppose he would be grateful to you? Why, your gift destroys his profitable trade. These men are not wholly miserable; their misfortunes have their compensations. But, is it not a sight truly miserable to see, at fifty corners, groups of men and boys crowded about the stands where certain "illustrated" papers expose their filthy or brutal pictures?

We happened, the other day, to have to pass, five or six times between the hours of nine in the morning and six in the evening, a certain corner in the upper part of Broadway where a newspaper dealer had fastened up the fresh weekly issue of the *Police Gazette*. Each time that we passed it, a half-dozen boys, big and little, many of them well-dressed, evidently gentlemen's sons, were crowded about the outstretched sheet staring with eager eyes at the wood-cuts which, rudely enough, but expressively enough, described the murders, the suicides, the clubbings, the stabbings, the crimes of all sorts, that had been committed during the week. Doubtless, this rude picture-gallery, "No charge for admission," had been thronged in this way steadily, all the day through. And how many such corners are there in this great city, every one with its intent and deeply interested crowd of spectators! This is what we call a miserable sight. We pity these poor little fellows, and poor big fellows, too, with all our hearts. As we sit here, and write in our comfortable study, with the brisk fire of logs shedding its cheerful light over the walls, and helping the candles to light up books and pictures, as we reach out one hand and touch the small book-case filled with chosen books, and with the other draw toward us the "proud portfolios that hold the grand designs," our poor chamber dilates to a

palace compared to what is enjoyed by these vagrant children of the street. Let any one of us think of the advantages he or she enjoys in converse with wise and witty, or good and amiable people, in access to books and pictures, if not in the possession of them, in admission to lectures, to concerts, to pleasant parties, and then contrast his opportunities of this sort with what falls to the lot of the poor. This is not a question of horses and carriages, of champagne and oysters, of dinners at Delmonico's, or of houses in the Avenue. The poor need not envy these things. We whisper them that we never saw man or woman made happy by them. We will tell them of one of the richest men in our city, who, when asked by a lady to drive with him on Sunday to the Central Park, declined, because Sunday was the only day he had on which to try and sleep the city out of his mind. For all that we can see, the richest people in our country are not made happier by their riches. Very few of them have any resources in themselves, or know what to do with their money. But the poor have a right to envy those who have any pleasures within easy reach, or any pursuits that lift them above the dull business of keeping the body alive. They may reasonably envy the man who enjoys reading, and has all the books he wishes to read at command; or him who loves pictures, and can see good ones when he feels like it; or him who has music in his soul and is moved with concord of sweet sounds, and who can be moved by music when he will; they may envy any man or woman who truly loves flowers and trees and owns them, not vicariously, through a gardener, but in his own right; for, all these things are pleasures which, really enjoyed, for their own sakes, make those who have them innocently happy, and lift their minds above eating cares, even if they do not necessarily carry them up to a very high moral plane. But if good pictures, good books, good music, conversation with educated, sensible people feed the better part of our nature, then, surely, bad pictures, bad books, and such society as is found in bar-rooms, on coal-boxes at street corners, in dance-houses and billiard saloons, must feed the lower nature and educate that. If I go away from Hunt's "Christ in the Temple" feeling my spirit enlarged and lifted into a purer atmosphere, my poor loafer brothers must go away from the bloody *Police Gazette* with its murders and suicides, shrunk up and dragged down to a level somewhat nearer to the beast that laps blood and

tears and rends his prey. We cannot have the one set of influences and not the other.

"Well," says Jaques, "and how will you mend the matter?" Certainly, we do not hope to mend it wholly by legislation. This is a matter where legislation is almost powerless. It may do something to skin and film the ulcerous place, but the disease may still infect unseen. Nor will education, as generally understood, mend the matter, either, except as it may lead people to insist that the true remedy shall be provided. But, in truth, the remedy is so well understood that we ought not to wait until it is demanded. We ought to begin to supply it at once. The foundation of a Great Public Museum ought to be laid at once in New York City. We have the Croton Water and the Central Park; the prime need now of New York, if she would be indeed the Metropolis she boasts herself, is a place of rational amusement and of instruction, a Museum worthy of the name, that shall be thrown open to the people free, from nine o'clock in the morning until ten at night. Of course, it would require many years to make such a Museum complete, if, indeed, it could ever be made so. The British Museum is far from being complete in any one of its many Departments after many years of labor, and immense sums of money expended by the Government. But, with all its imperfections, it is one of the wonders of the world. It is a treasure-house of intellectual riches. It is the great school-house of the English people. There are thousands of people in London degraded so nearly to a level with the lowest of the brute creation, people as much inferior to dogs and horses as these are to men like Stuart Mill or Matthew

Arnold, and whom no agency that can be employed, either mental or moral, can ever lift out of the mire. But, to thousands of those who form what is called the working-class, as to many more thousands of the middle-class, the Museum is something more than a perpetual source of delight and enjoyment; it is a real blessing. Situated in the heart of the city, it is easily reached, and apart from its Library, indescribably rich, and the freest in the world, there is no Department of Nature, no field of human production in Art or Manufacture that is not richly represented there. Not the contents of the smallest room can be exhausted in a day of devoted study. Any one may see what such an Institution must accomplish in raising the standard of education among a people to whom it is nearly as free as their own houses. And fancy what it would do for the people of New York if it were set down in Madison Square. It would be the most powerful engine that could be devised against the drinking saloons, the rum-holes, the gaming houses, and the billiard rooms, that now swallow up so many of our young men; for surely we must have hundreds of bright boys, sons of poor as well as of rich parents, who would find a stronger attraction in these halls of Natural History and Art than in the games that now consume so much time.

NOTE.—In PROF. DE VERE's article on the *Wonders of the Deep* in this number, a note was accidentally omitted in which the author gives credit to the admirable work of ARMAND FLANDRIN on *Marine Monsters*, for many of the facts mentioned in his article.

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